Collier's

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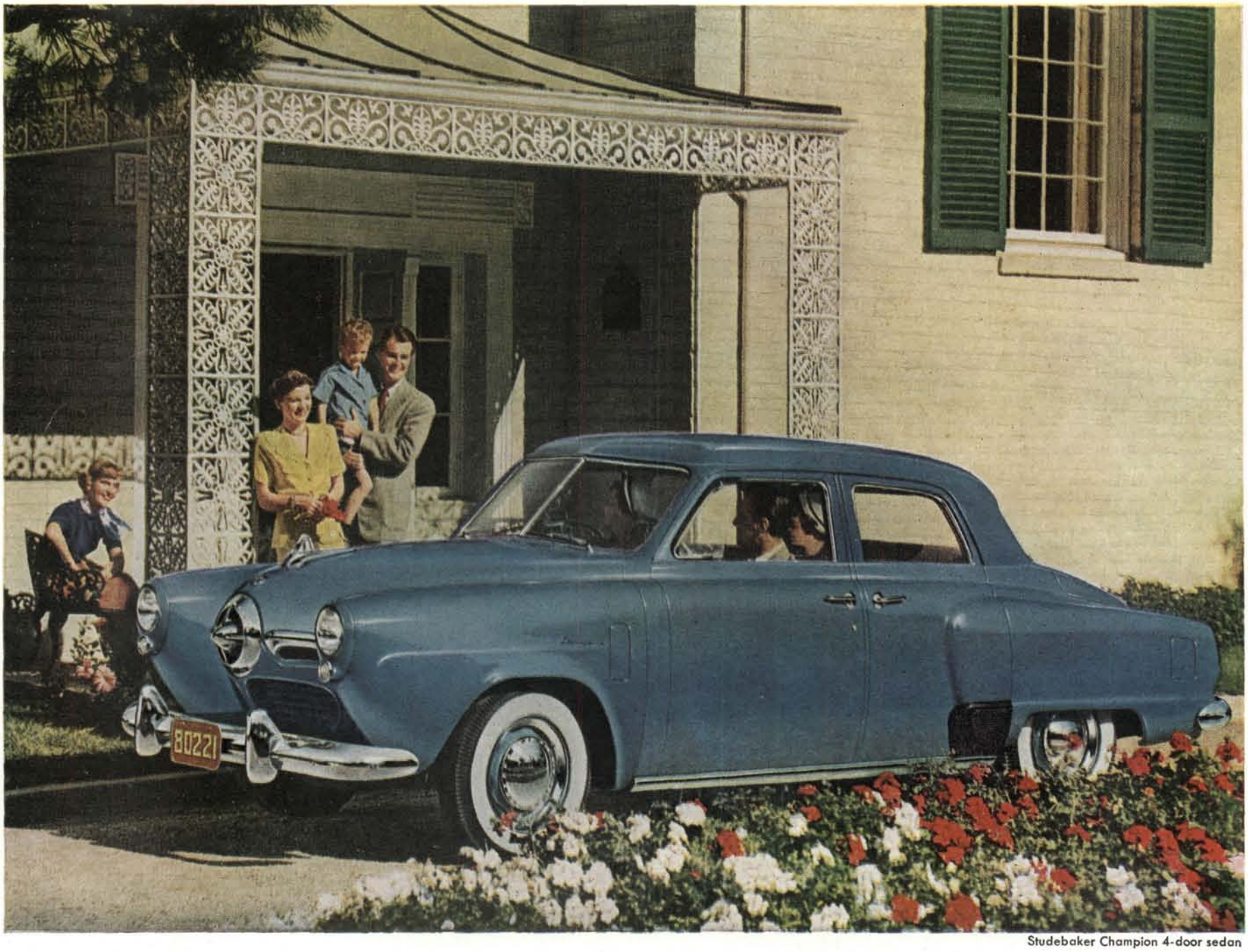

Studebaker Champion 4-door sedan

Smart 1950 buy—this new Studebaker's thrift and value!

JUST LOOKING at the low, long, alluring new 1950 Studebaker tells you that it's a car with the right build for thrift.

You see no bulging excess bulk that would hitch a ride at your expense and squander your gasoline needlessly.

You get welcome protection against unexpected repair bills, too. The whole structure of this Studebaker has the solid durability of top-quality materials and wear-resisting craftsmanship.

Take the logical next step in getting the most for your new-car money. Try out the amazing "next ride" of this distinctive new 1950 "next look" Studebaker.

Stop in at a nearby Studebaker dealer's showroom and go out for a convincing drive in a low-price Champion—a value-packed Commander—a special extra-long-wheelbase Land Cruiser.

New 1950 Studebaker

Styled ahead and engineered ahead!

White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings optional at extra cost

You ride in deep-bedded comfort—New balance of design and a brand new kind of coil spring front suspension serve to suppress jounces and jolts. Regal de luxe Champion shown has foam rubber seat cushioning.

You're money ahead on gas because there's no fuel-wasting surplus weight in any 1950 Studebaker. Every model is trim and sleek—flight-streamed just right to assure you top gasoline and oil mileage.

You don't roll back on upgrades—thanks to Studebaker's automatic hill holder. It's standard on Commanders and Land Cruisers—costs extra on Champions. Automatic overdrive is available too, at extra cost.

You get trustworthy craftsmanship that's the pride of numerous Studebaker father and son teams. It's one reason for the fine trade-in valuations on used Studebakers.

©1950, The Studebaker Corp'n, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

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His germs can give you a COLD!

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC Quick!

Germs reduced up to 96.7% in tests

IF YOU have been in close contact with other people who have colds, or if your feet get wet or cold, or if you have been exposed to sudden changes of temperature, it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic as promptly as possible.

Guard Against Mass Invasion of Germs

Such exposure may lower body resistance so that germs called the "secondary invaders" find it easier to invade the throat tissue and produce many of those miserable aspects of a cold you know so well. Listerine Antiseptic reaches back on the throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders."

In tests, germs on throat and mouth surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle; as much as 80% one hour after. You can see why it can help Nature in guarding against a mass invasion of germs.

Fewer Colds in Tests

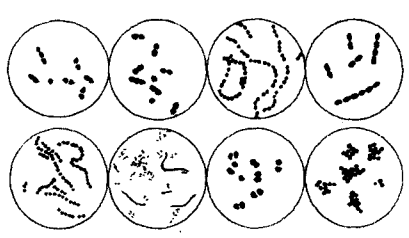
Bear in mind Listerine Antiseptic's impressive record made in tests over 12 years: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So, no matter what else you do, use Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a cold. Better still, make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a morning-and-night habit.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

"SECONDARY INVADERS," Potential Troublemakers

These are some types of the threatening germs, which can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the throat membranes and which may be transmitted to you in tiny droplets of moisture if you get in the way of a sneeze or a cough.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus viridans, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

Let's be frank . . . Is your breath on the agreeable side? Don't run risks. Use Listerine Antiseptic before every date. It sweetens the breath instantly.

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"Bracer* gives me needed support... Improves my posture!"

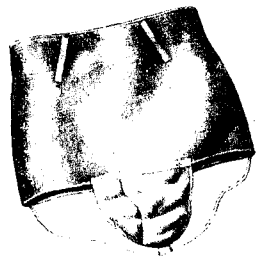
says
William Frazier,
Springfield, Ill.

And thousands agree with you, Mr. Frazier. For men in all walks of life tell us they've found a way to help reduce fatigue, improve their appearance, gain new comfort—by wearing a BRACER Supporter Belt.

No other garment offers all the features of BRACER: full *2-way stretch* belt gently but firmly pulls your stomach in, helps you stand straighter, feel less tired, look trimmer! Exclusive *tubular* elastic leg bands won't crease, curl or roll! Special fly-front pouch is *self-adjusting!*

Ask for it by name at your drug, department, men's wear or surgical store—the one and only

Bracer* SUPPORTER BELT



$3.50

BRACER* Royal ...wider, cooler, more porous waistband gives even greater support... $5.00

Products of *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Division of The Kendall Company

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FREE BOOKLET!

Bauer & Black, Dept. MO-2
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Please send me your free booklet, "Hints on Correct Dress."

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City_____ Zone____ State_____

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February 4, 1950

ARTICLES

Mr. Welfare State Himself.....HOLMES ALEXANDER AND JOSEPH R. SLEVIN 13
The Very Remarkable Amish.....RICHARD B. GEHMAN 18
There's a Lion in the House.....RAY FELTON 22
Willy Makes the Stars Tremble.....DAVID CHANDLER 26
Voice Behind the Curtain.....ERNEST LEISER 30
No Frauds Are Crueler Than These.....WILLIAM J. SLOCUM 34
(CONTINUING THE POSTAL INSPECTORS)
The 'Boss' Who Didn't Get Licked.....KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER 38
Everyone Waves at the Engineer.....JOHN CONNER 40

FICTION

Hope Chest.....LEON WARE 16
The Evil Eye.....JOSEPH PETRACCA 20
The Hourglass.....FRANCIS K. ALLAN 24
Kitty Cheever, Girl Pile Driver.....ROBERT CARSON 28
City Beyond Devil's Gate.....LILLIAN JANET 32
(PART TWO OF SIX PARTS)
My Noble Friend.....DESMOND HALL 36
Peanut.....JOE COOGAN 42
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

Keep Up with the World.....FRELING FOSTER 8
Let's Have a Week Week.....MILFORD CONN 10
Frostbite Medicine.....48
Editorials.....74
Cover.....JOSEPH JANNEY STEINMETZ

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 125, No. 5. PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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The Cover

A beach, a picnic basket, some blue Florida sky and a couple of teen-age pranksters in perky new bathing suits provide the perfect prescription for anyone's end-of-winter doldrums. At Sarasota, Carolyn Richards cools off Polly Gaines for the benefit of Photographer Joseph Janney Steinmetz. For more of the 1950 swim fashions, turn to page 48.

Week's Mail

Crime in Philadelphia

EDITOR: I must protest against the caption of your article by Howard Whitman on crime in Philadelphia (Nobody's Safe in Philadelphia, Dec. 17th). The able and breathless reporting of crimes committed over a series of months, all run together in one article, conjures a picture of a terrified citizenry, fearful of going out on the streets where bandits are waiting to spring upon them. This, of course, is not true.

Sure, Philadelphia like every metropolitan city has too much crime, and there is a big job to be done by all of us in stopping it. But actually, and Howard Whitman surely knows this, people are safer in Philadelphia than in any other of our metropolitan cities. He is familiar with the F.B.I. reports for the first six months of 1949.

Our large cities, with the exception of Los Angeles, which had the highest number of crimes per thousand population, showed an increase considerably higher than the general average. The record of Philadelphia is the best. The F.B.I. reports that the number of offenses per thousand population for Philadelphia, for the first half of this year, is 3.2; Chicago, 6.4; Detroit, 11.2; Los Angeles, 12.7.

Whitman properly stresses the danger of sex crimes, but he might have indicated that such offenses in Philadelphia, for the first six months of 1949, showed an 18 per cent decrease over the same period in 1948.

Philadelphia has the largest number of police per thousand population and per square mile of any of the large cities. Philadelphia has 2.46 police per thousand population and 36.6 police per square mile; Chicago 2.22 per thousand population, and 36.5 per square mile; Detroit has 2.22 per thousand population and 26.16 per square mile; Los Angeles has 1.92 per thousand population and 6.45 per square mile. (New York figures were incomplete in the F.B.I. report.)

Unfortunately, our police force is not divorced from politics, and this is demoralizing. On the other hand, Mayor Bernard Samuel deserves credit for his courage in by-passing political influence and appointing Samuel Rosenberg as Public Safety Director who is doing an honest and capable job, and attempting to divorce the police force from politics.

Your article might have been more happily entitled: Philadelphia Alert in Fighting Crime.

NOCHEM S. WINNET, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Whitman has deliberately avoided comparative statistics because, as he says, "they don't mean a thing" in the sort of survey that he is making. His series is devoted to crime in individual cities, and the point he stresses is what the people of those cities think about the crime in their own streets. It seems likely that Philadelphians are more interested in the fact that "serious crime in Philadelphia increased 17.1 per cent during 1948 and for the first half of 1949 leaped 16.4 per cent more" than in the fact that there are twice as many crimes committed in Chicago's streets as in the streets of their own city.

. . . Nobody's Safe in Philadelphia is certainly a distinct slur on our staid old

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NEW 1950 ANNUAL CONTEST OF THE **DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS SERVICE FOUNDATION**

$100,000 IN CASH PRIZES

YOU MAY WIN $50,000.00

HERE IT IS—the 3rd great annual contest of fun and skill brought to you by the Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation. Once again $100,000 in cash prizes MUST be won. Of this huge sum, as many as 3 cash prizes totalling $50,000 may be yours . . . in return for a good deed and your skill in puzzle-solving.

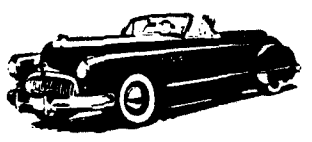
Study the Official Puzzle on this page, but first read the instructions and see how we have solved for you a similar puzzle. Then send in your solution fast! That's the way YOU may become rich—by winning as much as $50,000!—and an extra prize of a new Buick Convertible for fast action. So don't delay! Start TODAY!

3 PRIZE GROUPS WIN A PRIZE IN EACH GROUP!

GROUP NO. 1		GROUP NO. 2		GROUP NO. 3	
1st Prize	$5,000.00	1st Prize	$15,000.00	1st Prize	$30,000.00
2nd Prize	$1,500.00	2nd Prize	$3,500.00	2nd Prize	$7,500.00
3rd Prize	$750.00	3rd Prize	$1,750.00	3rd Prize	$3,500.00
4th Prize	$500.00	4th Prize	$1,250.00	4th Prize	$2,500.00
5th Prize	$200.00	5th Prize	$500.00	5th Prize	$1,000.00
6th to 8th Prizes, each $100.00. 9th Prize, $50.00. 10th Prize, $40.00. Next 20 Prizes, each $25.00. Next 50 Prizes, each $15.00. 254 additional Prizes, each $5.00.		6th to 8th Prizes, each $250.00. 9th Prize, $135.00. 10th Prize, $125.00. Next 20 Prizes, each $75.00. Next 50 Prizes, each $25.00. 254 additional Prizes, each $15.00.		6th to 8th Prizes, each $500.00. 9th Prize, $250.00. 10th Prize, $200.00. Next 20 Prizes, each $150.00. Next 50 Prizes, each $50.00. 254 additional Prizes, each $30.00.	
Total	$10,860.00	Total	$29,570.00	Total	$59,570.00

EXTRA PRIZE FOR ACTION!

You May Also Win a 1950 BUICK CONVERTIBLE If you act fast!



To become eligible for this extra award, your original entry must be postmarked before midnight, February 15, 1950. Your best solution *(original or substitute)* will then be judged in competition with those submitted by all other contestants who meet this deadline and who have not been awarded an automobile as an extra prize. If it ranks highest (in case of ties, official contest rules apply) you will win a brand new 1950 Buick Convertible. In addition you may be one of the cash prize winners. So don't put it off—send in your entry now!

Help Us to Help America's Disabled Veterans

Incorporated by special Act of Congress, the DAV needs funds to help rehabilitate America's 2,500,000 disabled war veterans—to help them to obtain needed claim evidence, service connections, medical care, hospitalization, vocational training, and suitable employment . . . yes, even to solve personal problems.

It is for these services that the Foundation again solicits your support. Yes, your contribution is needed and you will be happy to know that every penny of the net proceeds of this contest (after paying for the prizes, advertising and all other necessary expenses) will be used by the Foundation and by the DAV to continue its work.

Act on this golden opportunity now. Read the Entry Form and read the rules. Then try your hand at solving the Official Puzzle printed here. Note that you may send in a higher score *free of charge* later on if you find you can improve on the solution you now send in. So there's really no reason to delay. The important thing is to get into the contest now and put in your bid for your share of the prizes.

FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS — SOLVE THIS *DAVogram* PUZZLE

1. Identify the six objects at the top of the puzzle. (The name of each object is a six-letter word. There are therefore 36 letters in the six names.) In so doing you must use only 16 *different* letters of the alphabet in the 36 letters you use (10 letters of the 26 in the alphabet not being used).

2. See the table of letter values below the puzzle. Each letter is worth a certain number of points. If you have exactly named the objects as instructed you will find that the total value of the 36 letters that spell out the six names of the objects is 931 points. If you don't arrive at 931 points then try again, for the 36 letters (comprising 16 *different* letters of the alphabet) must add up to 931 points.

3. Now your job is to place these six words, correctly spelled, into the shaded letterpaths, each of which has space for six letters. You can place any one of the six words in any one of the shaded paths. Each word must read from top to bottom or left to right.

4. You will now note there are 13 empty white squares remaining in the diagram. Now you must insert letters of your own choosing into those 13 white squares and by combining these letters with the interlocking letters you have already filled into the grey squares, spell out 5 extra, different, complete words. Each of these 5 extra words, too, must read from top to bottom or from left to right.

5. Of course, it is easy to fill in 13 extra letters which in combination with the letters in the grey squares will spell out 5 extra different words (a total of 11 differently spelled words), but remember your job is to use 13 letters that will give you a high score when the value of those extra letters (as shown in the table of letter values) is added to the 931 points you will have already earned if you identified the pictured objects correctly.

SEE SAMPLE PUZZLE BELOW *And Read How We Solved it!*

DIAGRAM No. 1

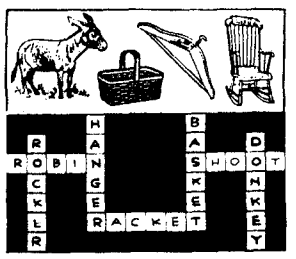
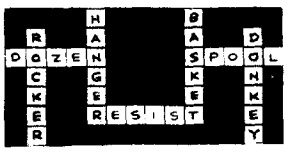


DIAGRAM No. 2



We have worked out here a typical puzzle to show you how to go about solving DAVogram puzzles of this kind, and we have also worked out alternate answers to get higher scores. Read below, then try your skill on the Official Puzzle.

First, we identified the objects pictured: DONKEY . . . BASKET . . . HANGER . . . ROCKER . . . and then we added up the value of all the letters in the names of these four objects (using the table of letter values given for the Official Puzzle) and found the total was 574 points. Next, as you can see in the first diagram, we filled in these four names in the four shaded paths and then added 10 extra letters which gave us three extra words: ROBIN . . . RACKET . . . SHOOT . . . These 10 extra letters which we had filled into the white squares had a total value of 230 points, thus giving us a total score of 804 points when added to the letters we had filled into the shaded squares.

We felt we could do better by a little further work, so with some thought we changed our 10 extra letters and got three different extra words, as you can see in Diagram No. 2. We changed ROBIN to DOZEN, RACKET to RESIST and SHOOT to SPOOL. We thus attained a total of 251 points for the 10 extra letters we filled into the white spaces, giving ourselves a total score of 825 points.

Of course these are only two possible solutions and perhaps we might have done even better, by shuffling the four identified names around into different shaded letter paths. Now, if you get the idea, why not try your hand at the Official Puzzle.

OFFICIAL PUZZLE & ENTRY FORM

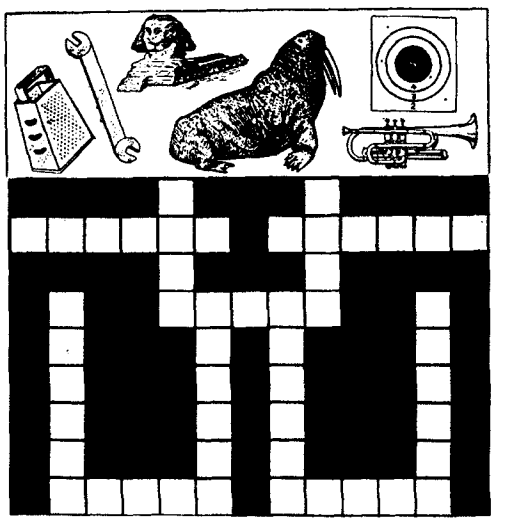


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TABLE OF LETTER VALUES

A—32	F—25	K—12	P—21	U—14
B—19	G—22	L—34	Q—13	V—10
C—27	H—11	M—17	R—29	W—18
D—26	I—16	N—31	S—30	X—15
E—23	J—24	O—28	T—33	Y— 9
				Z—20

My Score is _____ **POINTS**

It is important that you be careful in adding your score. Mistakes may cause you to lose out. Enter right away for you may improve your score by sending substitute solution later free of extra cost. YOU MUST SEND IN THE COMPLETE PUZZLE. DO NOT DETACH FROM THIS ENTRY. MAIL TODAY!

To the DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION
$100,000.00 Puzzle Contest
Dept. 116, Washington 6, D. C.

FULL LIST OF WINNERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL CONTESTANTS AFTER FINAL JUDGING

I enclose herewith $ _____ contribution to the DAV Service Foundation. Enter me in your contest. I have filled in the diagram above and at left above have also filled in the score achieved by me in solving the Official Puzzle. [Please check prize group or groups you are entering.]

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 1. First Prize $5,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $2.

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 2. First Prize $15,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $5.

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 3. First Prize $30,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $10.

Note: Donations should be made payable to the DAV Service Foundation. Please send check, money order or postal note only. Do NOT send cash.

NOTE: You may enter any one, two or all three prize groups depending on the amount donated. The following shows how a contestant can qualify for the various prize groups.

Group No. 1 ($5,000 First Prize) $2 contributed
Group No. 2 ($15,000 First Prize) $5 contributed
Groups No. 1 and 2 ($20,000 combined first prizes) $7 contributed
Group No. 3 ($30,000 First Prize) $10 contributed
Groups No. 1 and 3 ($35,000 combined first prizes) $12 contributed
Groups No. 2 and 3 ($45,000 combined first prizes) $15 contributed
Groups No. 1, 2, and 3 ($50,000 combined first prizes) $17 contributed

It is understood you are to send me an Official Receipt for my entry and donation and an Official Substitute Solution Form on which I may submit (free of cost) a better score for the puzzle if I find I can improve my score any time prior to the final closing date for substitute solutions. (See Rule 8.) I have read the rules of the contest and agree to abide by them.

SIGNED _____

NAME _____
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you have previously entered this 1950 DAV $100,000.00 Puzzle Contest, **DO NOT USE THIS FORM** for submitting a substitute answer. Please be patient until you receive your Official Substitute Solution Form with your Official Entry Number (allow 2 to 3 weeks depending on distance from Washington, D. C.). Additional copies of this official puzzle and entry forms will be sent free on request when accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope. (Address Dept. 500)

TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR BUICK CONVERTIBLE ENTER BY MIDNIGHT FEB. 15, 1950

THE OFFICIAL RULES *Please Read Carefully!*

1. $100,000.00 will be awarded in accordance with the instructions, official prize list and these rules to the contestants who achieve the highest scores in solving the Official Contest Puzzle. This sum will be awarded in three prize groups: Group No. 1 with a first prize of $5,000.00; Group No. 2 with a first prize of $15,000.00; Group No. 3 with a first prize of $30,000.00. Each group has an additional list of 333 prizes each, making a total of 1002 prizes in all. (See official list of prizes.)

2. To enter, a contestant must send with his answer a donation to the Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation. $2.00 is required to enter Group 1; $5.00 for Group 2 and $10.00 for Group 3. A contestant may compete in any one, two or all three prize groups and, after entering, may transfer from one group or groups to another (or others) by submitting the required additional donation prior to the deadline date shown in Rule 8.

3. Each prize group will be judged separately. The contestant who submits the highest valid score in Group 1 will be entitled to first prize in Group 1. Second prize in Group 1 will be awarded to the contestant with the second highest score submitted in that list and so on until the 334 prizes in Group 1 have been awarded. Prizes in Groups 2 and 3 will be awarded similarly.

4. In the event of ties in any group (which seem likely, since this is a large national contest), as many prizes will be reserved in that group as there are tied contestants, before any prizes are awarded for lower scores. To break such ties these tied contestants will be required to send in solutions to a series of five tie-breaking puzzles. The solutions to puzzle No. 1 in this tie-breaking series will be judged first. If this is not sufficient to break all ties and permit awarding of all the tied-for prizes, then the solutions to puzzle No. 2 submitted by the remaining tied contestants will be judged. If ties still remain, the solutions of the still tied contestants to puzzle No. 3 will then be judged and so on, if necessary, to puzzle No. 5. This may mean that puzzles Nos. 2 to 5 may not have to be judged. (It is worth noting that in the two previous DAV Service Foundation Contests first prizes of $33,000 and $50,000 were awarded in each case as the result of judging only puzzle No. 1 in the first tie-breaking series.) However, if further needed to break ties a second, third or even a fourth series may be used. All tie-breaking puzzles will be similar to the original puzzle with clearly identifiable objects, though the objects will be more difficult and more numerous. Partial credit may be given for partial solutions. Tie-breaker puzzles will be judged on a similar basis as the original puzzle. The time limit for solving and mailing back the first series of tie-breaking puzzles (if needed) will be not less than 14 days from the date of mailing to tied contestants, and therefore all tie-breaker puzzles will be released in the mails on a schedule so timed that they should arrive on the same day for each tied contestant; and for the second, third and fourth series (if needed) not less than 3 days each will be allowed. Tied contestants will not be required to make any additional contributions. Should final ties remain after the fourth series of tie-breaking puzzles, each tied contestant will receive the pro rata amount of the prizes for which he or she is still tied.

5. The contest is open to any resident of the Continental United States except employees of the DAV and its subsidiary units, the DAV Service Foundation, its advertising agency, its service organization, or members of their families. Also excluded is anyone who has won $500.00 or more in cash or kind awarded in any other contest prior to entering this contest, or any member of his or her family. Every possible precaution will be taken to enforce this provision. Only one member of a family may compete. All entries must bear a bonafide permanent home address in the Continental United States to which all contest mail will be sent. Where a contestant changes such permanent home address, the DAV Service Foundation should be notified immediately. The Foundation can, in no case, assume responsibility for delivery of mail. *In view of the uncertain address of members of the Armed Forces on active duty, and the consequent delay in mail delivery, this contest of necessity is not open to them.*

6. Each contestant will be mailed an acknowledgment and an entry number upon receipt of his or her solution to the Official Puzzle, which solution must be submitted on an Official Entry Form and must be accompanied by a contribution of $2.00 or more. At no extra cost, one substitute solution can be submitted on the Official Substitute Solution Form which will be sent to each contestant and which will carry the entry number registered in the contestant's name. In working out and submitting puzzle solutions, contestants must follow the instructions accompanying the puzzle. Neatness does not count, but unsigned or illegible entries, or entries so unclear as to be confusing, will not be considered, and donations accompanying such entries will be returned upon request after judging is completed. Where more than one entry is submitted by an individual his or her highest valid score will be considered only in that group or groups in which that score is entered. That score will serve to compete in any one, two or all three prize groups, depending on the amount donated with that particular entry. An individual may win one prize in each prize group.

7. In solving the puzzle, practically any word that fits may be used. A contestant will not receive more points than claimed nor more than earned. Therefore, please use care in totalling your score. Do not use any hyphenated word or form, prefix, suffix or combining form, abbreviation or contraction. The final word source authority for this contest will be the Merriam-Webster New International Dictionary, Unabridged, Second Edition (any printing from 1947 through '50) and (with the exceptions noted) any word may be used provided it actually, completely appears in bold-face type anywhere on any page within the A-Z main alphabetical section of the above dictionary. No plural or other inflectional form is acceptable unless it appears in bold-face type. No word that appears only as part of a two or more word phrase or expression (such as "suey" in "chop suey") is admissible. The names and definitions of the objects are also covered by this entire rule.

The DAV Service Foundation will not enter into any individual correspondence concerning the eligibility of any word for use in solving the puzzle. But the failure of any contestant, after request by the DAV Service Foundation, properly to identify the page-source of a questioned word, may make said word inadmissible.

8. All entries must be sent by mail to: DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION $100,000 3rd Annual Puzzle Contest Washington 6, D. C. and must be postmarked before midnight, May 1, 1950, and received before 5 P. M., May 15, 1950, to be eligible for consideration. However, an extra 60 days from these dates is allowed for the mailing and receipt of substitute solutions and additional donations to transfer from one group or groups to another group or groups. The DAV Service Foundation will not be responsible for lost or delayed communications or for clerical or mechanical errors and each contestant by the act of sending in an entry agrees to be bound by the rules and instructions and, in any event, with the decision of the DAV Service Foundation and or its Committee on Awards on any and all matters affecting the contest.

9. Any contestant who accepts help of any kind from any one (same family or household excepted) will be disqualified. Sworn statements to this effect will be required from all winners and every reasonable effort will be made to enforce this rule.

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FATIMA

IN ALL REPORTS

THE BEST OF LONG CIGARETTES

show these sensational increases in smokers

NEW YORK DIVISION—UP 132%

CHICAGO DIVISION—UP 453%

LOS ANGELES DIVISION—UP 545%

SMOKERS REPORT a much different, much better flavor

The flavor is different. I like it much better. Fatima is the best.

MRS. R. MICHAEL CHARTERS
New York

My friends are switching to Fatima, too. It's much the best of long cigarettes.

MISS MARIE BLACKER
Chicago

It's the best long cigarette. Mild and full of flavor.

MR. OWEN CHURCHILL
Los Angeles

ENJOY FATIMA YOURSELF

Quaker City of Brotherly Love. Of course, Philadelphia has its crime epidemics the same as any other large municipality. But why Howard Whitman has singled Philadelphia out for his recent article and implied that crime is more prevalent in our city than elsewhere is rather bewildering to any native citizen.

Collier's should not permit such an item to appear in its columns unless it is written on a basis of covering the entire crime wave that seems to engulf our country after a world war.

JOHN C. DEINDORFER, Philadelphia, Pa.

An editorial box accompanying Mr. Whitman's article on Philadelphia explained that this was the second of a series on crimes against people in our major cities. Various other cities will be "singled out" in the course of that series.

. . . We hope your series results in the return of the foot patrolman; but we believe (and probably Collier's will agree) that before we can get clean, efficient, hard-working police forces in our cities, we must attract a higher type of man by paying higher wages.

Just as our teachers are often undertrained, underequipped and underpaid, so are our police often called upon to perform a variety of unpleasant duties for a negligible income. A proper salary is still the best incentive in this modern day for doing a creditable job.

Nor can we deny that our police forces are often manned by recruits who are mentally and emotionally unqualified for their jobs.

In the processing of sex crimes and juvenile cases, for example, it is especially important that officials are mentally stable themselves and psychologically equipped to cope with human wrongs that often stem from intangible causes.

All of us know too well that too many men become policemen because they enjoy sporting a uniform and shoving others around.

They may not admit it themselves, but a good psychologist could come up with some enlightening reasons as to why they joined the force.

BILL BENNETT, Muskegon, Michigan

Sears, Roebuck & the Arts

EDITOR: Francis Sill Wickware mentions a rueful little song about Sears and Roebuck in the third part of his very interesting The Life and Times of Sears, Roebuck (Dec. 17th). However, let's not forget that Sears and Roebuck figures quite prominently in another song, which isn't quite so rueful, called Mule Train.

In addition to the afore-mentioned honor the Sears, Roebuck catalogue rates a line in Thornton Wilder's famous play, Our Town.

Mrs. Gibbs reprimands her daughter Rebecca for not doing her homework with this reason: ". . . Well, I bet you haven't been working, Rebecca. You've been reading that Sears, Roebuck catalogue, that's what you've been doing."

ROBERT OBOJSKI, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . I enjoyed very much the series of articles on The Life and Times of Sears, Roebuck. However, I do take exception to Mr. Wickware's condescending attitude toward The People's Book Club. The selections may not be literature, but many of them have certainly been best sellers and hit movies.

To mention just a few, The Robe, Also the Hills by Frances Parkinson Keyes, and Yankee Stranger by Elswyth Thane.

Those and most of the other selections have been considerably above the level of the soap opera. They compare favorably with the books offered by other fiction book clubs.

And, if I may make another comparison, they are at least in the same class with the fiction found in Collier's magazine.

MRS. REED BAGBY, Huntsville, Mo.

. . . Your series of articles on Sears, Roebuck & Company has been very interesting, especially the one appearing telling of the awards given by the Sears, Roebuck Foundation.

Our youngest daughter, Eleanor, attended the National Vegetable Growers' Convention in Washington in December, having won the Sears, Roebuck Foundation award.

This award, an all-expense-paid trip, was given at our state Four-H club show at Michigan State College to the state winner of vegetable demonstrations. An older daughter, Doris, won the same award last year. (Possibly this is a record for one family.)

Knowing that it would be impossible for these young folks to take such a trip without financial help, I'm sure they feel it is a very worthy enterprise.

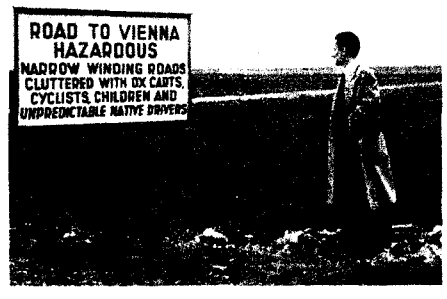
MRS. HERBERT KOWALK, Lansing, Mich.

Magraketer Objects

EDITOR: In Richard Gehman's Shorticle (Dec. 10th) Mr. "Rihman" wrote that he read periodicals taken from a "marack." One of us owes the other the usual "with apologies to . . ." as I have been marketing magazine racks as "Mag Raks" for quite a while.

H. B. GOODMAN, Manager,
The Rak Makers, New London, Conn.

International Hazard



EDITOR: Twenty-two miles inside the Russian zone in Tulln, Austria, members of the Grand Ole Opry radio show spotted this sign as they bussed into Vienna. It brought to mind Duncan Aikman's vivid story on careless driving (The Senseless Killing of Margaret Mitchell, Oct. 22d), and the grim fact that road carelessness seems pretty international.

Tulln, we learned, is the only U.S. Air Force base in Russian territory. It is connected with the U.S. zone in Vienna by the winding mountain road described in this sign.

ROBERT E. VIANO, New York, N. Y.

All Clear

EDITOR: If an individual buys a copy of the December 3d Collier's and reads the entire article entitled Get Off Route 25, Young Man, no harm is done because Author Charles F. Kettering is using Route 25 as a figure of speech. But to the many thousands who just see the front cover on the newsstands it looks like a warning to stay off United States Highway Route 25, because it is not a good road, which would be false.

Reaction from this Collier's article to the U.S. 25 Highway Association, Inc., has been so great that we have no alternative but to demand some kind of explanation from the author and the publishers.

CHAUNCEY W. LEVER, Executive Secretary,
U.S. 25 Highway Association,
Jesup, Ga.

Collier's can only offer the simple explanation that it printed Mr. Kettering's article with the expectation that it would be read. If any young men, after glancing at our Dec. 3d cover, immediately shunned Route 25 without any further investigation, we should like to reassure them that it's all right to start using the highway again.

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First...

12 exciting months of training as a U. S. Air Force

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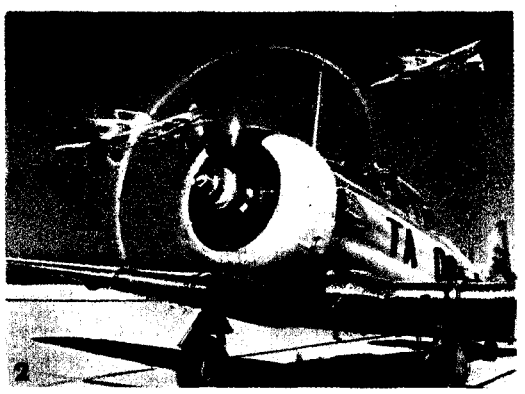
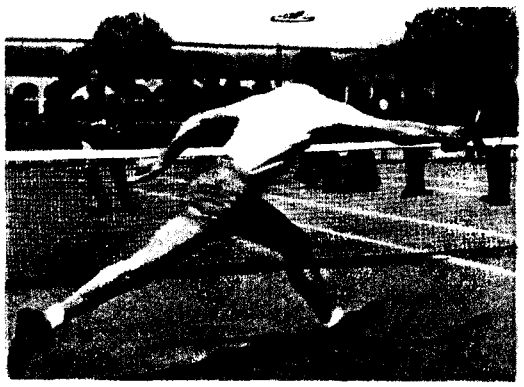


U. S. AIR FORCE AVIATION CADET SCHOOLS are tops! And best of all is the flying! About 175 hours of expert instruction in the famous "Texan" basic trainer gives you the feel and know-how of handling a plane in the air. It's a great thrill!

A VALUABLE EDUCATION—the finest aviation-executive training—is yours absolutely *free!* You study engines, navigation, radar, and many other subjects under fine instructors . . . lay a firm foundation for your aviation future as a pilot or navigator.

LIFELONG FRIENDSHIPS. As an Aviation Cadet, you work and play with the finest young men . . . make lifelong friendships. You enjoy dances, receptions, movies, and many other social activities at well-equipped Cadet Clubs on the post!

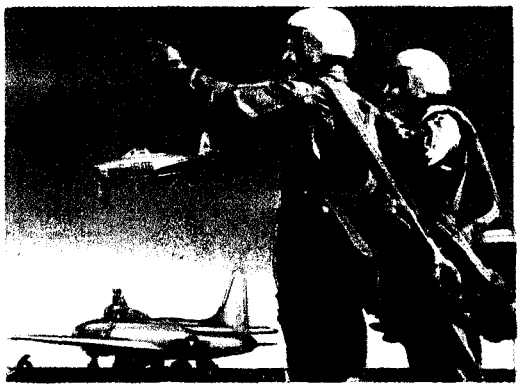


YEAR-ROUND SPORTS. You have time and facilities for your favorite summer sports. Keen competition with hard-playing young men builds leadership, teamwork, keeps you in tip-top physical condition . . . ready for the future.

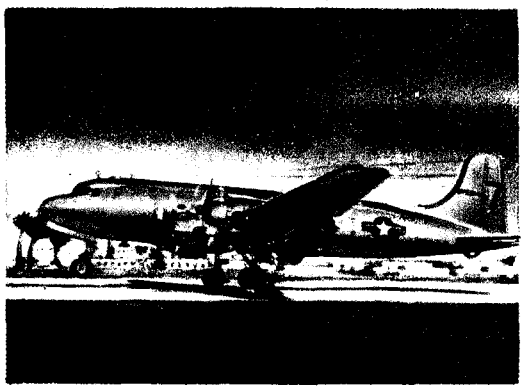
Then...

A GREAT CAREER

with achievement and advancement



NOW YOU'RE AN OFFICER—with an important job—and the coveted U. S. Air Force pilots' wings! If you're a single-engine specialist, you'll soon fly F-84 Thunderjets or F-80 Shooting Stars . . . advance in rank as you gain experience.



ADVANCEMENT IS RAPID, ALSO—if you specialize in multi-engine . . . transports, bombers, troop carriers. You master the latest aircraft and learn new techniques as they are developed. You are soon a "flying executive"—a top-notch pilot.

TOMORROW'S AVIATION METHODS are being tested by the U. S. Air Force today. As an Air Force officer you're in on fascinating future aviation developments . . . flying wings, supersonic research, jet engineering, air-to-air refueling.

IT'S A YOUNG MAN'S ORGANIZATION . . . where ambitious young men advance rapidly. You go from student pilot or navigator to aviation executive within a few short years. And there's plenty of time for fun and family life as you move along. For example: You get a *30-day* leave *with pay* each year.

Win Your Wings . U. S. AIR FORCE

RECRUITING

If you are single, between the ages of 20 and 26½, with at least two years of college, this is your opportunity for U. S. Aviation Cadet training as pilot or navigator.

Get your application today at your local Recruiting Office or U. S. Air Force Base, or write Chief of Staff, U. S. Air Force, Attention: Aviation Cadet Branch, Washington, D. C.

ONLY THE BEST CAN BE AVIATION CADETS

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Many men today are actually paying *the Florsheim price, without* enjoying *Florsheim quality. Since price is not a factor, why not choose the finer fit, the longer wear that have made Florsheim Shoes America's standard of value for almost 60 years. You're paying the Florsheim price; why not wear them?*

Florsheim Shoes

The Commander, S-1097, half brogue, $16.95

Other styles $15.95 *and higher*

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Chicago · Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Deaf mutes watch the minister as he leads them in a sign-language service

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, erected in New York City in 1852, was the first church of its kind in the world. Since then about 25 others devoted to services in the sign language have been established in this country. In these churches, the floor is steeply slanted and the pulpit and the choir stall are brightly illuminated. This enables the congregation to see clearly the hand movements of the minister and also those of the choir members as they "sing" the hymns.

* * * * * * * * *

Few stunts by American press agents have been as successful as the one that was staged in New York about 1913 to publicize September Morn, Paul Chabas' painting of a nude woman bathing in a lake at sunrise. After placing the canvas in the window of an art store, the publicity man made an anonymous phone call to Anthony Comstock, urging him to come and remove the "immoral" painting. Being the head of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, Comstock rushed to the address and became infuriated by what he saw. A dozen small boys (hired by the press agent) stood at the window, pointing at the picture and making loud caustic comments about the unadorned lady. Comstock's attempts to ban September Morn made the work so famous that more than 8,000,000 copies of it have been sold.

* * * * * * * * *

In 1811, Philip and Sarah Whitehead, a devoted brother and sister in their early twenties, lived together in London. One night, Phil failed to come home, having been arrested for forgery that afternoon at his desk in the Bank of England. Fearing to tell Sarah the truth, friends informed her that Phil had been obliged to leave suddenly on a business trip. As she did not hear from him for weeks and had not read the newspapers, Sarah became worried and called at the bank. Thus, she learned that her brother had not only been arrested, but that he had been tried, convicted and hanged. The shock caused the girl to lose her mind. Dressed somewhat like a nun, Sarah shortly returned to the Bank of England and took up a position at its entrance. There the "Bank Nun," as she came to be called, spent every day for 25 years, asking those who passed if they had seen or heard from Philip.

* * * * * * * * *

When a ship at sea is in distress and sends out an SOS, it is required, under maritime law, to pay a salvage award to all vessels that come to its rescue, even when they do not render any assistance. Among the strangest salvage cases on record is that of a British ship that helped another not long ago. The Towerbridge became caught in pack ice in the North Atlantic and had to radio for aid. The call was heard by the Newfoundland and its captain answered, informing the officers of the trapped vessel that, while he was too far away to come, he could tell them how to escape from the ice. As the Towerbridge was saved by the instructions, the Newfoundland's owners were awarded $10,000.

* * * * * * * * *

On a night in February, 1910, the inhabitants of New York's Chinatown were celebrating a holiday, feeling it was safe to venture out in the streets because a truce had been arranged in a tong war for the occasion. Gay crowds packed all public places, especially the old Chinese Theatre on Doyers Street which was presenting a special play. Shortly before the last curtain, someone tossed a bunch of lighted firecrackers in the aisle and the resultant noise was terrific. When the show was over a few minutes later, everybody rose to leave except five members of the On Leong tong, who had been shot dead during the "firecracker prank."

* * * * * * * * *

Although the toxin produced by tetanus bacilli is one of the deadliest poisons known to science, reactions to it vary tremendously in different kinds of animals. For example, the quantity that will prove fatal to a chicken is sufficient to kill 500 horses.

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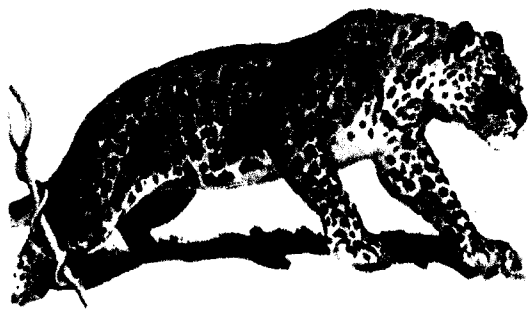
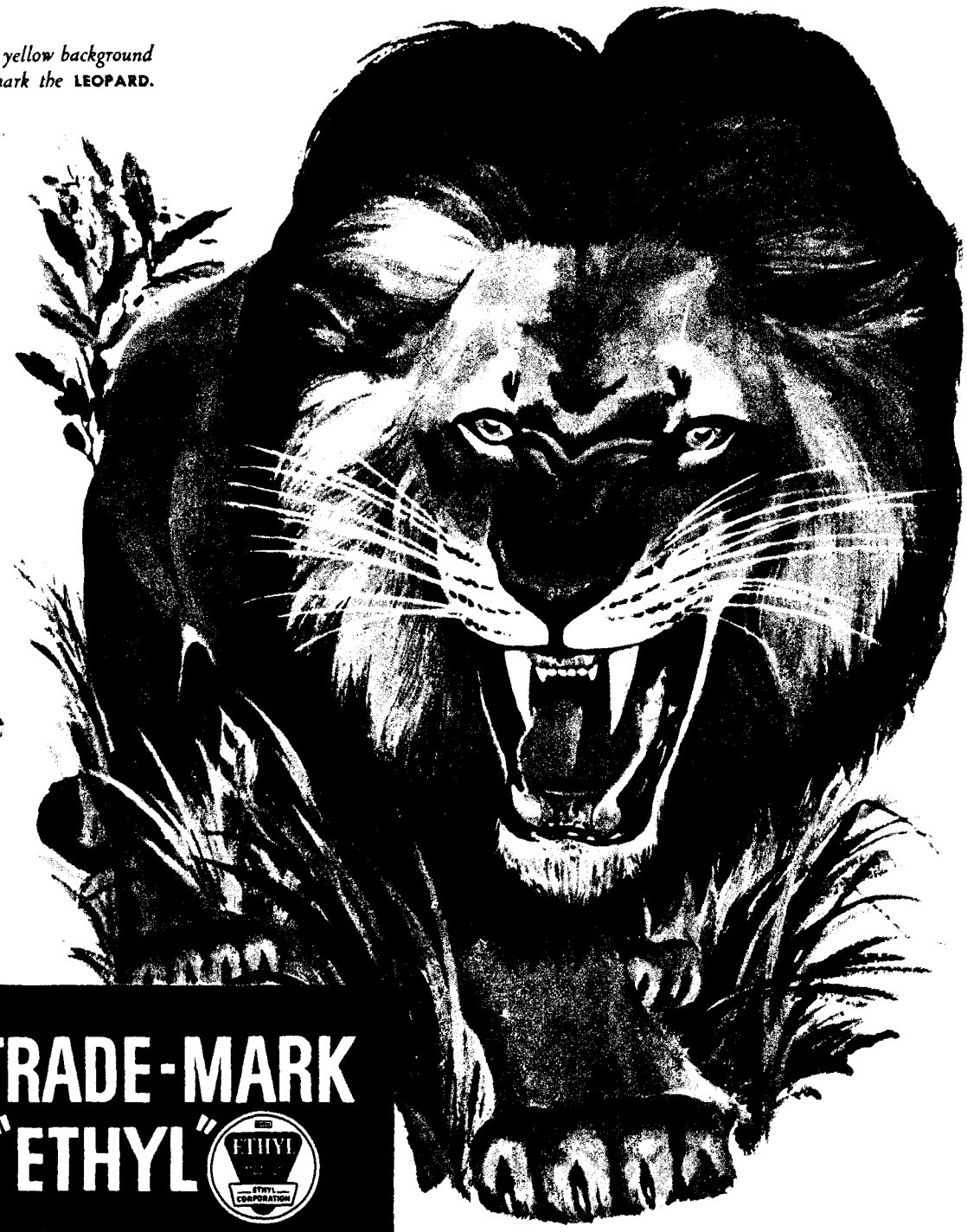


Black spots on a yellow background unmistakably mark the **LEOPARD.**

Rosettes (black spots within black rings)—quite different from the leopard's spots—are the identifying features of the **JAGUAR.**



THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE

mark the difference in the big "cats"...

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

marks the important difference in gasoline

A yellow-furred, black-striped coat is the most distinctive feature of the **TIGER.**

A bobbed tail and the characteristically tufted ears make it easy to recognize the **LYNX.**

A bushy mane, which gives him a regal look, is the distinctive mark of the male **LION.**

ENJOY THE DIFFERENCE!

What's the difference? Just fill your tank with gasoline from an "Ethyl" pump and see for yourself. Because "Ethyl" gasoline averages *five full octane numbers higher* than regular gasoline, it will bring out the full power and performance of your car. And because it has, on the average, a higher volatility, it will give you faster starting and warm-up.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting the best gasoline your service station offers—gasoline that is improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

"Ethyl" products are made by **ETHYL CORPORATION,** *Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.*

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Are you reducing tooth decay with Amm-i-dent* ammoniated Tooth Paste?

***YOU SHOULD,** because . . . (1) only the Amm-i-dent formula can show published proof that it actually *reduced tooth decay;* (2) sworn dental records show Amm-i-dent helped prevent cavities with 4 out of 5 users; (3) more dentists recommend Amm-i-dent than any other dentifrice.

**Trade Mark* *Amm-i-dent is available in Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder form*

Let's Have a Week Week

By MILFORD CONN

Anyone with a mouth can play a mouth organ

MY PURPOSE is to extol the unit of time known as the week. My dictionary describes it as "the space of seven days from one Sunday to another," adding, "there are 52 weeks in the year."

If not for the unit of time known as the week, it is perfectly obvious there would be no weeks such as National Harmonica, Goat-Milk, Spitball, Shower-Curtain, Parsnip, Bubble-Gum, Toothpick, Doodle, Love-Your-Grandma, Pretzel-Bender, Macaroni-Borer or National No-Eggs-As-Missiles Week and scores of others. In fact, my list of weeks shows that the number of weeks has grown to 179. So my dictionary is wrong and will have to be corrected.

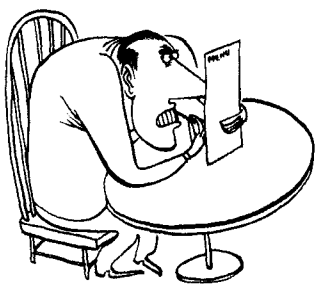
This growth from the original 52 weeks may *seem* startling, but it isn't when you think it over. Let's put it this way: Has the growth in weeks since the beginning of time kept pace with the growth in population? Obviously not. Therefore those who hoist their eyebrows when a new week is added to the year aren't logical.

To give the reader an idea of how much that is beneficial has been added to American life by the passion for "Weeks," let's consider some of those mentioned above.

National Harmonica Week yielded what the high priests of Shibbolethia consider the slogan of the decade: "Anyone with a mouth can play a mouth organ."

The popularity of National Goat-Milk Week is due largely to the discovery by the founder, Montgomery Maaa-h, that goat's milk blends perfectly with gray goatees. Cow's milk, a wee bit whiter, is more easily detected. The benefits are obvious, since statistics show that most goateed milk drinkers are hasty eaters.

National Spitball Week has proved to be a great boon. Now that the school children of the nation have a whole week in which to throw spitballs at one another and get the whole nasty business out of their systems, there is a great improvement in study habits and marks have gone up sharply in nonspitball weeks.



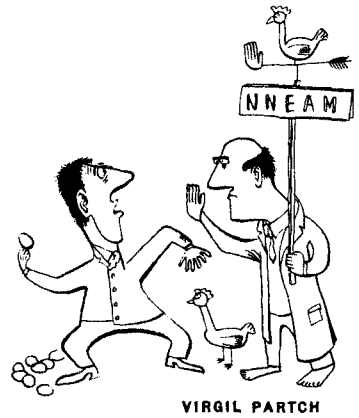
And Pecksniffianism has declined 11.8 per cent

National Toothpick Week, which has brought about a frank and aboveboard use of the toothpick, has proved to be a good thing for the national character. Gallup and Roper, in their studies on the Hypocrisy Rate, show that since people stopped digging into molars behind newspapers, magazines, menus, etc., Pecksniffianism has declined 11.8 per cent.

The benefits of National Love-Your-Grandma Week are obvious. Father's Day, Mother's Day, Uncle's Day, Aunt's Day, First-Cousin's Day and similar annually observed occasions had pushed Grandma out of the picture. She is back in again.

National Pretzel-Bender Week and National Macaroni-Borer Week have served to focus attention on some of the humbler, insufficiently recognized occupations. Pretzel bending is laborious handwork and not until the establishment of N.P.B. Week did the average beer drinker realize how much these workers had done to add to his enjoyment.

Like a mute inglorious Milton, the macaroni borer, working tirelessly with brace and bit to drill proper holes in the Italian delicacy, had suffered from a lack of recognition. We all know what N.M.B. Week has done to correct this. Statistics show that thousands of these workers now regularly receive silver braces and bits from appreciative friends and relatives as birthday and Christmas gifts.



VIRGIL PARTCH

This was having an upsetting effect on statistics

Little need be said about what has been accomplished by means of National No-Eggs-As-Missiles Week. So many eggs were being thrown at political candidates that this rowdy practice was beginning to cut seriously into the quantity of eggs the government likes to buy, convert into powdered form and store away for future nonuse in its various hen-fruit Fort Knoxes.

Now that the misguided individuals, whose egotism (I had a good chance for a pun there but skipped it) makes them feel superior to the average political speaker, have stopped using the product of the Leghorn and the Plymouth Rock as ammunition, due credit should be given N.N.E.A.M. Week.

Without the unit of time known as the week, we should not have any of these splendid observances. Therefore I suggest the establishment and annual celebration on a big scale of National Week Week.

By now you should get the idea.

THE END

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WINTER WONDERLAND

This winter, for drinks that taste as though they were MADE IN WONDERLAND be sure to make them with 7 Crown—Seagram's finest American whiskey.

Say Seagram's *and be* Sure

Seagram's 7 Crown. **Blended Whiskey.** 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

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How will they look to YOU a few years from now?

Your wife's eyes: What will you read in hers when she asks whether you can afford that modest cottage that's for sale?

Your boy's eyes: What will you see in his eyes the day he asks whether you can afford to send him to college?

Your own eyes: What will the mirror tell you about them when it's time to retire, and take things easier?

There's no better time than right now to sit back and think what *you* will see in your family's eyes a few years from now.

Whether they glow with happiness or turn aside with disappointment depends, to a very large extent, upon what you do *now*.

So plan *now* for that home you plan to buy eventually . . . set aside money *now* for his college education . . . plan *now* for the day you can retire.

Decide now to put part of your salary week after week, year after year in U. S. Savings Bonds, so that you will have the money for the *important* things you and your family want.

Insure your future by signing up on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you have a checking account. Chances are you won't miss the money now, but you certainly will a few short years from now if you haven't got it!!

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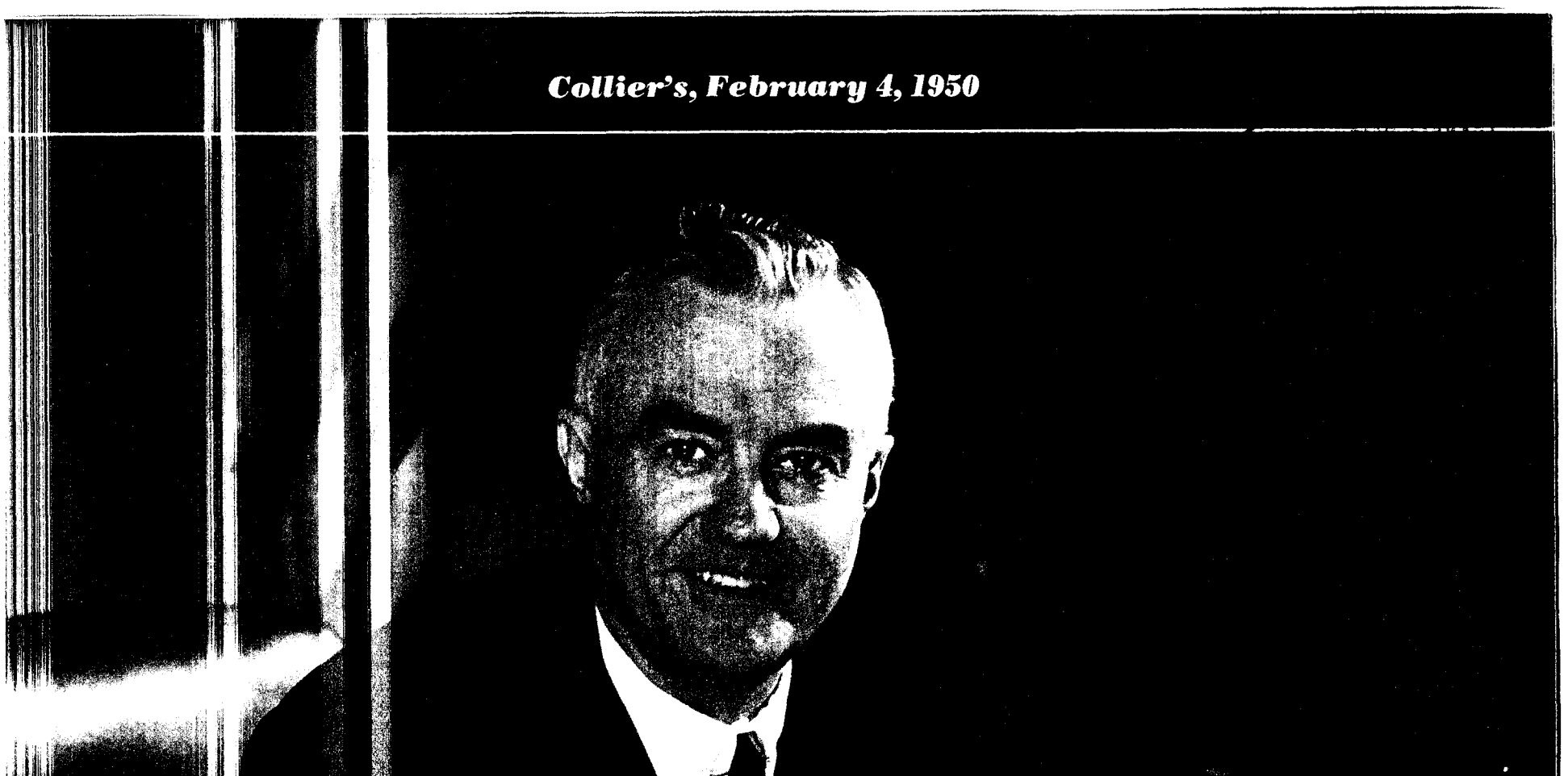

HARRIS & EWING

Federal Security Administrator Oscar R. (Jack) Ewing

MR. WELFARE STATE *Himself*

Washington's best-hated bureaucrat since Harry Hopkins has ambitious plans for himself and the U.S.A.

By HOLMES ALEXANDER and JOSEPH R. SLEVIN

DON'T look under the bed just yet, but the U.S. Senate has decided that there's a suspicious character at large in Washington, a bureaucratic dictator, a brass-lunged advance agent of the galloping Welfare State.

Want to meet him? Then be at the corner of Fourteenth Street and the Mall about eight fifteen almost any weekday morning. The suspect will alight there from a chauffeur-driven, government-owned limousine and start walking toward the modernistic Federal Security Agency Building at Fourth Street and Independence Avenue, where he works as Administrator. He's a medium-sized, frosty-haired fellow of sixty with a genial air. Lest there be any mistaking the man, note that he swings a well-scuffed leather brief case with the gold lettering:

Oscar R. Ewing
One Wall Street
New York City

Officially, the Senate dealt vigorously with this gentleman on August 16th last, when it decided 60-32 not to turn the Federal Security Agency into a Department of Welfare. Ewing, as chief of FSA, was slated to head this new department, with a seat in the President's Cabinet. He became the main issue of the senatorial debate. His name was mentioned 71 times by 17 different speakers.

Except for a gentleman's agreement to take a vote before sundown, the irate senators might be at it yet. As it was, 92 of them stayed past six o'clock that torrid evening and torpedoed the Welfare Department in an attempt to sink Ewing.

They kept him out of the Cabinet, but they didn't sink him. The next day he characterized the Senate's action as a "tremendous blunder," and predicted that hostility to the welfare program would cost the 60 opposition senators dearly in their constituencies. Today he is more powerful than ever, and several of his senatorial enemies are wondering what will happen to them in this year's election.

What is there about "Jack" Ewing that has

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GEORGE TAMES

From Assistant Secretary of Interior C. Girard Davidson (left) and Truman aid Clark Clifford, the Fair Deal-Ewing brain trust got economic know-how and a pipe line to the White House

aroused so much turmoil? To begin with, he is not only the advance agent for the welfare state, but many believe he is Mr. Welfare State himself. He is admittedly one of the cleverest political strategists in the Truman line-up. Moreover, he is the Robin Hood of a formidable band of political-minded social planners who have been growing in power and scope since they started operations three years ago.

It was in 1945 that Ewing, then a Wall Street lawyer, began shelving his lucrative private practice in order to concentrate on national affairs in Washington.

Ewing had made all the money he needed, and was ready to tackle some jobs that he thought he would enjoy more than the routine of the law. In a few brief months he became the mastermind that worked the transition of the New Deal into the Fair Deal after Roosevelt's death.

At the time, he had no government position at all, but he did have the powerful partisan post of vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. His group of brain trusters was born after the Republican sweep in the 1946 elections. The time had arrived, they felt, for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

Their immediate goal was to counteract the Democratic loss of power. They did their job so effectively that they may well be credited with a major part in snatching the 1948 election for Truman. It was their scheming, their ingenuity, their ceaseless activity which enabled the Democrats to bring together the unbeatable votes of the underprivileged, the workers, the racial minorities and the farmers.

Why isn't more known about this subsurface group which Ewing heads? Not one of the members denies its existence, but none will talk for publication.

One of them said to us: "If you're going to accuse us of being conspirators, it's okay with me, providing you explain that we are conspiring for the good of the country. However, if we're to be talked about, the talk ought to come from Jack. It's his group."

But Jack Ewing won't talk, except by indirection. "You'd like me to tell you all about it, eh?" he asked, genially—and then shut up like a clam. But he did edit our list of the original members. And from outside sources we were able to gather other data as to the purposes and accomplishments of what people on Capitol Hill call Ewing's "Round Table" or "Privy Council."

One of the senators who was active and vocal at the August 16th session told us: "Ewing originally conceived the plan of a privy council which would kidnap Truman from the backsliders and enthrone him as ideological heir to Roosevelt and as prince royal of a 'new' New Deal. The council's purpose was, and still is, to propose and promote legislation that will keep the Democrats in power."

Ewing began by inviting carefully picked Administration figures to Monday-night dinners in his suite at the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington. These dinners have continued regularly ever since, except for a brief period last year when Ewing was ill.

This is a roll call of the original group Ewing assembled:

J. Donald Kingsley, a White House assistant in 1946-'47, was original contact man with Truman. Kingsley carried ideas and suggestions from the Monday-night dinners to the White House until he became Ewing's assistant at FSA on December 29, 1947. In the Senate debate last August on the proposed Department of Welfare, Senator Taft referred to Kingsley as a man "very frequently with Communists." He left FSA to go abroad with the International Refugee Organization in November, 1948.

Clark Clifford, first naval aide and later administrative assistant to the President, replaced Kingsley as the group's White House inside man. Clifford's free access to the Presidential ear was invaluable.

The late *Lewis Schwellenbach,* then Secretary of Labor and once New Deal senator from Washington, was the group's elder statesman.

Another recruit was *Charles Brannan,* Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, now Secretary, and author of the explosive farm plan which bears his name.

C. Girard (Jebbie) Davidson, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, was the group's authority on government in business. In 1949, Davidson and Brannan tried to quarterback the Administration's economic stabilization plan through Congress. This plan, among other things, envisaged government construction of steel plants and other large enterprises.

Leon Keyserling, now vice-chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, was the group's standout disciple of government controls—or "planned" economy. He and Ewing never quite hit it off. Keyserling, in the Washington phrase, is one of those planners who "never met a pay roll or carried a precinct." A Harvard Law graduate and protégé of New Deal brain truster Rex Tugwell, he had come nonstop from Cambridge to a place near the elbow of both Roosevelt and Truman. All this made him useful but annoying to Ewing, whose essential nature was always that of a politician.

While none of the Ewing brain trusters would be quoted, several were willing to confirm their own footprints when we pointed to them. The group pushed Mr. Truman toward his all-out civil rights program. It postponed his riddance of price controls. It was responsible for his support of the Palestine partition plan against the advice of Secretary of State Marshall, Defense Secretary Forrestal and Undersecretary of State Lovett.

The Ewing brain trust also inspired two master strokes of Candidate Truman's come-from-behind

They Helped Ewing

HARRIS & EWING

The late Secretary of Labor, Lewis Schwellenbach, was the elder statesman of Ewing's original group

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victory in 1948. These were the dingdong blaming of high prices on the hapless Eightieth Congress, and the bold stratagem of recalling Congress for the famed "turnip session" in the dog days of the election summer.

Time has proved the value of Ewing's services, and Truman feels he has done well to make this man the spearhead of the welfare state program. The President has discovered that Ewing possesses unbounded enthusiasm, a terrific capacity for work, a keen legal brain, and a genuine sympathy for the underprivileged. Even more important, braintruster Ewing is a consummate political strategist, and personally ambitious only as he thinks his own advancement will promote the over-all cause. He has long yearned for a shot at the New York governorship, the springboard that launched F.D.R. He knows that it would make him a strategic running mate for Mr. Truman in 1952; for in 1948, Truman lost both of Ewing's home states, Indiana and New York.

But Ewing began making enemies on Capitol Hill soon after he was appointed Federal Security Administrator by Truman during the August, 1947, recess. He was unanimously confirmed four months later by the Republican-controlled Senate. No dissent marred his accession to an agency which employs 36,000 persons, spends $2,000,000,000 a year, and just about covers the water front of federal welfare work.

FSA, created in 1939, is a sort of alphabetical roof over 11 semirelated, semiautonomous units, including the U.S. Health Service, U.S. Office of Education, Social Security Administration, Bureau of Employees Compensation, Food and Drug Administration, and Office of Vocational Rehabilitation (for the physically handicapped).

Two other Indianans—Paul McNutt and Watson Miller—had preceded Ewing as federal welfare chief, and both had kept the job reasonably nonpolitical. Yet the political potential was there for the Republicans to see. The job could be made to touch virtually every social issue which the Democrats embraced under Roosevelt and Truman—health insurance, federal aid to education, Social Security, racial equality, friendship to labor, policing of business interest, help for the underprivileged and handicapped. But none of this seemed to alert the G.O.P.

Sounds of internecine strife soon rolled from FSA. First came the moaning of old inhabitants as Ewing fluttered their private dovecotes. He centralized final authority for all decisions in himself and a small staff of assistant administrators. Much of this was no more than a new director's display of "efficiency," but it was very distressing to the FSA old guard. The U.S. Office of Education dates back to 1867, the U.S. Health Service to 1798.

To anyone protesting his unification program, Ewing declared: "As long as I'm here, we won't have any splinter groups."

But the chips began to fly. Ewing found that the Public Health Service had refused to recommend a research grant to a German refugee, Dr. Walter Kempner. Dr. Kempner had previously prescribed a rice diet for Mrs. Ewing's hypertension. Ewing sent for Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the U.S., head of the Public Health Service for 12 years and a world figure in public medicine.

Why hadn't a grant for Dr. Kempner been recommended, Ewing demanded? Parran explained that Dean Wilburt Davison of the Duke University Medical School, where Kempner was working, had himself advised against the grant.

Holmes Alexander, formerly with the Baltimore Sun, writes a syndicated Washington column for more than 50 newspapers. Joseph R. Slevin is with the Washington bureau of the New York and Chicago Journal of Commerce

"He saved my wife's life," Ewing argued. "It's perfectly silly not to put more money into that research. I demand that the recommendation be made."

Parran, outraged, told Ewing, "This is the first time in the Health Service's long existence that a nonprofessional has brought pressure." He refused to change his mind about Kempner.

Ewing thereupon refused to fill two vacancies on the National Health Council, a civilian advisory board to the Health Service. When Parran's third four-year term expired on April 5, 1948, he was not reappointed.

Much noisier were the exits of Dr. John W. Studebaker, for 14 years U.S. Commissioner of Education, and of his assistant, Dr. E. B. Norton. Studebaker resigned on June 21, 1948, and nine days later released a 2,500-word letter to Ewing. In the hands of the Senate Investigating Committee, the letter indicted Ewing for bureaucratic dictatorship. Studebaker wrote in part:

"It is my considered opinion that if your purposes and programs are carried out, you will do great harm. . . . Here we see at work what might be called 'bureaucratic statism.' . . . You think of the Federal Security Administration as just one monolithic welfare organization. . . . You are admittedly a partisan politician."

Studebaker's bill of particulars included the charges that Ewing had consolidated the information services as a personal publicity mill "to have yourself quoted in public releases even on technical matters of statistics," and that Ewing's front-office censors had specifically forbidden Studebaker and other educators "the task of exposing the tactics and dangers of Russian and native Communists and fellow travelers." These duties they had been ordered to "leave to the State Department and to the F.B.I."

The Senate Investigating Committee tried hard to make hay out of the Studebaker charges. Two senators called for Ewing's resignation. But the affair died amid the din of the election season.

There have been several less spectacular charges against Ewing which may still rise to embarrass his political future. One of the first of these concerned a hospital cook, who was discovered by Senate probers officiating in the kitchen of a private dining room off Ewing's FSA office. The Senate investigators opened the kitchen door one day and said to the chef, Neaser J. Kelly: "Come with us."

Still in his white cap and apron, Kelly arrived before the subcommittee and was identified as the $3,225-a-year chief cook of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, an FSA-run mental institution fully two miles from Ewing's office. Senator Bridges, a committee member, addressed M. K. Madden, administrative assistant at St. Elizabeth's:

"Are you in the habit of furnishing cooks for all the bureaucrats around town?"

"No," said Madden, and the cook was returned to his assigned duties at the hospital.

But the incident keeps coming up, and annoyed senators like to quote it as a sample of how careless public officials can be with taxpayers' money.

Some of the FSA Administrator's speech-making activities have also brought him under fire. One of his Congressional friends admits that "Jack isn't always tactful when he gets on a public platform. He likes a head-busting sort of attack, and enjoys getting results by sheer outrageousness."

When he swung into action a year ago for the Administration's compulsory health insurance bill, he condemned all 140,000 doctors who are members of the American Medical Association as "men who put selfish business and personal interests above the well-being of some 70,000,000 people."

More recently, Ewing created an uproar in England by calling the British health plan "a good thing for Britain." The *(Continued on page 52)*

Transform the New Deal into the Fair Deal

ACME

J. Donald Kingsley, now abroad on an international refugee job, conveyed the group's ideas to Truman

ACME

Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan tried to quarterback the group's plans through Congress

ACME

Chief brain-trust exponent of government controls was Presidential economic adviser Leon Keyserling

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Hope Chest

As long as the hope chest was around, filled and waiting, there seemed to be no husband in the world for Edna. Then she decided to give it away—and things began to look up

By LEON WARE

EDNA sat in the worn rocker by the front window and looked unseeingly at the back door of the Fenner house, up at the front of the narrow lot. She had her sister Mary's letter and the photograph of her niece in her hand. She hadn't seen Mary in nearly twenty-two years and she'd never seen this wide-eyed, young woman in the snapshot, even though she bore Edna's name. And now little Edie was getting married.

Born and grown up and getting married and I never even saw her, Edna thought. She shook her head and glanced down at Mary's note again.

It was a whining letter, full of smallness and selfishness, as Mary herself had always been. It was easy to recall Mary's pettiness; Edna could close her eyes and hear the thin voice complaining, even now. Yet there was something about Mary that must have been right, and apparently much about Edna that was wrong, for Mary had been married twice and Edna, even on this, her forty-eighth birthday, was still Miss Edna Lewis.

The "Miss" still clung to her and labeled her and confined her, much as the poetical albatross hung around the Ancient Mariner's neck.

The kids haven't got a thing. I tell Edie she ought to work a couple of years and earn some money so she'll have something on her back besides the clothes she's married in, because God knows when the babies start coming they'll be broke forever, but Edie says she's eighteen and she's in love. Stubborn! Gets it from her father who was a bum, you know. I tell her to be sensible like her Aunt Edna but you think she'd listen to me?

Edna looked up from the letter, then folded it carefully and stood up. She was a tall, solidly built woman. She wore her hair pulled back tight in a bun, neatly, without pretense. Her features were prominent and her eyes gray and calm under heavy brows. Her hands were as large and strong as a man's and she made no effort to camouflage the size of her feet by wearing other than sensible shoes. She slid Mary's letter into the pocket of her apron and put the picture of Edie on the narrow mantel over the small fireplace. She smiled slowly as her hand dropped away.

"Marry him, Edie," she said. "Marry him quick. Then, no matter what happens, you won't be lonely."

Edna moved over and picked up the dust rag from the table by the door, where she had dropped it when the mailman came. She went on around the living room, though it wasn't really necessary to dust. The living room, bedroom and kitchen were so small they didn't get a chance to gather much dust between cleanings. And she was gone from the house most of the day, so things were usually tidy. But she went through the motions automatically, from force of habit.

She paused finally, considered her work for a moment and then put the dustcloth away. If she was going to do housework she might just as well have gone to Mrs. Parker's and earned her dollar an hour, instead of taking the day off just because it was her birthday. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and paused to eye her reflection contemplatively.

"You're too old to be sentimental," she said finally. "Forty-eight!"

She went on into the kitchen and smelled the richness of the birthday cake baking in the oven. How many birthday cakes had she baked for herself, and eaten, alone? Of course, she usually had a neighbor in for a cup of coffee and a slice of cake but they never knew it was her own birthday cake. She could never bring herself to tell them that she had to make her own—and eat it alone.

She had learned years ago that a single woman didn't really have any friends. After thirty-five you were looked on as a little strange if you hadn't been married. It didn't matter what had happened to him, or what kind of person he had been, if you once had had a husband, you were accepted. If you hadn't, you were too different to be genuinely welcomed. And she couldn't tell people the truth. She had done that just once and had learned her mistake.

That was in Cleveland. She was housemaid for the Egans then. She had a nice room and she loved the two children, and Mr. Egan was considerate and full of fun. Edna got along just fine with Mrs. Egan and for months had felt a part of the home and had been very happy. And then, one day when they were having a cup of midafternoon coffee together, Mrs. Egan had asked her why she had never been married. And Edna had told her.

"I never been asked," Edna had said.

A queer look had crossed Mrs. Egan's face and from that time on, the fine air of friendship between them had thinned out. Their relationship became more formal, and Edna's hurt grew so acute she finally left the Egans and moved on to Chicago.

ALWAYS after that, she had just smiled and told little fibs or dodged the question of marriage entirely. In Denver she had tried adding a Mrs. to her name but she couldn't stand living with that fabrication and when she had finally come here to Long Beach in California, she had resolutely gone back to Miss Edna Lewis.

Doing housework by the hour was harder but having this small house behind the Fenners gave her more independence and she liked that. Being Miss certainly offered more freedom and she had grimly decided to capitalize on the fact. It was good to come home at night tired and be able to shut the door and lock out the world and do exactly what she wanted to do. Maybe it was lonelier but she had grown accustomed to loneliness by this time.

And now as she stood in the kitchen, looking at the oven, something very strange happened. Deep within her a voice seemed to say: Give up.

Edna lifted her head quickly, her lips parted, as if she were listening.

Give up?

Of course.

A warm feeling of surcease swept over her. The knot of anxiety that had always been in her heart seemed to melt away. She smiled and looked around vaguely, feeling a lightness, a sudden soaring of spirit.

It was a small thing—a tiny thing—but a miracle nevertheless. Always since that bitter day when she was eighteen and Mary sixteen and they had found her father's lobster dory bottom up on the cold bay off Southwick, Maine, Edna had been waiting for the right man to come along. She had long known that he wasn't coming, but it was not until this very moment, on her forty-eighth birthday, that she could acknowledge that truth.

SHE laughed to herself at the simplicity of the solution; she turned and went into the bedroom. She got down on her knees, lifted the edge of the bedspread, and dragged out the long, heavy teak box that had once been her father's sea chest. She knelt for a moment before it, seeing it for the first time for what it long had been, a millstone hung around her neck—her hope chest, heavy with the treasures she had gathered for more than a quarter of a century and which she knew now she would never use.

She knew every article in it intimately. Each had its place. She could take them all out and put them back blindfolded. But she was done with it now. It was time—past time—to give up her hope chest. She would send it to Edie with her love and blessings, and she would do it today. After all, she had had the joy of gathering the pieces; let Edie have the pleasure of using them.

She lifted the heavy lid and took out the contents, carefully spreading them out on her bed, ticking off the years as she remembered where and under what circumstances she had collected them.

The first, the nicest of them all, was gone. It had been a lovely lace nightgown, bought with the first money she had earned. She smiled as she remembered the thrill of buying it. But Mary had wept and wheedled it out of her when she had married her first husband. Nightgowns were about the only thing of Edna's that Mary could wear, and she had managed to get that first prize from the hope chest, just as she had managed to get a great many other things that Edna cherished.

It must be bad luck, Edna thought suddenly, to give away something from your hope chest. She looked at the linens and laces, and fingered their texture. She laughed a little. The harm was done now. Giving the whole thing to Edie couldn't hurt Edna and would certainly please her niece.

There was the lace tablecloth from New York. That was on the bottom. That was her first away-from-home job, with the Murphys. After they had sold the little house on the bay, Mary had gone to live with her new husband in Detroit, and Edna had taken the job in New York. Her first payday fell right after Christmas and Edna had bought this lovely cloth at a year-end sale. It had been soiled from handling but she had brought it back to its original perfection and it had gone into the old chest to replace the nightgown as the first treasure.

Each job had added something to the growing collection. And as the years passed and she had more money, the linens grew finer and the laces lovelier and more delicate. She had pored over her possessions by the hour and they had given her much pleasure but never had they stirred her as they did now, when she thought how delighted Edie would be to receive them—Edie, who didn't have any clothes except the ones she would be married in, but who was getting a husband just the same.

Edna sorted out the articles that needed pressing and took them to the kitchen with her when she went to remove the cake *(Continued on page 44)*

"Happy birthday," Mr. Johnson said. He leaned forward and sniffed. "It's been a good many years since I ate any birthday cake. Smells delicious"

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

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The Very

In the complex Atomic Age, th

Even today the Amish farmer uses horses to help him with heavy work on his well-tilled land. According to the strictest interpretation of Amish religious beliefs, they are forbidden to use automotive vehicles

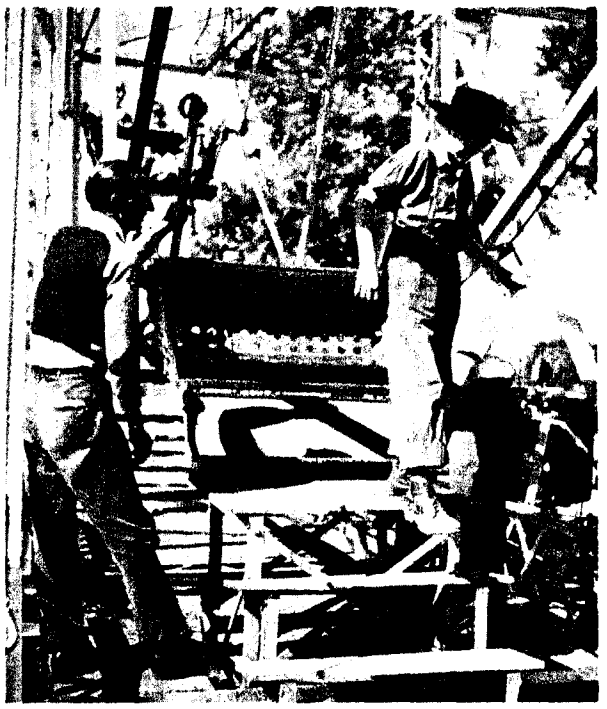
THEY brought the unconscious Amish boy into the Lancaster hospital on a stretcher. His reddish, bowl-cropped hair was matted with blood around a bashed-in mark on the side of his head. "Horse kicked him," an intern said. "Wonder he didn't kick the poor kid's head right off."

A doctor, bending over the boy, glanced up briefly. "What if he had? The kid could still farm."

The remark was a grisly tribute to the natural agricultural abilities of the eccentric, tradition-bound Old Order Amish of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a close-knit, intensely religious sect of about 3,500 souls who rank with the best farmers in the world.

So far as the Amish are concerned, there was no industrial revolution. Their religion forbids them electricity, the telephone, the automobile, and the

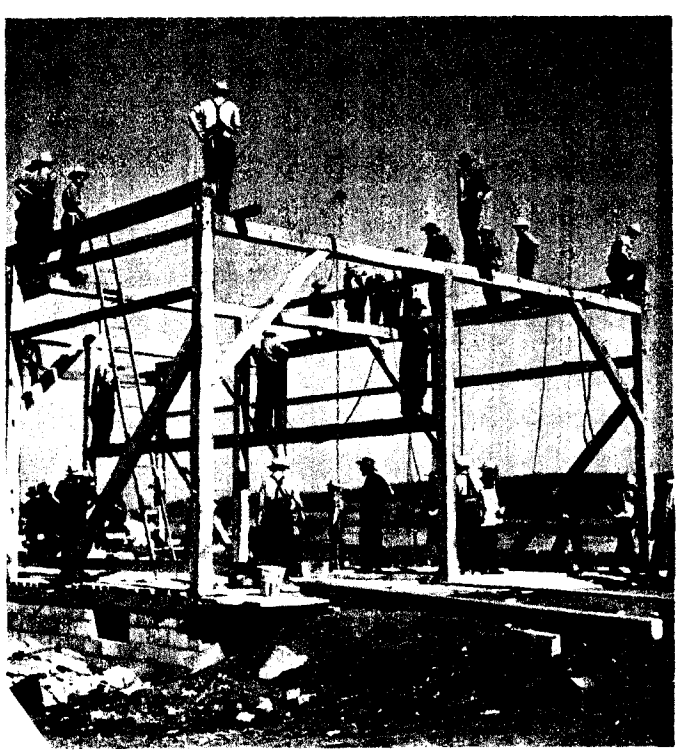
Amish children in Intercourse, Pa., go home from one-room school with empty lunch pails



This Amish youngster stepping from a Ferris wheel at a carnival shied at being caught in such a frivolous act

The ban on ornaments and decorations excludes bright rugs made for years by women of the sect

At a barn raising near Elverson, Pa., 80 men turned out to lend a hand to their neighbor



For transportation, the Amish customarily rely on the horse and buggy. The auto age never happened to them

An elderly couple examines articles at traditional New Holland monthly swap sale of household items

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Remarkable Amish

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

Members of this devout, hard-working sect flourish and prosper by adhering steadfastly to the fundamentals in life

gasoline engine except in some functions. They still use the horse almost exclusively, not only for tilling the soil but also for pulling frail, boxlike wagons and spidery buggies, their only church-permitted conveyances. They dress in plain, picture-book costumes: the men in flat, wide-brimmed hats, dark buttonless coats and broad-fall pants; the women in long, bright-hued skirts, shawls, aprons and huge sunbonnets. They oppose too much education for their children, and converse among themselves in a Pennsylvania Dutch dialect.

The Amish have managed to remain singularly aloof from the mainstream of life in their county. Shortly after Pearl Harbor day, a patriarch who left his farm to visit Lancaster only infrequently was asked what he thought of the war. "What?" he asked. "Is the World War still going on, yet?"

Farm Experts Can Learn from Them

Despite their aloofness, their curious customs and primitive farm methods, the Amish each year produce bumper crops of alfalfa, grain, fruits and vegetables and, most important, tobacco (which may be considered odd, since most of them don't smoke). Long before our Department of Agriculture was established, they were practicing soil enrichment, crop rotation and animal husbandry; today, government farm experts still visit them to see what they can learn. The 175-square-mile triangular tract east of Lancaster, in which most of the Amish live, has a going market price of $1,000 per acre and more. An average Amish farmer earns between $4,000 and $7,000 a year.

To make such incomes, an Amishman works like —well, like an Amishman. Ike Huyard, a Lincolnesque member of the sect who lives near New Holland, told me that in summer he rises at 4:30 A.M. and works straight through until around 9:30 P.M. His boys work right along with him.

"Of course," Ike added, "in October and November I go to a good many weddings and get home at all hours, so I get up pretty late."

"How late?" I asked.

"Sometimes as late as five thirty," he said.

Another reason why Amish farms are so fine is that they remain in families for generations. Last fall during the marrying season, which extends from the end of the harvest to Thanksgiving, virtually every young couple was set up with some land, and in many cases a house, by the bridegroom's parents. When these youngsters grow older and retire, they'll pass the land on to their own children.

Taking the Bible literally, their habitual practice, the Amish have big families. Eleven and 12 children are not uncommon. One man, who had been a widower with eight children, now boasts 19 offspring; he married a widow with seven, and they had four of their own. I asked this man why his family's development wasn't recorded in the huge German-language Bible that is standard in Amish homes.

"My family isn't done growing, yet," he said.

A Lancaster attorney recalls one Amishman who gets into a quandary each March at income tax time. "How many dependents?" the attorney always asks.

"Wait, once," the Amishman always says, "I must think."

The Amish deny the popular legend that families of the sect which have a marriageable daughter paint their gates blue. Years ago, in the spring, the Amish would whitewash their farm buildings and add a touch of color to the gates; many chose blue just because they liked it. The Amish have no idea how the story got started—maybe, says a friend of mine who is himself a member of the sect, it was because almost every big Amish family has a daughter of marrying age. The myth is so distasteful to them these days that they've whitewashed their gates, and there's now only one blue one in the Amish bailiwick, Lancaster County.

Amish courtship still is conducted according to old-time ritual. An Amish boy is given his own horse and topless buggy in his mid-teens. On a Saturday or Sunday night, he drives up to the farmhouse of his intended and flashes his buggy lamp in view of her window. She then "sneaks" downstairs —with the full and delighted knowledge of her parents—and off they go for a drive.

The Amish sense of humor has produced many courtship jokes, some so earthy as to be unprintable. A favorite concerns young Amer Stoltzfus, the shyest boy in the area, who was finally persuaded by his father to go court Sarah Schmucker, a neighbor's daughter.

Reluctantly, Amer hitched up and went and flashed his light. As soon as she climbed up on the seat beside him, Sarah, a healthy girl, snuggled up to him invitingly. "Go 'way, now," said Amer, blushing, "I got to keep my mind on drivin' the horse." Sarah tried again after a few minutes, and again was repulsed. And again, and again, until Amer, in relief, took her home.

When he returned that night, his father, old Henner, was waiting up. "Well, son, how'd you make out?" Henner asked, eagerly. "Did you kiss her, once?"

"Well, Paw, no, I didn't kiss her," Amer said, fidgeting guiltily. Then he brightened: "But I think a feller could!"

When a boy has picked a girl, he asks the deacon to obtain her parents' consent. This usually is no problem, since the old folks have been aware of developments from the beginning. The announcement of the wedding is made at a church service from which the bride is absent; afterward, the groom-to-be goes and tells her that they're all set.

Some Traditional Wedding Customs

No Amishman I consulted could explain why, but weddings are always held on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Since the Old Order, or House Amish, worship in their homes, the service is held in the bride's parents' house. The ceremony is conducted in Pfalz German: there is some singing of the "slow tunes" (Amish hymns derive from Gregorian chants), some praying, and a short sermon by a minister who tells the story of the marriage of Tobias, from the Apocrypha. The bride and groom kneel and the minister joins their hands. No ring is used (jewelry is forbidden; so, by the way, are wrist watches), there are no flowers, and the house isn't decorated.

The service takes three or four hours. "When we get married, we do it good," an Amishman said to me, winking. He was right; clerks in the Lancaster County courthouse, some with 25 years' service, can remember no divorces among the House Amish.

Wedding guests often number up to 400, and they're almost exclusively Amish. They begin arriving early in the morning—their service usually starts at 8:30 A.M.—and little boys stable the horses and chalk identifying numbers on the cheesebox wagons, which otherwise couldn't be told apart. The guests stay all day and late into the night, visiting with one another, telling jokes, singing and playing games.

The two wedding meals—one served after the ceremony, the other a supper—resemble medieval feasts. At a wedding I observed, the bride's family had spent nearly three days in preparations. They killed and stuffed 30 large roosters, three turkeys and 10 ducks; there were also enormous roasts of fresh ham and beef, two ten-gallon pots of mashed potatoes, a tank of gravy, and enormous bowls of peas, carrots, beans, coleslaw, fruits and nuts. For dessert there was decorated cake and shoo-fly pie (a kind of molasses crumb cake baked in a crust). Two tables were arranged in an L shape, with the bride and groom sitting on either side of the angle. In front of the couple, the old folks had lovingly placed platters of delicacies: pheasant, fried oysters, partridge, hare, olives, pickles, chowchow, celery, radishes and ice cream.

The newlyweds don't go on a honeymoon; they go on several, spending the winter months with relatives and friends, and beginning their married life on their own place in the spring.

Once married, Amish families stick together tightly, as they have for centuries. They first came to America between 1714–'66, settling first in Berks County and later moving into the Lancaster area, presumably driven there by Indians. They were descendants of people who originally had belonged to the Mennonite *(Continued on page 54)*

Mother appears on the scene with a spoon to help finish the ice cream. "Ach, that photographer" . . .

A Mennonite (left) and an Old Order Amishman get together. Note garb of related sects is similar

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE LATTA AND CHARLES S. RICE

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Natale lay hunched under the covers, watching the old gypsy. "What are you going to do?" he asked. She smiled at him. Then she asked for a knife

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THE *EVIL* EYE

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

Joey's little brother was a shrewd kid. It took him only one day to figure out how to skip school. Obviously, Joey couldn't let him get away with a thing like that

IT WAS late summer and we were sitting around the supper table waiting for Papa to come home, when Mama told me and my kid brother, Natale, all about the Evil Eye and its deadly spell. She was upset. She had just learned that one of the neighbors up the street had suddenly and mysteriously taken sick.

"No take chances with the Evil Eye," Mama warned us. "If somebody is say to you, 'What nice eyes you got, Joey,' or they say to you, 'What nice black hair you got, Natale,' and they no say 'God bless you'—no take a chance. Maybe they jealous and they overlook you! Right away, make the horns with your fingers behind your back, like this."

Mama held up her fingers; and just as she began demonstrating how to shape a pair of horns with the first finger and pinky, to take the curse off, the door opened. It was Papa. He was standing in the doorway, wrinkling his nose and looking sideways at Mama, just watching her and twirling his longshoreman's hook slowly around his finger.

"Whatch you do?" he asked suspiciously.

"Never mind," Mama said, going back to the stove. "Go wash and we eat."

Natale spoke up. "A woman up the street is sick, Papa."

"Who'sa sick?" Papa asked Mama, unbuttoning his khaki workshirt.

"You no know her," Mama said, not looking at Papa. "What'sa matter f' her?"

Mama bit her lips and shook her head sadly. *"Povera femmina,"* Mama sighed. "She'sa got the Evil Eye."

Papa slammed the door behind him. "The Evil Eye! What Evil Eye?"

"Patsy, no holler," Mama said.

"I holler all I want!" Papa hollered. "Who'sa say she'sa got the Evil Eye, huh?"

"Patsy, no holler," Mama said. "La Zingara say."

"La Zingara!" Papa screamed, throwing his hands wildly in the air. "She'sa witch doctor! She'sa big fake!"

"No fake," Mama said. "La Zingara make the oil-and-water test—"

"Oil and water! Pah!" Papa yelled, getting blue in the face. "If she'sa sick why she'sa no call Dr. Capolongo?"

Mama scoffed. "Dr. Capolongo! What he's know about the Evil Eye?"

"He'sa know nothing!" Papa yelled. "Because there is no Evil Eye! Is all stuperstish!"

"No stuperstish," Mama said.

"Stuperstish!"

Mama's arms fell to her sides, helplessly. "Patsy, go wash. Is no use to talk to you. You no believe nothing."

"I believe Nature," Papa said proudly and, coming over to me and Natale, he added, "Everything is Nature. There is no Evil Eye, *capisce?*"

"I understand," Natale said.

"And I tell you now," Papa threatened, turning back to Mama, "if I catch La Zingara around this house—I give her this!" He sliced his longshoreman's hook viciously at Mama on the way out.

Hearing the water running with angry full-faucet in the bathroom, Mama came back to us and whispered confidentially, "No listen Papa. Remember what I tell you."

My kid brother, Natale, giggled behind his arm.

"Why you laugh?" Mama said, shaking him by the arm.

"Because it's funny," Natale said.

"What's funny?" Mama wanted to know, bunching all her fingers in his face.

"The Evil Eye is funny," Natale said, still giggling. Here he was, not even in kindergarten yet and without enough sense to blow his own nose, and already he was beginning to take after Papa. Five years old, and my wise-guy kid brother thinks the Evil Eye is funny.

"God forbid!" Mama cried, clasping her hands to heaven. "If you ever get it, you no think is funny!"

THE real trouble started a couple of weeks later, the day Natale was supposed to begin kindergarten. I was in the front room, all dressed up and waiting to take him to school; and he was in the bathroom with Mama, getting his ears and neck scrubbed. I could hear him splashing around and squawking.

"I don't wanna go to school!"

"Stand still and shutupa!"

"I won't go!"

He was going all right, because Mama had all his clothes laid out on the sofa right in front of me: a little square shirt with a moon collar, corduroy pants with fireman suspenders attached, new black shoes looking like painted cardboard, and my old red satin confirmation tie.

"I won't go! I won't go!"

When they finally came out of the bathroom, Mama was leading him by the hand, but my kid brother was balking and trying to pull away. He was in his underwear, his hair was plastered down slick, and his ears were shining like little pink mirrors. Mama was yanking him along. "Hurry up, or you be late your firsta day."

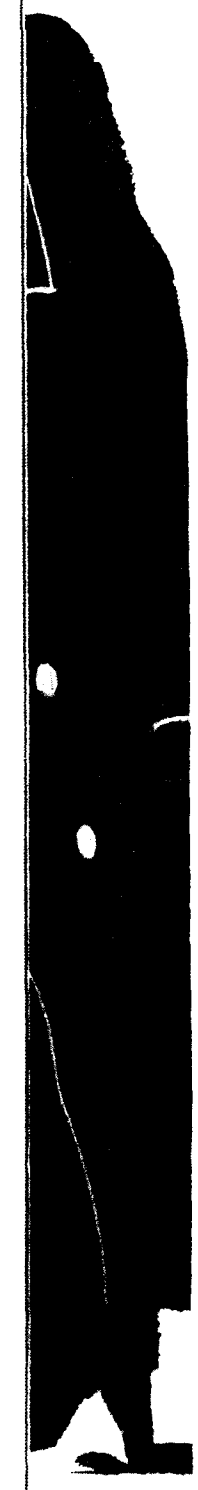
"Why do I have to go to kinnygarden?" Natale pouted out, holding back his walking. "Tony Lupo don't go. Why should I?"

"Tony's not old enough," Mama said. She pushed him down on the sofa and pulled his pants over his legs; and, while Natale lay back like a clothes dummy, Mama dressed him all up, shoes and all, finishing up by jimmying the red satin tie under his collar and tying a tight knot.

"Now go to school and shutupa."

On the way to school Natale walked a couple of steps behind me, inching his way along and playing catch with his buckskin pencil pouch with the picture of an Indian on it. I knew he was stalling; and when I didn't hear his squeaky shoes behind me, I knew he was stopping to look into one of the store windows—the kind of windows no kid ever looks in twice, like shoe stores and dry-goods shops.

Once when I went back to get him, he had stopped in front of an unrented store, looking at nothing but a pile of rubbish that was swept into a corner *(Continued on page 64)*



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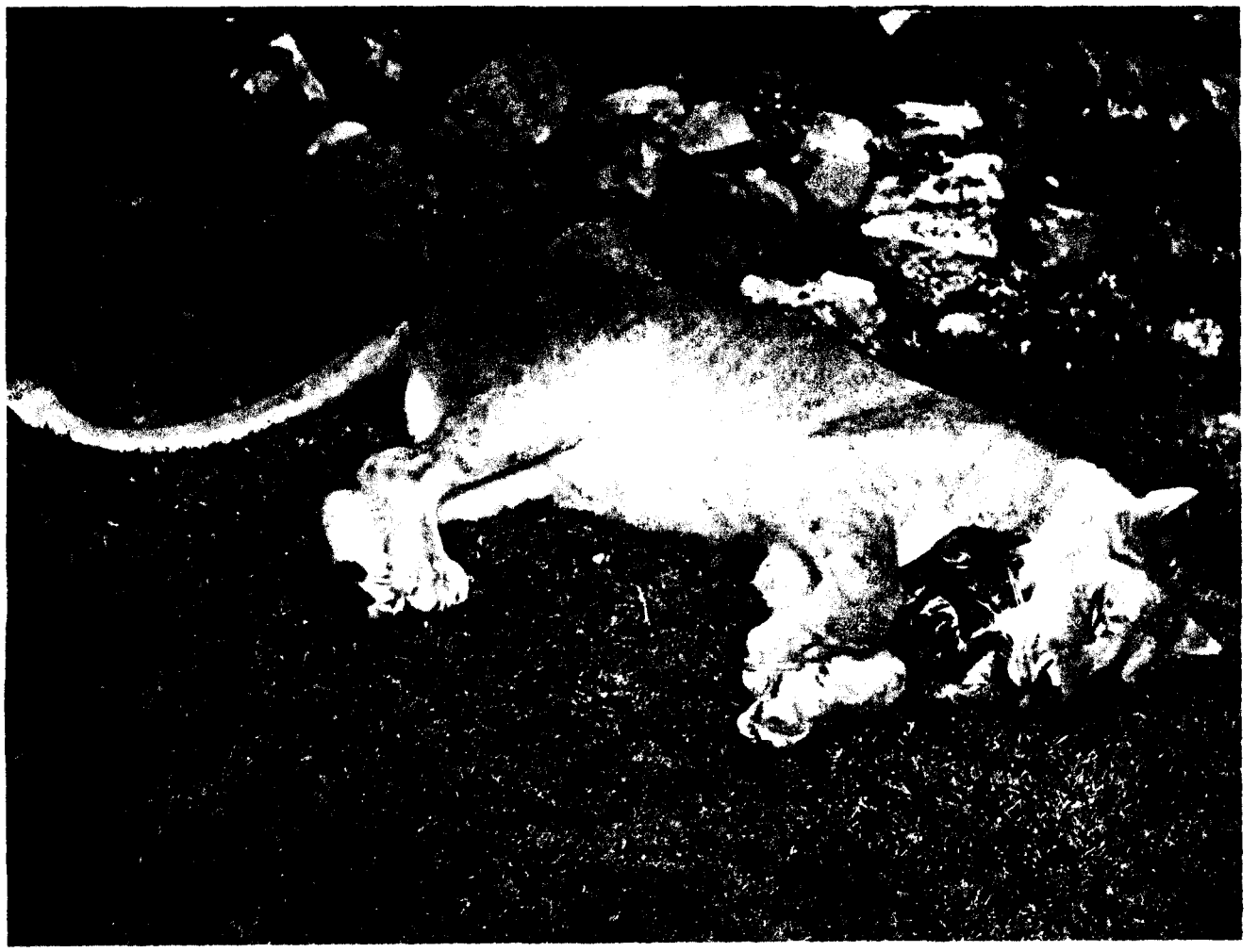
There's a LION *in the House*



In the garden of the Westbeaus' ranch home, Tyke and Florence enjoy a real cat nap. Florence's mother was the cat that helped save the lioness' life by nursing her after she was badly burned

Horses and other stock in pasture on the Happy Valley ranch think nothing of sharing the rural scene with an African lioness. Tyke frequently nuzzles them and follows the other animals about

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By RAY FELTON

On Happy Valley ranch, just outside of Seattle, a playful lioness named Little Tyke is a household pet. She runs free at home, spends every day at the in-town office of her owners and, conveniently, refuses to eat meat

A DOOR leading to the patio stood slightly ajar. Suddenly it flew open. Into the room bounded a huge female African lion, eyes gleaming, tail lashing, mouth open. She growled, and the board of governors of the Washington State Press Club spilled their drinks.

The lioness stood quiet, between them and the door, gazing first at one and then another of the group. Apparently satisfied, the great beast casually sauntered across the living room, stepped over a grizzly-bear skin and stretched herself on a lounge before the open fire.

Clark Squire, president of the Press Club, grinned.

"Boys," he said to the frozen-in-motion club executives, "you will recall I told you tonight of a cocktail I've discovered that often produces unusual consequences. You had that cocktail a few moments ago—some of you had several—and now see what happened!"

But unlike pink elephants, purple alligators and similar visions popularly assumed to come with overindulgence, the lioness did not wear off in time. She was—and is—a permanent fixture of Hidden Valley Ranch, half an hour from Seattle. Her name is Little Tyke, and she is a pet of Mr. and Mrs. Georges Westbeau, owners of the ranch.

The consternation Little Tyke wrought among the Press Club members visiting the ranch was mild compared to the uproar the 350-pound lioness created in the town of Auburn, five minutes' drive from Hidden Valley. There the city attorney, the city council, the police chief and all the other village brass combined to stop her from following her owners through Auburn streets as they went about their shopping tours. Screaming mothers dragged terrified children inside, locked the doors and drew the shades. The Auburn newspaper carried banner headlines reading "The Lion Must Go."

In spite of the official fuss, Little Tyke is still there and now rates as the valley's greatest single attraction. Hundreds of curious drive to Hidden Valley every week end to see her. And they find her nuzzling the palomino and Arabian horses, coddling the lambs and the kittens, romping with children or the Westbeaus.

Even though Tyke didn't leave town, however, some of her original liberties have been curtailed. Instead of promenading with her master and mistress through town, she is penned within the walls of a high stockade behind the cold-storage plant where the Westbeaus deep-freeze poultry. Tyke is taken to town every morning in a trailer-cage with steel bars to spend the day with the Westbeaus in their business office.

When evening comes and the Westbeaus return to the ranch, Tyke is free again—free to run and play on the lawn that runs from the house to placid Green River; free to wrestle with her master, to go with him to feed the chickens, to lie quietly near him while he milks the cows; free, after dinner, to be the central figure at lawn parties, where she tugs at her mistress's skirts or wraps her great jaws around her master's head.

To most people, a lion in the house, roaming at will, would be a fearful experience. To Georges and Margaret Westbeau it is no more cause for apprehension or excitement than the family cat on

On a warm and sunny afternoon, Tyke likes to share the Happy Valley ranch's patio with her mistress, Margaret Westbeau

the hearthrug. Here, for instance, is what happened on a morning when the Westbeaus gave a breakfast for old friends who were passing through on a motor trip:

While the guests chatted, Mrs. Westbeau baked biscuits. Tyke lay on a rug near the kitchen range, settled directly in the path of the busy hostess. Mrs. Westbeau made no effort to force the big cat to move. Instead, she stepped over Tyke's wide back and now and then stopped to give a love pat.

During the meal, Tyke disappeared. The guests found her lolling in Mrs. Westbeau's boudoir, lazily stretched across the bed. After breakfast Tyke returned and listened raptly while Mrs. Westbeau played soft music on a century-old, square-legged grand piano.

Out on the patio, when the concert was ended, Tyke suddenly loosed an earth-shaking roar. Georges Westbeau's automobile was disappearing down the driveway and Tyke was expressing her sorrow and disappointment at being left behind.

"She loves to go bye-bye with Georges," Mrs. Westbeau explained, as she comforted the whimpering beast.

Why do the Westbeaus want a lion in the house?

"Georges and I always have loved animals," she said. "We acquired this old ranch—many years ago it was the campgrounds of the Duwamish Indians—because it offered peace of mind for us and a haven for all the birds and beasts of the river bottom and the hills. We have stocked it with Arabian and palomino horses, Shetland ponies, thoroughbred horses, burros, cows, Silver Wyandotte and Chinese silky chickens, white and bronze turkeys and peafowl. We have given protection to deer, otter, beaver, wild duck and even coyote and raccoon.

"So it seemed only natural, when we found a female lion cub in a zoo after its mother had tried to end the little thing's life, that we should add a lioness to our menagerie. The poor creature was pathetic there in the zoo, just an hour after she was born, with her right foreleg shattered at the elbow. We made arrangements immediately to take her home with us. That was on September 2, 1946."

"Poor little tyke," Georges Westbeau had remarked as he gazed at the suffering mite. And so the lioness was named.

Three months after the Westbeaus took Tyke home, the lion cub, her injured leg in a splint, lay on a ledge in a rear room of the Westbeau office. Mrs. Westbeau was busy at the opposite side of the room. Between her and the cub, food was cooking for the noon meal on a very hot stove. Tyke, waking from a nap, spied her mistress, made a three-legged leap to the top of the stove.

Life Saved by Kitten's Nursing

The resultant burns were deep. Tyke's life was despaired of. She grew weak in her suffering. But Pinky, a year-old female kitten, nursed her night and day, licking her burned paw pads and belly. This vigil went on for months and the wounds finally healed.

Tyke has never tasted meat. She refuses even the most succulent steaks, turning her head away with sniffs of disdain. Her regular diet consists of raw eggs, cooked cereals, milk and cod-liver oil—fed three times a day, from a big basin.

Tyke has been taught implicit obedience. A tap across the nose with a small switch or a mere swish of the switch is all that is needed to correct her if she is tempted to tease a strutting turkey gobbler or a proud peacock in the barnyard. If Mrs. Westbeau is entertaining in the patio and Tyke gets the notion it would be fun to dive toward a prim lady balancing tea and cake, a sharp, "Tyke, you stop that!" from Mrs. Westbeau halts the abashed lioness in her tracks.

While possessed of good manners extraordinary, Tyke often is given to bits of mischief-making and petty annoyance. A rather finished student of human nature, quick to discern the attitude of strangers, she is apt to stare at them with her big, piercing eyes and to watch their every movement if they betray symptoms of fear in her presence.

If, on the other hand, she opens her huge jaws as she approaches someone, all but swallowing one of his hands, and he stands there and laughs and looks right back at her, calling her by name, she lets go and tries it on somebody else. The Westbeaus discourage children, and grownups, too, from annoying the cat or making sudden movements when they are near her. If they do either, Tyke thinks they want to play and she plays rough.

"She's like a playful kitten, but the difference is the domestic cat may weigh 12 pounds or so while Tyke weighs 350," explains Westbeau. "The kitten's slap won't hurt anybody; Tyke's equally innocent slap with a big paw and her weight behind it, could really hurt, no matter how good-natured she is. This could be particularly true in the case of a child. Tyke would be having a lot of fun, and, unaware of her great weight and power, she could cause serious injury."

While she enjoys luxury indoors when night falls in Hidden Valley, Tyke, like her owners, is happiest when she is out in the open spaces on long hikes to the hills and along the riverbanks. She will lie for hours watching birds in the trees but, unlike the cat family as a whole, she makes no move toward them. It is a common sight to see barn sparrows sharing her *(Continued on page 59)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT S. RATLIFF

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24

THE HOURGLASS

By FRANCIS K. ALLAN

Everything she was, she owed to Eric, who had brought his art to her beauty and made her famous. And what did she owe to her husband, who might need her more now than ever before—or ever again?

THE camera clicked. February twilight was gathering at the studio windows when the telephone rang. Eric answered. "No, she's busy," he said impatiently. "Never call here when she's busy." He turned back to the camera.

Joan's lips barely moved while she held her pose. "Who was it?" she said.

"Grant. Don't ask me what he wanted. You know how I despise your husband's relatives. He—Oh, hell, we may as well give up for today." He left the camera and walked over to the window.

Joan stood up and flexed her legs to ease the stiffness. In the dressing room she took off the white gown, put on her street clothes, combed and shook her black hair lightly, and snapped off the light. Eric was still at the window.

"One o'clock tomorrow again," he said. "I want to finish this before it goes flat. Come here." In the shadows his eyes were black and intense, his face gaunt and restless. "Start eating more," he said brusquely. He turned her head from side to side. "And stop thinking about your husband."

"I'm not thinking of Tom. I haven't seen him in two months," she said.

"Good." His jaws relaxed slightly. "It occurred to me last night: You can't speak a decent word of French. I'll find a teacher for you this spring."

"After you've fired the first three for not teaching it your way?" she teased, but there was a glow in her eyes. For a year and a half she had feared and worshiped Eric Coving, who had admitted her to the inner circle of his disciples. It was spoken of in almost hushed words in the trade. Coving, the master of the camera, had chosen his subject. He worked only with Joan, now.

She was his creation: the way she smiled, the way she moved, the way she closed her eyes and tilted her head—all those things had come from Eric. This spring she would learn French, as he wished. And after French, Eric would find something else.

"Your eyes are quite lovely when they're looking at me," he said. He laughed and kissed her. "Sometimes you're almost beautiful, Joan."

That, from him, was praise from the gods. "Thank you, Eric," she said. "I'll be here tomorrow at one."

"Remember what I said," he called. "Eat more."

The world beyond Eric's studio seemed listless and routine. Twilight was gone when she reached her apartment building on Central Park South. Grant Barclay was sitting in the chair by the elevator, his bulky overcoat heaped in his lap.

"Hello. I was going to call you," Joan said. "Come up and have a drink."

"Can't take it. I've got to do an appendectomy tonight." He lumbered behind her into the apartment. "Someday I'm going to break that self-centered Eric Coving's neck if . . ." His words wandered, and he rubbed distractedly at his few strands of hair.

He was very tired, she knew. In many ways she knew Grant better than she had known even her father. Grant was the doctor who had cared for her broken ankle, three years before. One morning in his office he had introduced her to his nephew, a plain tall man named Tom. Six months later Grant had given her away as Tom's bride. He had not once taken sides during the two years of her marriage to Tom. Nor had he issued any pompous verdicts when, six months ago, she'd told him that she and Tom were through.

"It's going to snow," he said. Again he rubbed at his hair. "Tom says he hasn't seen you in a couple of months."

"No." She glanced up. "Has he come back from his sales trip?"

"He flew in from St. Louis this morning." Grant turned from the window and shook himself, as if bringing himself back to the room. "He asked me not to tell you about this."

"About what? Oh, don't be a fool," she said impatiently. "If anything's wrong, Tom's my husband—legally, at least."

"All right, I'm going to tell you, or I wouldn't have started," Grant said. "I took X rays of him this morning. He's going into the hospital Sunday, and Monday I'll do an exploratory on him."

"An exploratory?"

"That's an operation to find out for sure; to see if the trouble you suspect is actually there." He looked down at his massive hands. "I decided to call you. I've never interfered with you and Tom, and yet this time—"

"Grant, stop muttering! Tom's sick, is that it? How sick, Grant?"

"I won't know until Monday. After Monday, I'll know definitely, one way or the other."

"But that isn't an answer!" Joan protested. "Grant, stop staring at your hands and look at me! Are you thinking that Tom is going to die?"

"I'm not going to think until Monday. A doctor learns that, or he stops being a doctor. But as I said, Tom asked me not to tell . . ." His voice seemed to wander into the distance, then waver back. ". . . meanwhile, he'll be at Bennersville until Sunday. He wanted to finish some work."

"Yes, of course," Joan heard herself answering. Grant was saying many things, none of which she heard clearly. Instead she heard the faint hum of the icebox in the kitchen. And in a twist of memory, she could hear Tom demanding, "Well, where is the cheese *this* time?" Why did she think of that? Then she understood: the hum of the icebox, as it had hummed at Bennersville when Tom had stood there with the door open, hunting for something—like cheese. *Cheese,* she thought wryly. There were a hundred things that people usually said: "No, he can't die; he's only thirty-one; people like Tom don't die." And instead, she kept on thinking of cheese!

GRANT pulled on his overcoat and moved toward the door. He said, "The truth is, I always thought you and Tom were only letting a little time go by to smooth things over."

"But why didn't he want me to know?" she asked. "Why shouldn't I know?"

"I don't know. There's a lot I don't know about Tom. If I knew, I'd do a book on the New England tradition of silence." Then he kissed her cheek and left.

She closed the door and walked slowly across the room to the window. Snow was falling. It would be snowing harder at Bennersville; it always snowed harder there. It was seven o'clock. There was a Bennersville train from Grand Central at seven thirty. It was the train she and Tom had ridden that last night, when they'd *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MITCHELL

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"What were you two years ago before I touched you?" Eric demanded. "What are you now, but what I made you?"

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Wyler's latest candidate for an Academy Award is The Heiress, the film starring Olivia de Havilland and Montgomery Clift, based on the successful Broadway play

In the title role of The Heiress, Olivia gave a prize-winning performance for Wyler

Willy Makes

Actors who have worked with director

MISS MYRNA LOY had to be sold. Sam and Frances Goldwyn had her over to dinner. Everything was planned to make Miss Loy feel well-disposed: the candlelight was flattering; the wine was carefully chosen; and the table talk was properly high-toned. What the host wanted was to persuade Myrna, who'd been playing debonair, gay wives, to agree to a very small part in a movie he had in mind about veterans. What's more, she was to portray a woman old enough to be Teresa Wright's mother. To make it less palatable for a star of Miss Loy's stature, she'd be seen more than heard.

So it took some tactful doing. The Goldwyns talked about the new trend in films. Sam argued that actresses made a great mistake to think only of their own roles. What was important, he said, was the whole picture, not the clothes an actress wore, her supposed age in the story, or the mere number of lines the script called for her to say.

Miss Loy surprised the Goldwyns with the alacrity of her agreement. She wouldn't mind playing Teresa Wright's mother. She didn't care if her part was small. But there *was* one thing that gave her pause.

"It's this man who's going to direct the picture," she said hesitantly. "This Willy Wyler. I hear he's difficult to work for, Sam."

Goldwyn, unprepared for this wide end run around his carefully constructed plans, rose to

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In his office, the director (left) consults with actor Montgomery Clift. Wyler admits he's a taskmaster, but can't understand his reputation for tormentment

the STARS TREMBLE

Villiam Wyler agree he has a fearsome reputation for perfection

By DAVID CHANDLER

Wyler's defense. "But, Myrna," he insisted, "that isn't true. Willy's not a terror. He's just a very mean fellow."

Miss Loy's reaction to the name William Wyler, however, was exactly in keeping with that of many other members of her profession. Among actors in Hollywood there are few names more calculated to strike fear and trembling than Wyler's. Wyler, it is alleged, is a fearsome figure to members of the Screen Actors Guild, big and small. Demanding perfection, he may determinedly insist on as many as 50 takes of perfectly simple lines like, "Won't you come in, Mother?" Never satisfied, he makes his people work, work, work.

They tell how he made Olivia de Havilland walk up a long flight of steps, suitcases in hand, some 30 times when he was shooting The Heiress. Still unconvinced that Miss de Havilland had conveyed the proper sense of defeat after being jilted by her celluloid sweetheart, Wyler had the empty suitcases filled with books. Then he had Olivia lug those cases up that long flight of steps for another 10 or 20 takes. If, actors say, Olivia looks shattered, tired, broken by life in that scene, she wasn't only play-acting. She *was* a beaten girl. But her work won her the New York Film Critics Award for the best performance by an actress in 1949.

Another story that sends chills up Thespians' backs is how Laurence Olivier, who played Heathcliff for Wyler in Wuthering Heights and was by general consensus superb, sailed back to England half convinced—after working for Wyler for three months—that he was possibly the worst and certainly the most inadequate actor in the world. Olivier's achievements in the fields of entertainment have since earned him a knighthood.

The most recent Wyler story in this vein has to do with Montgomery Clift who plays the dubious swain in The Heiress. Though a comparative film novice, Clift had heard the usual tales of Willy's fearful repute as a director who eats actors alive for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Finally, Clift agreed to play the part only if he could talk privately to the director beforehand.

Eloquent Appeal From an Actor

The young actor, facing Wyler, betrayed a noticeable quaver in his voice. "Mr. Wyler," he said, "any actor would be crazy not to work for you. We know you're demanding, absolutely meticulous. You've made some great pictures—more, I guess, than any other one director in town. All right. You're going to be rough on me. I expect that. I'm willing to take it for the sake of a good picture. But when you find things wrong with my work, would you please take me off quietly in a corner and tell me, and please not shout at me?"

The object of this piteous plea—not to mention Miss Loy's anxious concern, Olivier's troubled soul searching, and a spate of similar stories involving Walter Pidgeon, Bette Davis, Ralph Richardson and others somewhat less notable—is more surprised by these stories than anyone else in Hollywood. A medium-built man of forty-seven, with blue eyes and graying hair, an attentive husband and a proud father of two young daughters—a small son died last November—Wyler has come to think of himself as a fairly average individual. He can't imagine why so many people in Hollywood are scared to death of him.

All Wyler knows about himself is that he is a hard taskmaster. He knows it, as a director-friend, Charles Vidor, points out, because he drives himself as hard as he drives any of his actors. "What Willy wants," Vidor declares, "is sheer, absolute perfection. Short of that, nothing will ever do."

To illustrate his point, Vidor tells this story: Recently he and Wyler unearthed the first full-length picture Willy ever made, a film called Hell's Heroes, and ran it off. The picture was twenty years old when they saw it. "And still a pretty darned good picture," Vidor commented. However, Willy wasn't quite satisfied with it. When the picture was ended, Willy went over the film carefully, cutting out superfluous and embarrassing stretches of film. He sent it back to its owners, Universal Studios, in somewhat better shape than he had found it.

Though it is perfection *(Continued on page 46)*

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Kitty Cheever, Girl Pile Driver

NE of the ornaments of a high court of the sovereign state of California was an old gentleman with kind brown eyes, wavy white hair, a well-trimmed mustache, and the name of Fortescue. He presided over a bar of justice in the city of Los Angeles that was known unofficially as "the Court of Domestic Relations." The court handled such home-grown contretemps as divorces, property settlements and separations. Judge Franklin P. Fortescue was known far and wide through the citrus and celluloid country as a notable conciliator in marital upsets that got as far as briefs being filed. Until the spring of 1949, however, he hadn't seen anything yet.

On a certain morning during that particular period, Judge Fortescue drove to his court through streets filled with gentle sunshine and desperate

ROBERT

motorists. He was experiencing a vernal peace and good will toward indignant husbands and wives and their hapless offspring and, furthermore, he was wearing a new double-breasted, tan gabardine suit that was sure to be considered daring in legal circles. Only Mrs. Fortescue's persistence had prevented him from decorating his collar with a bow tie. His Honor was in a whistling mood, embracing both melody and shrill appreciations of pretty girls, and he wished he didn't have to spend the day in a courtroom, listening to dreary recitals of man's inhumanity to woman and vice versa.

He entered his domain and the clerk called the court to order. Only a few people rose to their feet. The court of domestic relations was no competition to various juicy passion slayings just down the hall, and was customarily ill-attended.

The Honorable Franklin P. Fortescue smiled at the petitioners for justice and seated himself. He looked vaguely at the papers concerning the first case on the docket and had no luck with them, since he was very farsighted and hated to wear glasses. The clerk came to his aid and read aloud the necessary data. His Honor barely heeded that familiar drone.

"I wish to make a statement to those appearing before this court," he said. "What we are conducting here is an anomaly. Though it is a court of law and instituted for the conduct of litigation, our principal function is to prevent said litigation by compromise and conciliation. It is our custom

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Plaintiff swore she would fight this wettee-doll business to a finish, and proceeded to give a demonstration in the office of the store president

here first to ascertain the points of disagreement and then retire to the court's chambers, where every attempt is made to work out a nonlegal solution to the problems. Is it agreed that we will follow such an arrangement in the current proceedings?"

"Yes, Your Honor," a fat man with a red face and a brief case said.

"Who are you?" Judge Fortescue asked.

"Thomas B. Herkimer, Attorney at Law," the fat man said. "I have appeared in this court before. I'm counsel for the complainant."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Herkimer," the judge said absently. "The court recognizes you."

The court's eyes had fallen upon a beautiful girl seated at the table beside Mr. Herkimer. She had not previously appeared before the court, and she was a little daisy. She wore a ruffled peasant dress and ballet slippers; her short hair was golden and her big eyes blue and she could not have passed more than twenty-five springs.

"Well, well," the court said, after a pause. "Who is that lady on your left, Mr. Herkimer?"

"The complainant," Mr. Herkimer replied. "Kitty Cheever."

"Hello, Your Honor," the beautiful girl said. "We won't need any of that caucusing in your smoke-filled back room—just get on with the trial, let justice be done, restore to me my own possessions, and allow me over the span of years to try to forget the horror of—"

"Just a minute, Mrs. Cheever," Judge Fortescue said. "It is necessary—"

"Miss Cheever," Miss Cheever said.

"Oh," the judge said. "Miss Cheever."

"She doesn't want a jury trial, Your Honor," Mr. Herkimer said. "Simply the case heard by you and a decision rendered. We—"

"Just a minute, please, Mr. Herkimer," the judge said. "Your client can't resume using her maiden name before she obtains a divorce."

"Who's asking for a divorce?" Kitty demanded. "I'm not even married, Judge."

"Not married, eh?" Judge Fortescue said. "Oh. Well . . ."

"Your Honor," the clerk said, "this case relates to property belonging to plaintiff and allegedly stolen by defendant."

"Then some mistake has been made," Judge Fortescue said. "We are running a civil court here, Mr. Herkimer. Why *(Continued on page 56)*

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VOICE

Berlin radio station RIAS, 100

By ERNEST LEISER

Young RIAS staff member Jurgen Grath (above) gets some man-in-the-street material which the station uses to build up listener appeal and so hold its audience for information programs. Light entertainment is also piped out of Berlin night clubs where popular performers like this trio (below) appear regularly

BERLIN

IN THE small, shabby room, overcrowded with its heavy Germanic furniture, three men sat tensely around a radio. A fourth stood guard at the window, peering into the dusk down the empty Leipzig street.

Their dead silence made the voice on the radio seem loud and harsh, although the volume had been turned carefully down when the program began. "*Achtung,* Leipzig!" said the voice. "Attention, Leipzig! We warn you against—" and it listed four names, two of them professors at the University of Leipzig, one a high official of a publishing company, one a grocer. "These men are traitors, agents of the Russian secret police," the radio voice droned on. "We warn all Leipzigers against contact with them. Be careful what you say in their presence. Remember, the concentration camps still have more room."

For five minutes the program continued with its recitation of names, warning the populations of Halle, Magdeburg, Wismar, of Soviet agents in their midst. Then it followed with a 10-minute newscast, a brief résumé of repressive measures taken in the past week by Communist regimes against the church, and the sudden sign-off, "Thus ends today's special broadcast to middle Germany."

One of the men reached out and clicked off the radio. *"Ein grosser Erfolg,"* he said in quiet triumph. "A great success. Our reports are getting through to Berlin, after all. Those were the four names I sent up last week. They are being put to a good purpose."

It was, indeed, a moment of success for the four men in that small room. Social Democrats, members of the anti-Communist underground in Russia's zone of Germany, they had been carrying on clandestine activity for months, securing information on Soviet activities and transmitting what they found out to the secret Social Democratic "East Bureau" headquarters in Berlin. At constant risk of death or concentration camp internment—which in itself generally spells death—they were smuggling out the true story of what was going on under the ironhanded rule of Russia.

It was, likewise, a moment of great success for the radio station which had broadcast their grim intelligence. To station RIAS—call letters which, to any German, stand for "Radio in the American Sector (of Berlin)"—that dramatic *Spitzelsendung* or "spy broadcast" meant that once more it was justifying its reputation as the "Resistance Radio" for the Soviet zone.

RIAS is a unique instrument of American propaganda and policy. All the other transmitters through which America broadcasts its message to Soviet Europe are, necessarily, located *outside* Russian-controlled territory and must be beamed in from the West. RIAS, like the other Allied installations in West Berlin, is perched on an island 100 miles *inside* the Russian sphere of control. And there are ample testimonials that it uses that special vantage point to good purpose.

The second-highest tribute ever paid to RIAS came from General Lucius D. Clay, at a closed staff meeting some time before his departure last spring as United States military governor in Germany. The staff was discussing ways and means of cutting occupation costs, and one economy-minded official suggested, "Why don't we start with RIAS' budget? That's a tidy little item of 12,000,000 *Deutsche* marks a year."

"Definitely not," Clay reportedly replied with sharp finality. "There will be no cuts in RIAS while I'm here. Next to the air lift, RIAS has been the strongest American weapon in the cold war in Germany."

Even higher praise has come from a somewhat

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Behind the CURTAIN

miles inside the Russian sphere, has been America's strongest weapon in the cold war in Germany

different source—the portly and studiously benevolent "grand old man" of German Communism, Moscow-trained party cochairman Wilhelm Pieck. At a recent meeting of Soviet-zone Communist functionaries, Comrade Pieck lost, for once, his majestic composure and screamed, "RIAS is nothing but poison! Time and time again, it undermines our efforts to direct the thinking of the people into correct political lines. It makes us ridiculous. The situation is intolerable!"

"That," observed an energetic Ohioan named William F. Heimlich, when an informant at the meeting relayed Pieck's comment to him, "is the sweetest thing he could have said."

It's not surprising that he should have thought so, for Bill Heimlich, a smooth-talking, high-pressure radio producer from Columbus, Ohio, was one of the two men who did most to make RIAS thus "intolerable" to the German Communists and their Soviet masters. The other was a brash and brilliant young New Yorker, Boris Shub.

Two Experts in Nuisance Propaganda

The thirty-eight-year-old Heimlich, a wartime lieutenant colonel, fought and won his engagement in the cold war as the *Herr Direktor* of RIAS, a job he took over in February, 1948, at the special request of General Clay, and held until last fall, when he resigned to go back to radio work in the United States. Shub served as Heimlich's second-in-command during the grim days of the Soviet blockade and was responsible for the most devastating of RIAS' political propaganda efforts. He left military government just before the blockade was lifted and went home to turn author.

When Heimlich, previously an intelligence officer and then MG political adviser in Berlin, took over RIAS, it was a struggling, stuttering, small-time operation. Just before his departure from Germany, he recalled those days:

"The studios—there were only three of them, each about big enough to hold one thin man, if he didn't turn around too fast—were tucked away in a dilapidated, half-ruined building which RIAS shared with an American military switchboard. I swear, I was always afraid we would get our wires crossed and broadcast military government's phone calls, by mistake. The control panel was about the size of a postage stamp and not nearly as useful. That place would have made the most forlorn little five-watt station look like Radio City."

But when he flew back home, Heimlich turned over to his successor, Fred G. Taylor, Jr., former chief military government control officer for Radio Stuttgart, a station second to none in its range and in the audience appeal of its programs. RIAS has a new 100,000-watt transmitter, the most modern in Europe and the most powerful middle-wave sender in Germany. It increases the station's effective range to more than 200 miles. Some 40,000,000 people are within its listening orbit.

Not only does the transmitter blanket the entire Soviet zone of Germany (the 20,000-watt power plant previously used was too weak to reach the southern border regions, where thousands of forced laborers are mining uranium for Russia), but it extends the range of RIAS to include northern Czechoslovakia, a good slice of Poland and much of west Germany, as well.

RIAS' popularity has risen even faster than its range. In October, 1948, a survey showed that 80 per cent of western Berliners preferred it to any other station. The most recent checkup revealed that the figure had risen to 90 per cent, while Russian-run Radio Berlin was steadily losing listeners. Like so many of America's expensive projects in Europe today, RIAS was started only after Russia proved persistently unwilling to get along with the West.

In the summer of 1945, *(Continued on page 71)*

Fred Taylor, Jr., RIAS' American chief, listens to tape recordings of a new program with his German aide, Dr. Herz, Political Director for the station

Ernest Reuther, Mayor of Berlin, addresses East German audience via RIAS. Respected by both sides, he effectively publicizes good done by ECA

Exterior of RIAS' studios in Berlin. A bombed-out ruin, it was patched up by the staff and Army engineers

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EUGENE KAMMERMAN

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Continuing a vivid novel of the American Frontier

City beyond Devil's Gate

By LILLIAN JANET

The Story: In its early days, Virginia City was a turbulent town, clutching the side of a mountain of silver. This is a story of the pioneers who built it, on the eve of the Civil War. Rich deposits of gold and silver brought them together on the mountain, and at the same time split them apart in deadly strife. JASON FEATHERS took shrewd advantage of the unsettled conditions of the town: he opened a bank. When young DANIEL MACGRATH came back to Virginia City from California, in quest of a job, Jason hired him. Daniel and Jason had known each other in California, where Daniel had been a preacher and a fiery advocate of abolition, but a mystery surrounded their past relationship. Jason and his father-in-law owned a prosperous bank in Sacramento. Jason's wife, REBECCA, was scarcely older than TOM, Jason's son by another marriage.

News of Daniel's return to Nevada was carried to EMILY FIELDING, the prettiest girl in Virginia City, by TOOEY, a roughhewn miner who has operated her mine for her. Emily had arrived on the scene as a child, with her father, NOAH FIELDING, and her brother, JOHNNY, before gold had been discovered, or Virginia City built. Noah Fielding had set up a trading post; and one day three years before, Noah had taken Emily to hear the impassioned lecturing of young Reverend Daniel MacGrath. (She had fallen in love with him then, and secretly read all of his tracts pressing abolition.) Emily had seen Virginia City grow from nothing; she remembered when the "blue stuff" all the miners scorned turned out to be silver and made the bonanza which turned Virginia City into the richest settlement in the West. And she remembered the terrible day in the spring of 1860 when Pony Express riders pounded into town with the dread news that the Paiutes were on the warpath: "There's five thousand of 'em riding on Six Mile trail! Arm yourselves!"

II

ONCE the first shock of the news had been absorbed, the citizens of Virginia City rallied optimistically. Five thousand Paiutes, eh? More likely five hundred, or even fifty. Why not start out at once and simply kill every Indian in sight?

As darkness drew on, however, a few of the saner heads prevailed. They all were poorly armed and badly equipped as it was, insisted the popular young lawyer, Henry Meredith. They must at least organize their strength and plan their attack. Reluctantly the men listened to his counsel, and because they respected him, they acceded. First of all, telegrams must be sent to California, to Governor Downey, asking him to stand by with help. So the messages went out on the shaky "grapevine" telegraph that now spasmodically connected the mountain with the outside world.

Now the next thing was to organize a company. Meredith himself was promptly appointed "captain," and far into the night he worked enrolling those who could fight, those who had horses and mules, those who had ammunition, weapons, provisions. He was systematic, unhurried, calm. The boys rallied around him. Every man was to sleep in his clothes and with his gun by his head. They were to be ready at dawn, with rations in their pockets.

"Fifteen thousand dollars," Feathers said. "Does that sound tempting, Miss Fielding?" Emily flashed him a bleak smile. "I thought you were seriously interested, Mr. Feathers"

The women were hustled into the "fort" which was in reality Pete O'Riley's half-built stone hotel. The windows were paneless and there was no roof, but the walls reached high enough to provide at least a semblance of protection, with the doors and windows barricaded.

When the bugle blew at dawn and the volunteers gathered, Henry Meredith smiled encouragement to them and leaped to his horse, looking handsome, relaxed, unafraid. And close behind him as he led his little party of avengers down C Street rode Noah and Johnny Fielding, Tooey, the Reverend Flavius Grimes; and farther back, astride a fine black horse and managing to look only slightly irritated at the whole thing, the town's new banker, Mr. Jason Feathers.

Back in O'Riley's fort the women withdrew from the windows, and began to bustle about and make themselves appear busy. There was nothing to do, actually, but with the men riding off so bravely, idleness would have seemed flippant.

They were an odd assortment. Julia Bulette and three of her "girls," Gladys, Dora and Annie, a young woman with a small baby, young Mrs. Feathers, and Emily. Julia and her girls kept to themselves and were less disposed than the rest to make a show of industry. The young woman with the baby devoted most of her attention to keeping the infant quiet. Only young Mrs. Feathers seemed inclined toward conversation.

Late in the afternoon as Emily stood at one of the boarded-up windows, she was aware of the girl trembling beside her.

"Would you like to put a blanket around you, Mrs. Feathers—" she began.

"Oh, no. I have my shawl. It's just that with night coming on, it seems so—I thought we might have heard something by now—please call me Rebecca, won't you?"

In spite of her own fears, Emily felt all at once immeasurably older and wiser than this young woman who was probably no more than her own age. "It's a little early yet to hear anything, Rebecca. Maybe by tomorrow."

"Yes, I shouldn't be surprised." Rebecca seemed comforted by the mere friendly pronunciation of her name. It seemed to Emily that there was something forlorn and pitiable in her slight figure.

"I think it's going to be all right, don't you?" Rebecca whispered eagerly. "I mean—it probably isn't as serious as everyone made it sound. Captain Meredith seemed quite confident—" And she pushed back a stray hair in a distracted little motion. "Look out there—do you see?"

Emily peered through the boards that had been nailed crisscross over the window. The guards who had been left to protect the women were marching up and down.

"That one there is Tom—Mr. Feathers' son," Rebecca whispered. She pointed to a slender boyish figure whose outline was barely visible in the gloom. "Mr. Feathers didn't want him to go with the others this morning, and of course he was perfectly right. But Tom did so want to go—he's eighteen, you know. They argued dreadfully about it. But of course Jason—Mr. Feathers—was very reasonable. He told Tom this was just as important, to stand guard here, and that there'd be others doing it. Jason kept saying there wouldn't be any danger. But now I'm wondering if he wasn't just saying that—you know, to keep us from worrying. Because if he'd really thought it was safe, wouldn't he have let Tom go?"

"Well, it's hard to say—" Emily's voice trailed off uncertainly. But Rebecca seemed only to crave companionship and a listener more than an exchange of ideas. She's lonely, Emily thought; and it isn't just this Indian scare that's doing it. "Maybe tomorrow we'll hear something," Emily said softly.

They did not hear anything the next day, however, nor the next, but each night they could see the signal fires of the Paiutes blazing out on the peaks below the city and on the desert.

ON SUNDAY, the fourth day, an alkali-covered rider came pounding furiously into town. The women ran out of their fort and the few men who were left crowded anxiously around him.

They all started questioning him at once. What about the Paiutes? Where were Meredith and his men? He raised a weak hand to silence them.

"Ambushed," he said. His voice was heavy with weariness and defeat. "We was ambushed yesterday afternoon about three mile from Pyramid Lake. We rode through the pass and into the valley. And then we saw 'em—all around us and above us. There musta been hundreds of 'em. We never had a chance."

The silence was thick. Emily could feel her throat closing with dryness and panic. She pushed forward through the crowd wildly.

"Didn't anyone else escape? Are you the only one who got away?"

He turned tired eyes to her. "I couldn't say for sure, ma'am. It looked to me like mebbe twenty, twenty-five, mighta made it outa there, but I didn't stop to find out. I come straight here so you'd be warned. You got to get help and get it fast in case they head this way."

"But what about the men?" Emily could not recognize her own voice, harsh, rasping, thick with fear. "Who was alive when you got away? What about my father and brother?"

"They was with Meredith when I saw 'em, ma'am. Meredith was wounded and I tried to get him to mount behind me, but he wouldn't. He said I wouldn't make it riding double. Your pa and Johnny was with him then. They'd lost their hosses and was crouchin' there right in the middle of 'em, firin' away. Meredith too, even with his wound."

Emily fell back into the crowd, stunned, while the voices around her rose in tremulous questioning, each asking for this man or that. The weary rider answered them all patiently, and over and over again repeated, "I don't know. I don't know."

Pleading, frightened messages went out over the grapevine telegraph that night—to Governor Downey, to San Francisco, to Nevada City. "Send help! We are unarmed!"

And slowly, exhaustedly, stragglers made their way back from Pyramid Lake, each with the same grisly story to tell. Frantically Emily questioned each one, but none was able to tell her whether Noah and Johnny had survived. She obtained the most coherent story from Flavius Grimes, who, with Tooey, came limping back two days after the first news reached the city.

"I don't know, Emmy *(Continued on page 59)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

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No Frauds Are Crueler

Continuing THE POSTAL INSPECTORS

In more than a century and a half of protecting the U.S. mail against those who would misuse and abuse it, the men of the Post Office Inspection Service have had to pit themselves against a seemingly endless assortment of confidence operators working an endless variety of rackets. Some of the swindles perpetrated on the public via our postal system are new, some old enough to be called classic. But of all such frauds by mail, undoubtedly the most vicious and dangerous are those which trade on the popular yearning for better health and search for nostrums and cures. Here is the story of the rise and fall of some of our most notorious cure peddlers

IV

IN GRANDPAPPY'S day the crossroads resounded to the happy twanging of gifted Negro banjo players luring customers to medical quacks who peddled their cure-alls from the back of a wagon. Mass education, twentieth-century communications, and modern science have at long last succeeded in eliminating the banjo players.

Replacing these artists are high-pressure salesmen, gaudy come-on literature, and high-powered radio stations built a few inches south of the Rio Grande and therefore beyond reach of the Federal Communications Commission but, fortunately, not beyond reach of the postal inspectors.

The modern quack's promises and panaceas remain the same in all respects. The promises are still fantastic, the medicine is still made up of water, flavoring and alcohol. The havoc wrought by peddlers of phony nostrums is devastating. Despite the alert eye of the post office, they have managed to amass millions by selling false hope to the hopeless, false courage to the frightened, and generally by slaughtering the innocent.

Greatest of all medical frauds was Norman Baker. He sold the old reliable—cancer cures—owned three hospitals, two radio stations and made $4,000,000 in nine years without curing anybody of anything.

Baker was born in Muscatine, Iowa, in 1882. No words can describe his egomania half so well as did one of Baker's hired hands, who seriously chronicled in one of Baker's handouts, "Muscatine is not a large city, but it is the birthplace of Norman Baker. And Bethlehem was smaller yet."

Baker had been a hypnotist, mental telepathist and director of an art school before he somehow flimflammed the city fathers of Muscatine into giving him free gas, electricity and water in return for setting up, in 1926, a radio station called KTNT. The station was originally licensed at 500 watts, later grew to 10,000 watts, sank back to 1,000 and then into oblivion five years later.

KTNT attracted people to Muscatine to watch his broadcasts. Baker, complaining that the visitors disliked the local food, set up the KTNT Café.

The banjo player is no longer needed as a come-on, but the phony-medicine hucksters fetch the customers as fast today as a generation ago

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Than These

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

Then he opened the KTNT Oil Stations because the visitors couldn't get gas. Next he started making tires and other rubber products and found himself in the mail-order business. The old four-a-day clairvoyant was doing better than fair. He published a magazine, a pamphlet, ran an advertising agency, a correspondence school, the Western Drug Company and the Baker Hospital. In 1930 he founded the Midwest Free Press, a newspaper.

Baker's own biographer admits that the man was looking for something big. He had fooled around briefly with varicose vein treatments and taken a crack at the old dodge of blaming aluminum for most of man's ills. Then he hit upon cancer and was off. In December, 1929, he cold-bloodedly set up the cruelest mass fraud of our time.

Among Baker's publications was The Naked Truth, which, as its initials suggest, was hooked onto the apron strings of KTNT. The Truth ran a story in which Baker told of a reader who had met a doctor who cured cancer. The miracle man was Dr. J. L. Statler. Baker wrote that he could get a basketful of testimonials, but that they "were worth a dime a dozen." He was going to find out for himself. On the air and in the Truth he asked for five cancer sufferers to volunteer for the miracle treatment. He easily got five and sent them to Missouri for medication.

After a brief time he wrote Cancer Is Cured, an article describing his experiment with the five. "All have shown improvement," he wrote and broadcast. Actually two were then dead and the remaining three died within six months. Two books were published about the experiment, neither admitting the deaths. Baker turned his varicose vein hospital into a cancer hospital.

The American Medical Association took aim at Baker in 1930, a year in which he made $440,000, and kept after him until he was in jail 12 years later. Baker had the nerve to sue the American Medical Association for $500,000 libel and got himself an expensive licking for it. The Federal Radio Commission closed up his radio station in 1931.

Political Defeat Is Soft-Pedaled

By 1934 he had XENT, a powerhouse of a station which blanketed the nation with 100,000 watts from Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. He had a hospital in Muscatine and another at Laredo, Texas. Subsequently he moved the Laredo institution to Eureka Springs, Arkansas. In the meantime he ran for governor of Iowa and for senator. He was beaten, of course, but his periodicals kept this defeat as close a secret as possible by reporting, "With the exception of the candidates of the two major parties, Baker got more votes than anybody."

Iowa closed the hospital in Muscatine in 1937 but the Eureka Springs place opened the same year. Baker was jailed for a day in Iowa and thereafter his literature screamed, "I went to jail for you."

The Baker Institute guaranteed a cure, but no patient was ever discharged as cured. Thus the guarantee went unchallenged and his patients returned frequently. With great difficulty the post office secured the names of 48 of them and checked them. Twenty-two had died before the checking began; nine were dying; 13 showed no improvement; three claimed they had been helped but not cured. One insisted he had been cured. The Arkansas Bureau of Vital Statistics showed that 66 people had died at the Eureka Springs Hospital in less than two years.

Baker boasted of his "tea treatment," which had three variants. One was an ounce of corn silk to a gallon of water. Another was an ounce of black watermelon seed to the gallon. The third was an ounce of clover seed to the gallon.

His greatest treatment was aptly named The Destroyer. Mixed with equal parts of alcohol, glycerin and carbolic acid, "the Destroyer" might have been useful in cancer treatment but nobody ever found out, because it destroyed the kidneys first.

Baker's hospitals banned meat, eggs and milk, thereby saving him a lot of money in food bills.

The business of putting Baker in jail became a holy crusade to the postal inspectors, who were catching unmitigated what for from Congress, the press and the heirs and assigns of Baker's victims. But there were problems. Baker was cagey about what he sent through the mails. He screamed his loudest claims from a radio station in a foreign country. There were hundreds of witnesses but they were either in their graves or on the brink of same. And Baker himself practiced no medicine.

Jail Inmate Gives Valuable Tip

But finally the break came. A gentleman tossed into the cooler for not less than two years for mail fraud decided he would like to make friends with the men who had caught him. He asked that an inspector visit his cell for a conference, then got to the point:

"You know Dr. O. L. Beatty, chief of staff at Baker's Eureka Springs Hospital?" he asked. The inspector said he didn't but had a great professional interest in him and would be grateful for any information.

"Well," said the prisoner, "Dr. Beatty is a phony. He paid $800 for his diploma. You will also find that another 'doctor' bought his for a lesser sum while serving as a bathhouse attendant at Eureka Springs."

Another break came when a Baker patient who had been told he had cancer of the chin turned over to the authorities a bill he had paid totaling $49.50 for successful treatment at the Iowa College of Medicine. The college had treated Baker's "cancer" victim for a less stubborn ailment generally known as "barber's itch." Baker had demanded $10 *before* examining his victim. After pronouncing the "itch" advanced cancer, Baker's charlatans promised a cure for no less than $240 and no more than $360.

Baker, R. A. Bellows, the superintendent of the hospital, Dr. Beatty and Dr. Statler were arrested. On the stand Beatty conclusively demonstrated that his knowledge of medicine put him on a par with a backward Boy Scout who had flunked his "first-aid" test. The jury acquitted him with the later comment that he was patently too ignorant to know what he was doing. Superintendent Bellows, by trade a barber, got two years, Dr. Statler a year and a day. The mastermind, Norman Baker, was sentenced to four years in the U.S. Penitentiary and fined $4,000. Baker appealed on the claim that the jury was drunk. The appeal was denied.

Another gentleman who made the nights hideous for radio listeners in the thirties and eventually found his nemesis in the postal inspectors was John R. Brinkley, who peddled his wares from a powerful transmitter across the border from Del Rio, Texas. The post office had taken four cracks at Dr. Brinkley from 1915 until 1930 when his license was revoked and he moved his operations south.

Dr. Brinkley, a Kansan who specialized in restoring virility at a considerable fee and not much success, was the original "goat gland" peddler.

Later he abandoned this for less flamboyant treatments. Doc had two selling points. The first was medical: a lot of the gentlemen in search of virility needed nothing more than a "get in there and fight" pep talk. The second was political: the doc was a big man in Kansas politics and ran for governor twice. He came close to winning, too.

Brinkley, like Baker, was called a faker by A.M.A. and he sued for libel. A Texas jury held that calling Brinkley a faker was in no way libelous. The post office got an indictment on 15 counts against Brinkley in September of 1941. He died before trial.

The popularity of cure-alls runs in cycles. Currently, diabetics are suffering a considerable mortality rate in their sad efforts to find something to replace the momentarily unpleasant injection of insulin. Postal inspectors trace this attempt to honest newspaper stories stating that progress had been made in efforts to discover oral medication. The stories clearly stated that the medicos were not yet satisfied. But the sick man's hope and the charlatan's greed have combined to turn these news items into a good thing.

Another enormously successful, and dangerous, current form of medical fraud are the bust-developing creams. The inspectors are after these aids to beauty on two counts. They are either useless, and therefore frauds, or they promote cell growth and are thereby dangerous. The Post Office Inspection Service is undoubtedly the only all-male group completely sold on "falsies."

The male equivalent of the bust-developing fraud is a gadget supposed to add inches to the manly figure. It is a medieval contraption of straps and pulleys, and the would-be Tarzan hangs by his chin to acquire the desired *(Continued on page 66)*

WIDE WORLD

Goat gland quack Brinkley beat a rap by dying

Baker's "cancer cure" got him 4 years in jail

WIDE WORLD

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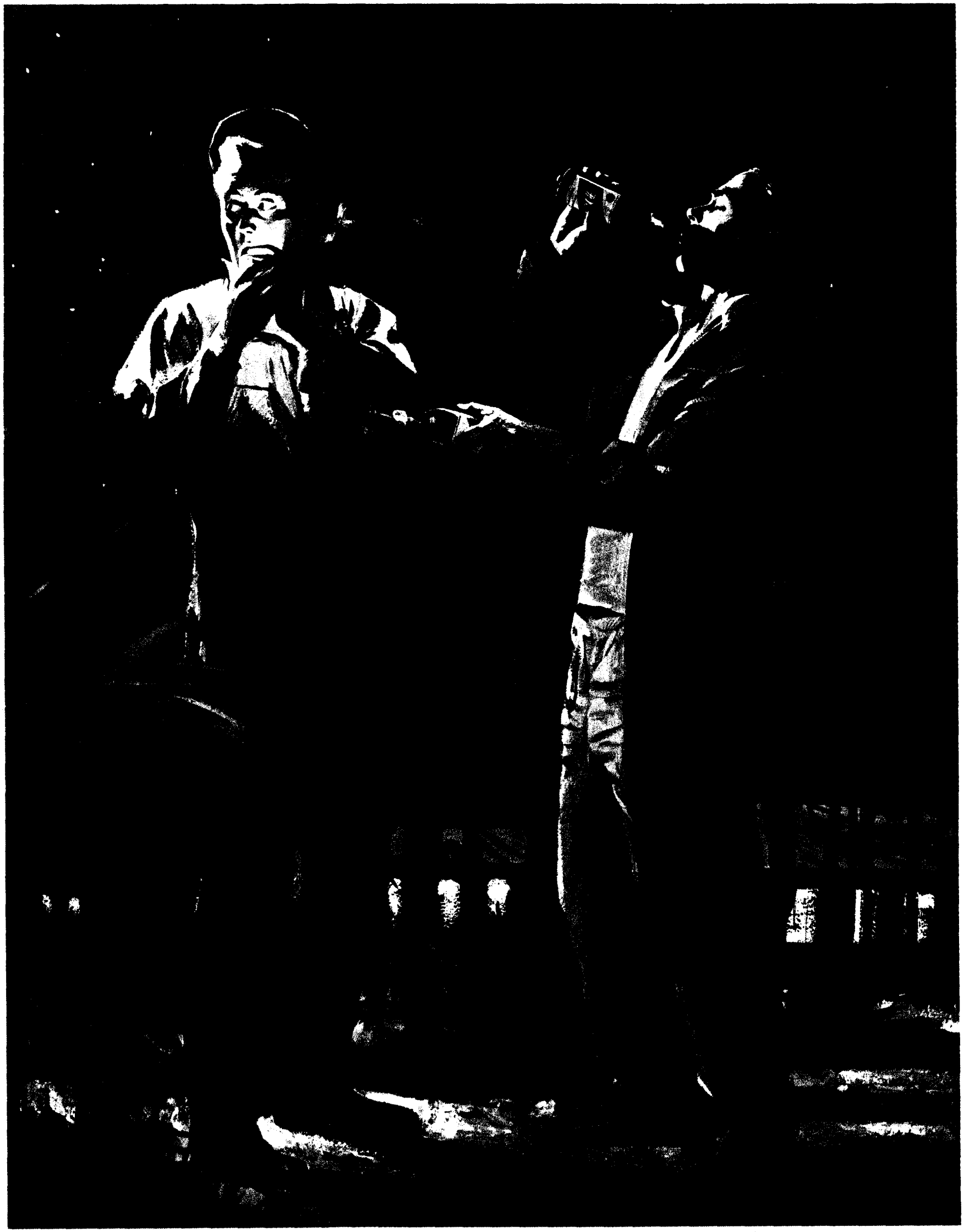

Con raised the bottle to his mouth. "Here's to Salmon P. Chase," he said. "Always was partial to that man, even if he was a Yankee"

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My Noble Friend

By DESMOND HALL

Five years ago, they had made this date to meet again. Why should Peter feel obliged to keep it, when the man who had been his friend had deceived him and become his enemy?

ALMOST five years ago, in March of 1945, Peter Munro had left this small Southern town. He had worn then the uniform and chevrons of a corporal in the USAAF and on his chin there had been a bandaged cut; the clothes he wore now were those of a sedate civilian and there were traces of gray in his hair. One thing remained to recall that departing (and strictly amateur) soldier: the white scar on his chin.

There was a cab behind the station. "Carley Field," Peter said.

"Ain't no one around," the driver said. "They closed her down las' year."

"I know. I want to go there anyway."

They all talked so wearily. It was surprising, after such languid speech, to see the vigor of their movements, in this case the skillful twist of the wheel, the delicate stitching through traffic. He had carried an edge of the accent home with him five years ago; Judith had welcomed him as Cunn'l Daingerfield, back from the waugh.

"Go to the far end of the field," he said. "Where the hospital used to be."

"Still thayuh."

Peter rubbed the scar on his chin, a nervous gesture made unconsciously. On reading that the field was to be abandoned, he had assumed that the hospital buildings would be torn down and that he would find only a ghostly trace of hospital ward B-16—if he were to be so foolish as to return.

"Use to be stationed here?" the driver said.

"Patient in the hospital," Peter said. "Six months."

"Long time to be laid up."

"We weren't exactly laid up. We were supposed to have disease called rheumatic fever, and they didn't keep the lighter cases in bed."

Five years ago, the road over which the cab was speeding had been the outermost barrier of the existing world. On the right was the bay, on the left the scrub pines in the sandy soil; and behind the pines—like a hand, memory grasped and squeezed his heart, as he saw the first of the hospital buildings.

"Want me to wait, or you fixing to stay some time?"

"Maybe you could pick me up in a couple of hours," Peter said. "Here."

He paid and got out and the cab departed. There was no gate and no MP to bar his way, though the MP's box remained. He gazed down the length of the hospital street, along which the ward buildings were flanked in precise rows, as if arrested in an old drill-ground maneuver.

No one here. He did not know if the emotion he felt was relief or disappointment.

He studied the MP's box and found the written date, now so weathered as to be indecipherable. He could have read it even if it had been written in water. *February 17, 1945.* He had watched as it was written; he knew each word that had led to its being written; he could hear each word now . . .

"What's the date, Peter?" Con Forrest said.

"The eighteenth," Peter said. "No, wait a minute, the seventeenth."

"Been here so long," Con sighed, "I'm purely losing account. February seventeen, 1945. Peter, you realize it's five months we been here?"

"Bitterly," Peter said.

"Tell you what I'm going to do," Con said. "I'm going to write it down somewhere. Then, five years from now, I'm going to come back and—"

"Spit on it," Peter said.

"I swear," Con said, "you took the words out of my mouth." He gave Peter a droll, searching look. "Want to come back and do that with me, five years from now?"

"Why not?" Peter said listlessly.

"It's a deal," Con said. He took a stub of pencil from his bathrobe pocket, studied the familiar scene, then walked to the MP's box—empty, in the day—and wrote the date on the side. "Be good to see you again, ol' buddy," he said. "Maybe I'll even be able to get you to come and settle down over near us, in Lou'siana. Now, that's a real state, not like this here ol' Mississippi."

They were drawn together involuntarily at first, having been assigned beds side by side in ward B-16; then they had discovered that they were much of an age, Peter thirty-four, Con Forrest thirty-five. Their years gave them a dubious distinction in B-16. The oldest of the other patients in the ward was twenty-one; the majority were nineteen. Peter and Con were venerable ancients, their faces turned toward the setting sun.

"Anyway, that's how these kids make me feel," Con had said. "I swear, they got me feeling I'm *se*nile."

"I tell you," Peter had said, "the whole damn' thing's a horrible mistake."

It was incredible to both of them that they had in fact contracted rheumatic fever, a disease generally limited to the very young. As enlisted men, they had been pursuing their minor roles at separate Air Force fields in the Midwest when a strange roaming pain had brought them on sick call. Each had thought the pain required liniment; instead, after a month in bed, they had been shipped by plane to Carley Field; the South was considered best for convalescence from the disease. And that convalescence, the colonel in charge of this hospital specified, must be for not less than six months.

Peter had to grant that they had been treated well. But the heat and the monotony of the small hospital world were drearily oppressive, and if it hadn't been for Con Forrest (with whom at times he felt a certain irritation), Peter thought he would have gone psycho and, quite possibly, murdered Marvin Jones—Marvin the Mule, the masterful ward boy, the self-esteemed lord of B-16.

They returned to the ward now; as advanced convalescents, they were permitted to stroll within the hospital grounds. Marvin, they discovered, was vehemently addressing the indifferent ward. "After this," he brayed, "we're gettin' a new deal round here! After this, when the ward doctor comes in and I give you guys tendsh-*hut*, I want to see you guys snap inna it and *snap* to attention, you unnastan what I mean, you guys?"

"Hey, muttonbrain," Con said, "how in hell can a kid lying in bed snap to attention?"

"He can lay at attention, canny?" Marvin shouted. "And he can lay at it in a military manna! And you, Forrest, and you, Munro, I wanna tell you what you're allatime forgetting—the ward attendant, and that's me, he outranks any noncom patient inna ward, and that means you, you unnastan what I mean?"

"Marvin, Marvin," Con said gently, "is that any way to speak to a man old enough to be your pappy, God forbid?"

"You guys going to get what's comin' to you one of these days," Marvin yelled. He left, muttering darkly.

"You know he comes from New York too?" Con said. "How can you raise 'em so mean?"

"I know," Peter said. "You only grow perfect people in the South."

They were due at a hospital clinic in fifteen minutes for a sedimentation-rate test, one of several checks on the course of the disease. In the remaining time, Peter stopped in at a small private room at the head of the ward, where Johnny Sawyer lay—Johnny, the youngest and sickest soldier in B-16, very pale and very thin and with an intimation in his eyes, Peter thought, of what lay ahead. It was that knowledge in the boy's eyes that he did his best to dispel.

"I'm going down to get stabbed, Johnny," he said. "I'll be passing the hospital PX. Anything you want?"

"I guess not, Peter," Johnny said. "Thanks anyway."

It was a tiny room and the boy's breathing seemed to fill it. He was not forbidden visitors but the main section of the ward was considered too lively for him; indeed, with all the horseplay that went on, Peter often felt that Johnny was the only one who was genuinely ill; the rest, he most of all, were impostors. He had said so once to Captain Bowen, the ward doctor, and Bowen had not altogether disagreed.

"Could be wrong about some of you," he said, "but it's best not to take a chance. Look at Sawyer, if you want to see what this stuff can do."

"I've been meaning to ask you about Johnny," Peter had said. "If he pulls through now, what are the odds against him in the future?"

"Comes from the North, doesn't he? Well, he'd be better off in the South."

"Why is that?"

"Less chance of a recurrence if he lived down here. Rheumatic fever has a lower incidence in the South."

NOW, looking at Johnny's white smile, Peter again made his private vow. If Johnny recovered, Peter would do something, somehow, to make it possible for him to live in the South. He had already spoken tentatively about it to Con. Con had a farm in Louisiana; up North, Johnny's people were farmers. With a little pushing, Con might be persuaded to take Johnny in on his place.

"Just wish I could get out of this damn' bed, that's all," Johnny said.

"Listen," Peter said sternly, "you know what the doctor said, don't you? Don't you get out of that bed for anything!"

"Peter," Con's voice said from behind, "you hear Bloody Mary hollering?"

Bloody Mary was the WAC corporal who, with her rows of needles, explored one's arm in search of blood for the sedimentation-rate test, a girl born and raised, Con maintained, in an abattoir, glorious testimony that the Army's classification system was not necessarily always wrong. They walked wearily toward her torture chamber. The heat in the narrow communicating passageway was intense.

"What I'd give," Peter said, "for one cold, cold bottle of beer. About a thousand bucks, conservatively speaking. One good cold bottle of beer once a day—it'd make this miserable joint a paradise."

Con glanced at him. "Might be able to do something about that," he said. "You know what there is a couple hundred feet from the other end of the hospital?"

"Yes," Peter said. "Barracks. Millions of miles of barracks."

"And the biggest PX on *(Continued on page 67)*

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The 'Boss' Who DIDN'T Get Licked

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

Ex-laborer Jasper McLevy, nine-term Socialist mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., confounds his critics by drawing support from all parties. Local businessmen say he does a great job

EARLY on Election Night last November—the same night that old Boss Frank Hague's man was being counted out in New Jersey and old Boss Jim Curley was suffering what may have been the final defeat of his amazing career in Boston—10,000 citizens gathered on the streets of Bridgeport, Connecticut, to cheer a boss of another color.

Everyone was there. Members of the powerful Manufacturers Association, rich and poor Republicans, poor and prosperous Democrats, employed and unemployed alike, mingled together. For the word had got around early that, just as almost everyone had expected, Bridgeport's indestructible "grand-old-Socialist" mayor had been comfortably elected—for the ninth successive time.

Jasper McLevy had won again, this time by the largest plurality since he first astounded the experts by unexpectedly winning for the first time 16 years ago. All told, his 28,825 votes added up to exactly 3,128 more votes than all his four rivals together had been able to poll. Not only that, but McLevy's Socialist party had, again as usual, maintained control of the city's Common Council.

Bridgeport, busiest manufacturing city in Connecticut and high among the nation's industrial centers (although 59th in urban population) is today proud of the slim, iron-gray-haired, bushy-browed Jasper McLevy. Sixteen years ago, however, he was considered something of an ogre, a horned fire-eater and a dangerous man. It was then freely predicted that, if Bridgeport were foolish enough to elect him, it would mean the city's economic doom. But nothing of the sort has happened.

Instead of socializing Bridgeport's diverse industries and its utilities, Jasper McLevy and his fellow Socialists have given the city made famous by P. T. Barnum its most businesslike administration, one that is generally considered (by businessmen, at least) at the top for economy and efficiency on the Eastern seaboard.

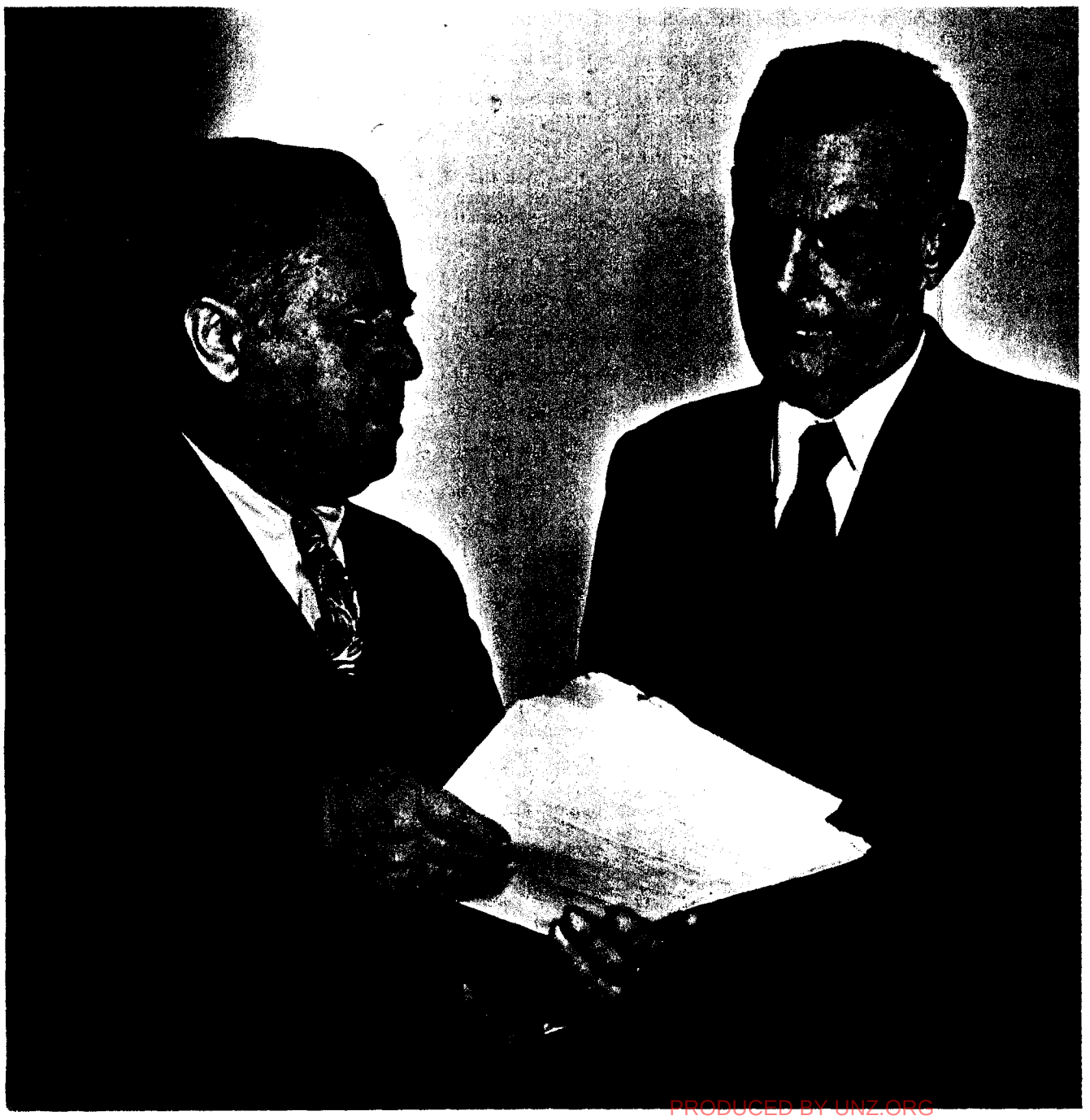
Socialist McLevy today has the equally enthusiastic endorsement of staid Yankee merchants and manufacturers, the city's skilled and unskilled workers, its 35 varied racial and religious groups, and the 300 registered Socialists, who make up the city's population of 175,000. He also is called a "pinch-penny dictator" and a "stubborn political boss," but not by enough of Bridgeport's 55,000 voters to hurt him.

Who is Jasper McLevy, really, and how actually has he, a Socialist, kept his unbroken hold over Bridgeport through nine bitterly fought, but never actually close, elections?

Bridgeport itself, it would seem, sometimes wonders. But as long as there is work in the local factories, as long as industry does not move away to the South and the tax rate doesn't go up, Bridgeporters will be inclined to accept their Jasper without much questioning. He can claim to be a Socialist as much as he wants. Rival politicians, avid for his plain, second-floor office in the ancient, drab, brownstone city hall, have come and gone, bearing the labels of the major parties. For 50 years Jasper has faithfully and proudly worn the Socialist tag, as if in defiance of the respectability he has at last attained. This much, at least, Bridgeport seems to understand.

It will go on pointing out the slender, sometimes unshaven and usually unpressed man, who looks a little like Abraham Lincoln, to visitors, who will invariably exclaim that he "doesn't look the least bit like a mayor." He doesn't. If he were pointed out on the main street of some New England village as the local carpenter and head selectman, nobody would be surprised. But Jasper is the kind of fellow who will boast, although he lives only 55 miles east of Broadway and Forty-second Street, that he has never owned a dress suit in his life. As mayor he still looks like the master roofer he used to be, with a weather-beaten face under an old brown felt hat that appears to be older than his mayoralty.

Jasper (right) discusses a problem with City Clerk Fred Schwarzkopf, his political adviser



Inspecting the Construction Jobs

Nor is all this an act. He is well aware that his unpretentious plainness is a political attribute, for he is an astute politician 24 hours of the day and night. It is the real McLevy. He hates swank. He likes to get out, as he says, on the job; when a sewer, or a public building, or a park is being built in Bridgeport, he is always climbing around the scaffolding or catwalks as if he were the actual boss on the job. And he generally is. For Jasper believes a mayor should be boss—not the politico kind, but the real boss of the city's work, with an eye to the pay roll and the profit.

When Jasper took over Bridgeport, it was dead broke. Now its financial rating is the envy of many cities several times its size. Its debt is comparatively infinitesimal. Jasper says he and his administration have made this possible by working day and night, by watching the pennies, as well as by enacting certain municipal reforms. But he does not take the whole credit. He shares it with the businessmen, the bankers and the plain citizens who, he says, have co-operated with him through the years. He doesn't talk much about it, but he has been able to do what he has done because he has built a small but powerful political machine of which he is the undisputed head.

When some critics, not all of them his political opponents, look at the McLevy record they wryly recall what one observer familiar with municipal goings on in Bridgeport said about halfway through Jasper's long regime.

"Jasper McLevy," he remarked, "is the wooden

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nutmeg of Socialism." This wisecrack, referring to the ancient Yankee custom of selling wooden nutmegs for the real article, which may or may not have been apocryphal, has stuck to McLevy through the years.

Today, others quote another remark attributed to a Bridgeport labor leader: "A sheep's administration in wolf's clothing." And still others will tell you that to vote Socialist in Bridgeport is to vote Republican.

Three critics point out that Jasper (he likes everyone to call him by his good Scotch first name) came into office on a program calling for municipal ownership of public utilities. But instead of converting Bridgeport to Marxism, the Chamber of Commerce and the Manufacturers Association quickly converted the mayor to Private Enterprise. Local utilities are still privately operated. But even more astounding is the fact that Socialist-ruled Bridgeport is one of the few large cities left in the country that buy their water, drinking and industrial, from a privately owned corporation!

Nevertheless, Jasper still talks Socialism, and most political pundits in Connecticut believe he will run for governor on the Socialist ticket this year. If he does, this will be the twelfth time, in a career which once set an all-time record for unsuccessful bids for office, that he has sought this post. He nearly made it in 1938 when he got 166,000 votes, mostly from precincts nominally Democratic. The Democrats have never forgiven him for that. They say his "Republican-inspired" presence—he denies this—in the race caused the defeat of the late Governor Wilbur Cross in that year.

Jasper McLevy is Bridgeport's fifty-third mayor in the 113 years since the Long Island Sound farming village and fishing port became a city in 1836. Seventy-one years old now, he has watched Bridgeport go through many vital changes. He made his first bid for local fame several years before certain events in Europe made the coastal city the Detroit of World War I. He next saw his city go into a terrific economic slump after that conflict, only to rise again after the Great Depression and become one of the East's busiest and most overcrowded manufacturing centers. Since then, and not entirely because of World War II, he has watched Bridgeport become what industrial connoisseurs consider the almost ideal example of the diversification of industry.

Today Jasper rules over fiscal and governmental affairs in the nerve center of an area jammed with 250,000 people, most of whom depend on the prosperity of factories making almost every manufactured item from metal castings to corsets and electric shavers. Few of the factories in the Bridgeport area employ less than 50 people, mostly skilled workers, and some of them have 8,000 or more on their pay rolls. Housing all these people and taking care of them during business slumps are among his biggest headaches.

Modest Income Isn't a Hardship

For being top man in this city, with its economic annoyances—ranging from the occasional loss of big employers who move their plants outside the state, to keeping peace among the 85 trucking companies that make Bridgeport one of their major terminals—Bridgeport pays him $7,500 a year. Because he would rather lunch on a cup of tea and a ham sandwich than on expensive food, and because his only recreation is his week-end visits to his 60-acre farm, Jasper manages to live well and happily within his income.

An ordinary day in the life of this extraordinary mayor would tire most deskbound executives used to delegating their authority. He is up early, dressed in a plain blue suit, white shirt, dark tie, black boots. Forenoons he drives, or walks, around his city—every foot of which he knows by personal contact. He checks up on all construction work that may be going on. Around noon he gobbles his sandwich and inevitable cup of tea, usually in a convenient diner. He avoids service-club luncheons and the like, unless he thinks his presence is expedient. He belongs to no organizations, except labor unions—A.F. of L. After lunch he goes to City Hall, an ancient but scrupulously clean building near the heart of the city.

There Fred Schwarzkopf, who is his political adviser as well as the city clerk, a post to which he was elected when Jasper became mayor in 1933, has been running things all morning. Fred reads all the mayor's mail, answers most of it. By Jasper's orders, most of the mail is left open on Fred's desk to be read by the reporters of the city's two dailies, the Post and the Telegram, and the opposition Sunday Herald. Schwarzkopf has known Jasper for more than 40 years and insists he still is not aware of all that goes on in the mayor's canny Scotch mind.

The mayor spends no more than two hours a day at his cluttered desk in the office on the second floor, where the only noticeable decoration is an American flag on a standard. When there, he sees everyone—cranks and all—who calls on him, usually about 25 people a day. He hates office work, keeps most of his notes and records of appointments on backs of envelopes. He prefers a "vest-pocket filing system" to the more orderly system his secretary and clerks vainly try to maintain.

As soon as he can decently do so, the mayor is out of his office. Afternoons he spends "out on the job"—visiting department heads at their offices, going over budgets with them, swinging around the city on wholly unannounced inspection tours, usually alone in his own car. Almost every evening is spent at meetings, either of city departments or of the often hostile Board of Education, or at the many functions which local racial and religious groups are forever holding *(Continued on page 69)*

Mayor McLevy and his wife like to sit around evenings in the comfortable kitchen of their home on Salem Street drinking tea and reading

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Everyone Waves at the Engineer

By JOHN CONNER

Three cheers for the railroad dispatcher! He's the man behind the man behind the throttle

ON THE second floor of the depot at Aurora, Illinois, just outside Chicago, a thin little man named Earl Brown sits in clouds of his own tobacco smoke and flicks railroad trains in and out of the Northwest with his right thumb and forefinger. The power is not so much in his hands as it is in his job. Brown is a dispatcher of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. Eight hours a day, five days a week, he keeps trains running—in opposite directions—over 108 miles of single track so deftly that never once do they bump each other off the track or even off the timetable.

Brown's job doesn't sound physically possible, but he does it just the same, with the help of fourteen sidings and an electrical gadget that tells him where all the trains are as they roll along. Since his is one of the authentic miracles of modern transportation, it doesn't seem right that he should be neglected while everyone waves at the engineer.

It was half past eight in the morning when I first met Brown. At eleven minutes to nine I was looking out his office window, watching a stainless-steel train slide to a stop on the tracks below. It exchanged passengers briefly with the small crowd on platform No. 2, then slid quietly away.

A shout rang across the little room.

"Okay, Brown, you've got 21!"

A bell went "ping" and a small red glass button lighted up at the left end of a big blackboard on the wall Brown was facing. It was the first in a long line of buttons that ran across the board on a wide white path, from which 14 shorter paths—representing sidings—branched off and then on again, like detours on a highway.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to the glowing red dot.

"That's the Zephyr to Minneapolis and St. Paul," Brown said. "Simmons—Jack Simmons—is the engineer this morning. Spittin' image of Vice-President Barkley."

Brown spoke as though he liked Simmons, even if people did wave at him.

I noticed then that four other buttons on the board were alight. Each of them represented a train on a different stretch of track somewhere between Aurora and Savanna, Illinois, the terminal points of Brown's bailiwick. Through wires attached to the rails, an electric current was warning the dispatcher that wheels were moving over those four sections. All four were in the path of the westward rush of one of the fastest passenger fliers in the United States.

Darting his eyes from me to the rows of levers and buttons with which he throws the siding switches and turns the main track lights from green to amber to red and back to green again, Brown told me what the day's timetable called for.

"Two freights are running against the Zephyr," he said. "A fast one, and an extra. The fast one is hot—full of perishables. It can't be delayed too much or it will miss connections. So I'll use a siding and try to have it pass the Zephyr on the run."

At that moment the light that was nearest the Zephyr's burning red eye blinked out. Brown said, "I've just put the extra in at Big Rock siding." Then, in order not to forget it was there after the Zephyr passed, he hung a white plastic ring on the switch lever for Big Rock.

"The Oregon Turnaround"—Brown pointed to a gleaming button near a siding labeled "Oregon"—"is a small way freight. It'll soon be out of the way on a side track.

"The light near Steward Junction, on down to the right there, is a lone locomotive running ahead of 21. It's on its way to replace an engine that will haul a Baptist convention train from the Twin Cities to Chicago. It's buzzing along, but the Zephyr will catch it."

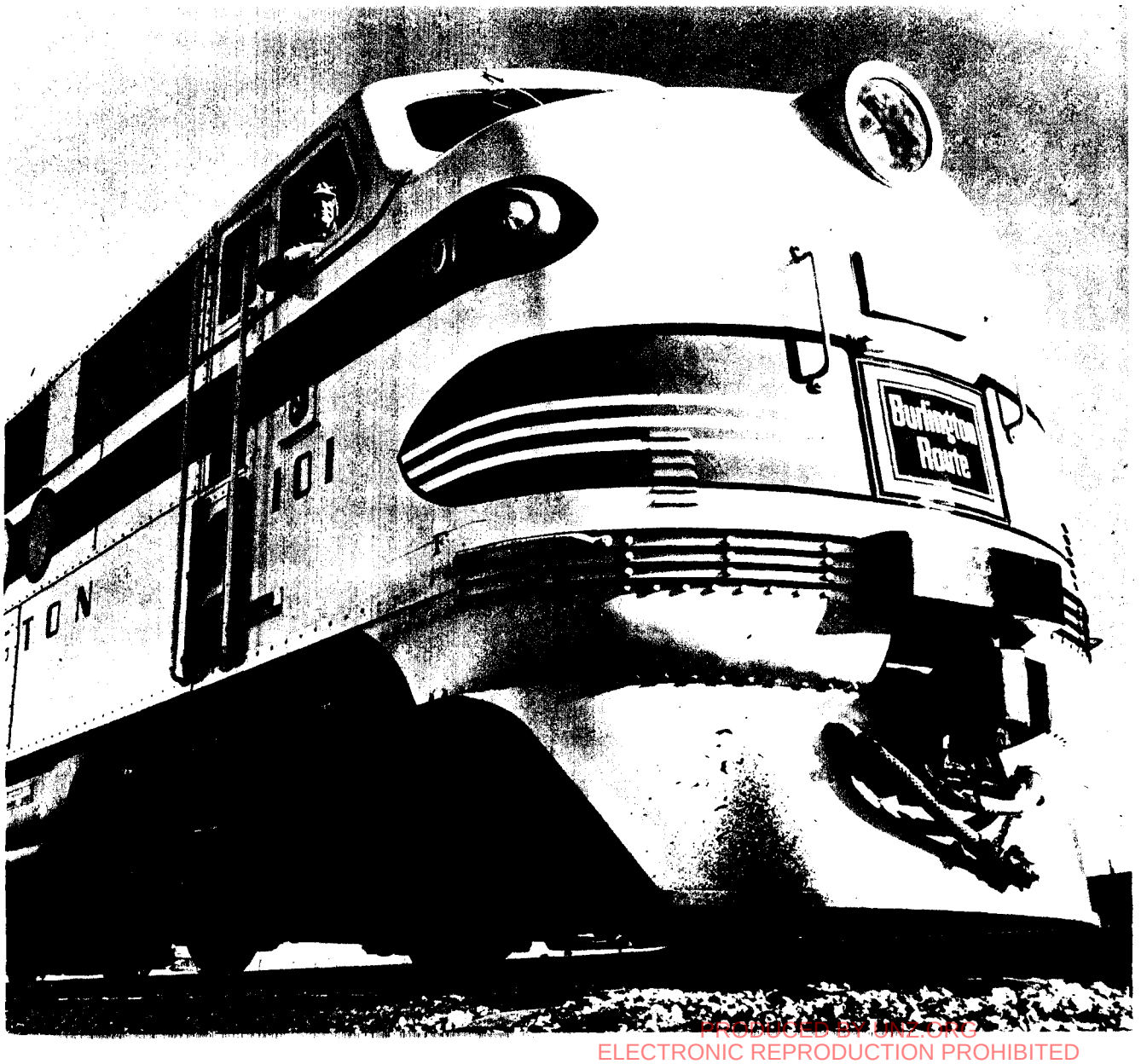
Sugar Grove was the Zephyr's first station out of Aurora. The red button on that stretch stayed on for six minutes. As it went out, the button for Big Rock blinked on ahead of it. The Zephyr was passing the extra freight that was sitting there on the siding.

To me, speed was a lost dimension. The Zephyr was traveling up to 90 miles an hour, yet seemed to be barely moving. Dispatcher Brown, however, was racing with it over the countryside, seeing what engineer Simmons saw—the curves, the grades, the small track yards the Zephyr whipped through at some of the stations, the rutted grade crossings, the upturned faces of the maintenance men sweeping by under the Diesel's high windshield. He caught the signals that winked at the end of each track block, heard the fireman shout, "Clear!" with a forward wave of his hand, and heard Simmons corroborate, "Clear!"

That word "clear" means that the signal is green. Brown's job is to keep it green. Amber, the slow-down color, and red for stop mean loss of time, may mean lost business.

The objective, wherever possible, is to move one train over a siding without slowing or stopping while another passes on the main line.

Fast Diesel freights of this type haul perishables, because missed connections mean losses from spoilage



What a Train Dispatcher Must Know

To decide which levers to flick, which buttons to push, which train to put where, Brown has to know the varying speed limits of the locomotives (90 for the Zephyr, 50 for the fast freight), the distances between the stations (for example, 4.86 miles from Sugar Grove to Big Rock, 5.86 miles from Big Rock to Hinckley), which stations have sidings and which do not, the degree of each grade and curve, the pulling power of each class of engine and the characteristics of every engineer—is he fast or slow, clumsy or clever in pulling long, heavy freights over the hills and through the sags?

Engineer Simmons is fast, and Brown knows it well. I watched him nudge a whole series of switches open to turn the lights green in the Zephyr's route.

"Where do you figure to pass the Zephyr and the fast freight?" I asked.

"We'll put 82 on the Stratford siding, I think—that's the fast freight, No. 82."

Brown pulled his pipe from his mouth, clattering it against his teeth. The sound was peculiarly apt to the setting. It echoed the gravelly raspings of a drum-shaped telephone speaker suspended just above Brown's right ear. It was kin, too, to the plaintive intermittent rhythm of the telegraph key on the table behind him. I was reminded sharply that Brown really had two jobs—one manipulation of the ultramodern single-track control whose red buttons I was watching, the other riding herd on five old-fashioned branch lines with multiple tracks whose switches are opened and closed by a series of

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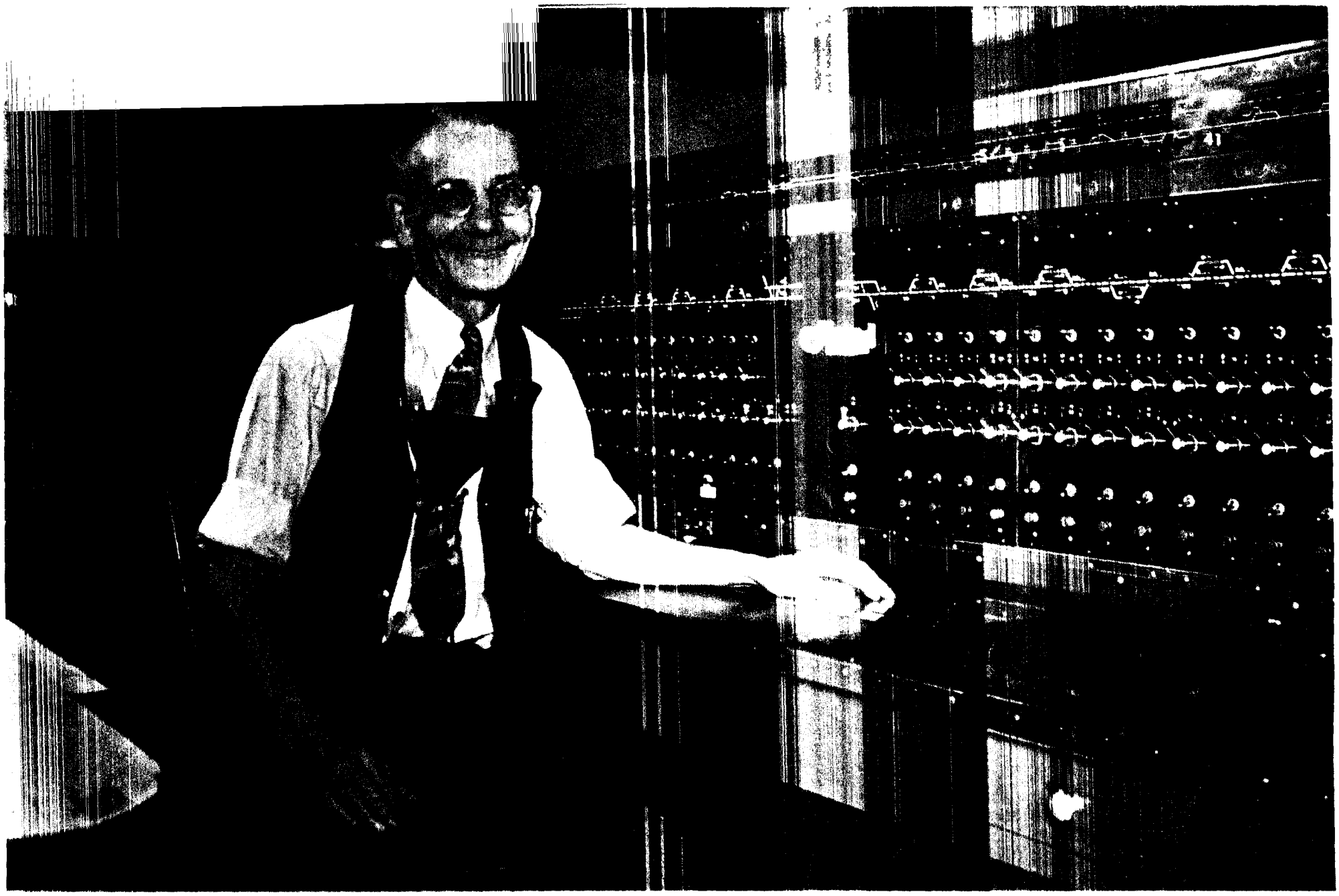

From his post at the Centralized Traffic Control panel, Earl Brown dispatches [illegible] traffic over a single track

tower operators who take their orders from the dispatcher by telephone.

Everything was precisely as J. C. Grisinger had told me it would be when we had talked in Chicago. Grisinger is general manager of Burlington's Lines East and a former train dispatcher himself. "The single-track man is the real train dispatcher," he had said. "Multiple-track dispatching does not require the same sort of artistry."

In spite of the chatter of the telephone and the telegraph, I was persistently drawn to the little red lights. The Zephyr, I saw now, had passed Big Rock and lighted up the red glass button for the block beyond. Behind it, the extra freight came out of the siding, back onto the main track, and headed the opposite way.

"If that extra had been of the same class as the Zephyr," Brown explains, "I would've put the Zephyr on the siding. Certain trains have priority over others under any conditions. But all else being equal, the train nearest home base gets the right of way because, if any train is to be delayed, it should be the one that has the greatest distance to make up its time in."

The telephone speaker interrupted:

"When can I expect the Zephyr?"

"At 9:38," Brown said. "She's on time." Then, to me: "That was the conductor of the Oregon Turnaround.

"No engineer," he continued in a moment, "is permitted to exceed the speed limit of his train. The Twin Cities Zephyr used to be allowed 95 miles an hour. Now they've cut it to 90. Simmons, or the man who'll be on tomorrow, can't exceed that no matter how late they are. If they do, I'll see it on my train recorder sheet."

The train recorder sheet is a continually moving graph under a transparent cover at Brown's waist level. With the board on the wall, the buttons and the levers, it makes up the magical electric device known as Centralized Traffic Control (CTC). Clock-operated, marked by a battery of green-inked pens, it keeps track of a train's time between stations, to the second, and notes whether—and exactly when—it passes a yellow board or goes through a red one. No police force has a better check on its traffic than Brown has.

Brown's working hours, 8:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., Monday through Friday, are the best available in the office. The CTC board is the choice spot. They are his because he holds top seniority over everyone except the chief dispatcher, Paige Miller.

Brown is sixty-two now, and has been railroading since he was fifteen, when a pretty woman station agent at Martinsburg, Iowa, made his dreams of railroading come true.

"One day, after I'd been hanging around the railroad for probably a number of years, she offered to let me keep her kerosene switch lamps cleaned and filled," he explains. "It wasn't the money that made me jump. I could have got 75 cents a month some other way. She was a mighty purty gal."

When the Station Agent Walked Out

The lady got married and the man who succeeded her, one of those old-time boomers who couldn't stay put, soon tired of the responsibility of holding down the little Martinsburg station. He called Earl in and offered him the job. Even while the boy was nervously refusing, the man walked out, nabbing his hat from a wall hook as he went.

"My father was a section foreman at Martinsburg," Brown says. "My three brothers, my sister's husband and my son are railroad men, and I have a small grandson who's already talking railroadin'. I guess it's in the blood."

Like many an old-timer, Brown cut his railroading teeth by catching rides with friendly train crews. Before he could add two and two, he knew that a held nose is the signal for a hotbox.

It was all of 40 years ago that he had his chance for a train crew job, at a now forgotten place called Wabash Junction.

"Used to do a little switchin' days when I worked nights as a telegraph operator at Wabash Junction," he recalled for my benefit, "and I picked up some knowledge about running an engine. A friend of mine, who drove a switch engine, and I both lived about a mile from work. My telegraph shack was near the roundhouse, where he had to go to get his engine every morning.

"One day when I was up in his cab he said, 'You think you could run my engine?' and I said I had an idea I could. He said, 'I see no use in me walking that mile twice every day. Get over on my side here and let's see how you drive.'

"I did all right and for a year I taxied back and forth, savin' shoe leather. Then the company wanted to give me a steady job switchin' in the yards."

There was a pause before he added, "I might've been an engineer."

He stayed at the telegraph key instead and ended up as a dispatcher, keeping engineers out of trouble. Just the same, I could hear the vicarious thrill in his voice as he talked about Simmons, who was running freight out of Aurora when Brown first got there in 1914.

"Simmons is still a right fast engineer," Brown said, eying the Zephyr's hop across the red buttons. "One of the best. He's not a youngster, either."

Poking his head out through his tobacco smoke, Brown continued;

"Right now, just about, Milo Hrubant, the Zephyr's fireman, is delivering a newspaper to a section crew working at Hinckley this morning."

"A newspaper?"

"Yep. Secondhand. Milo is cranking down his window—like you do in your car—and holding up a rolled newspaper to measure his throw, like a bombardier. And old Jack's bowing and smiling and waving to them all."

"Where do they get the papers?"

"From the seats of the commuter they take to Chicago after it has left *(Continued on page 73)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY AL HOWARD

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"Well," said Reilly, "if it isn't Willie the Weasel. Go on, kid—beat it." "Aw, leave him alone, Al," I said. "He's not hurting anybody"

Peanut

By JOE COOGAN

Collier's SHORT SHORT

AL REILLY caught the pass, straight-armed two of the other kids, and fell across the line for a touchdown. When he got up, he noticed the Peanut sitting on an overturned pail on the side lines. The Peanut had one hand on the collar of a dirty brown dog, part German shepherd. He smiled and waved the other hand in our direction. But nobody would wave back. Not after what had happened yesterday.

"Well," said Reilly, "if it isn't Willie the Weasel!"

"My name is Bill," said the little kid.

"Go on, kid—beat it."

"Aw, leave him alone, Al," I said.

"What are you trying to do, Steve? Stick up for the little jerk?"

"No," I said. "But he's not hurting anybody. He was just sitting there."

"I told him I didn't want him hanging around. That all right with you?"

"Yeah—sure," I said.

The Peanut looked at me with a kind of wistful hopefulness, as if he expected me to defend him.

"You heard what he said!" I shouted. "Now scram!"

He walked away, and I could tell by the way he held his shoulders that he was trying to keep from crying.

"What the heck!" I told myself. I guess I hated him as much as anybody did. Even if he was my kid brother.

The Peanut and I had lived on Eighteenth Street in Philadelphia for ten years, or ever since the little kid was born. He had been christened William Patrick Leary, but everybody called him the Peanut, or Little Willie. He was a thin, sad-looking kid, and he never talked much. I guess he talked more to Prince, our old dog, than he did to anybody. He and Prince were always together, and they made a good pair. They were both shy, friendly, and kind of mussed-looking, and one was always following the other around.

We older kids in the neighborhood used to play football on the vacant lot across the street every Saturday and Sunday afternoon. We played football right through the winter, as long as the weather was good. Prince and the Peanut would always be on the side lines, and every time I caught a pass, or ran the ball, the way the little kid would cheer, you'd think I was Frank Merriwell. All the other kids in the block used to like the Peanut, and even Al Reilly had tolerated him.

Al Reilly was new in the group. He was thirteen and bigger and heavier than the rest of us. He was loud and arrogant, and it was a bad thing to have him dislike you. Ever since yesterday he had hated the Peanut.

It had rained that Saturday morning and there weren't as many players on the lot as usual. Reilly and I had chosen sides, but I was still one man short. Suddenly Reilly pointed to the Peanut.

"There's your man," he said.

"No, Al. He's too little. He might get hurt."

The Peanut's eyes pleaded. "Let me play, Steve," he said. "Please. I won't get in the way." He looked so anxious I gave in.

It happened on the first play. It was our ball. The line ran down toward the opposing goal. I threw a pass, but before it left my hand I was knocked off balance. The pass was high and wobbly. When it came down it hit the Peanut in the chest. He clamped his arms around it and raced toward the goal.

Reilly laughed, loped over toward him and tried to scoop him off the ground. He was just about to grab the Peanut when the kid put one hand on Reilly's head and pressed hard. Reilly went face down into the mud. The Peanut crossed the goal.

Everybody laughed and some guys started to yell, "Touchdown! Touchdown!"

Reilly glared. "Touchdown hell!" he said. "This little rat kneed me."

"I did not!" said the Peanut.

"Are you calling me a liar?"

"I didn't knee you."

"You're a lying little rat!" Reilly slapped the Peanut in the face. The little kid started to cry and ran away.

I wanted to tear into Reilly and punch him till my hands hurt. But when he looked at me, my arms felt like lead and I couldn't raise my hands.

"Your kid brother is yellow, Steve," he said. "I don't want him hanging around any more."

I turned and walked away. Then I began to feel mad at the kid. Why did he have to hang around and make a fool of himself?

THAT night at supper I didn't talk to the Peanut. After we finished eating I started up to my room. He ran after me.

"Hey, Steve," he said, "do you wanta go in the parlor and listen to the radio with Prince and me?"

"No. I got a lot of homework to do."

"But there isn't any school tomorrow."

"I'm going up to my room." I went upstairs. In about half an hour the Peanut knocked on the door. When I didn't answer, he opened it.

"Steve," he said, "I been talking to Prince. He misses you."

I didn't answer.

"I miss you too," he said.

He looked sort of scared and forlorn, as if he were going to cry. I felt a little like crying myself.

"Beat it," I said. "I don't feel like talking to you."

He went downstairs and I began to get mad at him again. Why didn't he let me alone?

And as if yesterday wasn't enough, he had to come around this morning and start the whole thing up again. I hated him as much as anybody could, I told myself.

WE HAD just finished the game when I saw Prince and the Peanut headed in our direction. Al Reilly spotted him, and ran over and stood in front of him.

"I thought I told you not to come hanging around here bothering people."

"I wasn't even looking at you. I was going to the store."

"Well, go around the block to get to it."

He grabbed the little kid by the shoulders and pushed him. Prince evidently thought they were playing a game because he barked excitedly, jumped up, and started to lick Reilly's face.

"That goes for the mutt too," said Reilly. He brought his hand down hard on the dog's nose, and Prince ran away howling.

The little kid whirled around and pushed Reilly in the chest. Reilly staggered back a little, but when the kid came in again, he slammed the heel of his hand against the Peanut's head and the little kid fell down. As Reilly stooped to hit him, the Peanut got up fast and butted his head against Reilly's stomach. Reilly doubled up and dropped slowly to the ground. The Peanut jumped on top of him, grabbed his throat with one hand and kept punching him in the face with the other. When I saw what the kid was doing to Reilly I got scared.

"Willie," I yelled, "Willie, stop it!"

I grabbed him by the shoulder. He bounced up, wheeled around, and smashed his fist against my face. I stumbled back, tripped over the curb, and banged my head against the sidewalk. The Peanut ran over to me. "Steve," he cried. "Steve, I didn't know it was you. I didn't mean it, Steve."

I got up slowly and looked over at Reilly. He was sobbing and his whole body trembled violently.

The Peanut was standing beside me crying and saying over and over again, "I didn't mean it, Steve. I didn't mean it." He shut his eyes and tilted up his chin. "Here, Steve," he said, "you can hit me."

"It's all right, Bill," I said. "Everything's all right."

He opened his eyes and smiled. I tried to smile back, but I wasn't very successful. My lips were swollen where he had hit me. There seemed to be a blast furnace in the back of my head. And I'd never felt happier in my life. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

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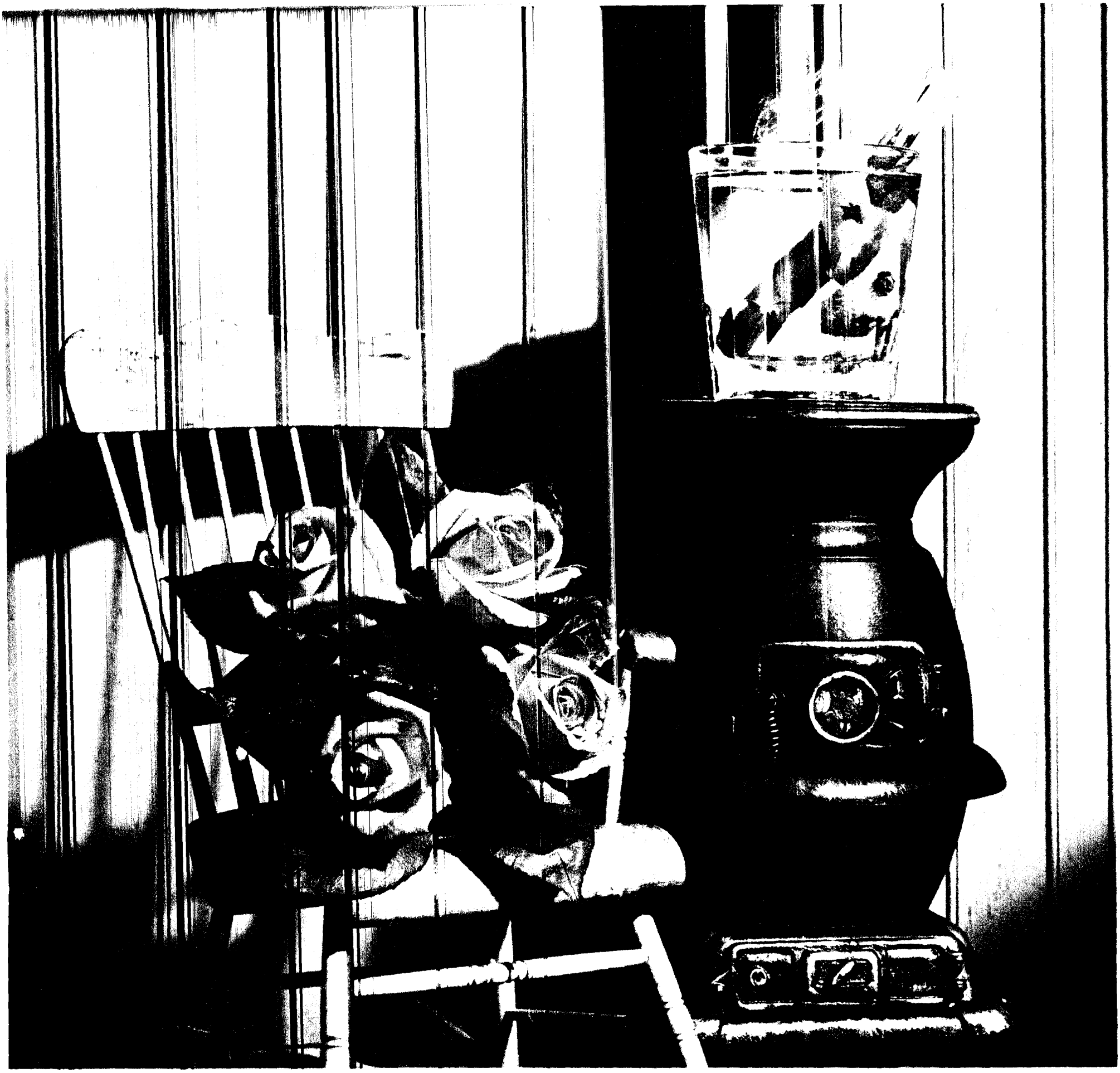

Warm reception

In a hot toddy or any other drink, so many, many people would rather have Four Roses. It offers so much more in quality at such a reasonable price.

FINE BLENDED WHISKEY
90.5 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

Wouldn't you rather drink FOUR ROSES?

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Hope Chest

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

from the oven. She set it out to cool and smiled ruefully.

"I can cook and keep house. I was a good bargain for a man." It didn't hurt to say it out loud. It was wonderful, really, to be able to tell herself the truth. It wasn't sour grapes any longer. She could admit that there wasn't anything she'd rather have had than a husband but it just hadn't happened to her. Almost every woman had a chance to get married sometime but she hadn't.

FIVE foot eleven wasn't too tall for a girl nowadays but it had been years ago. I'm the show-girl type she thought. She laughed out loud at the mental picture of herself, arms locked with other tall girls, kicking and dancing across a stage. I'm forty-eight and senile already!

She pressed the linens and then went back to the bedroom and wrapped each piece carefully in tissue paper. She stowed them neatly in the old sea chest and closed the lid. Edna turned the polished brass key in the polished brass lock for the last time and stood up. There was a length of clothesline in the kitchen closet and she got it and lashed the sturdy box with neat knots. She looked down at the teakwood and smiled. There was no mistaking that lashing or those knots—they were seaman-like. Her father had taught her well.

She turned her head and looked out of the bedroom window. She could see the dull glint of the Pacific between the houses on the next street and smiled again. This seemed to be a day of awakenings, for she realized that she had come back to live by the sea in spite of the tragedy to her father. She had fled the Atlantic as soon as she could, but gradually, through the years, she had been working nearer and nearer to the ocean. And now here she was across the continent, but once again by the sea.

I guess I should admit, too, that I love the sea; that I'd like to be on it again, even lobster fishing.

She thought of her father, and the years seemed to slip away. She saw him: tall, weathered and competent, disappointed that his two children were girls and unable to follow the sea as his family had always done, but pleased that Edna had shown much of his fondness for the ocean. And suddenly Edna seemed to hear him again—on the day before the storm caught him.

They were rowing in, two broken lobster traps in the bow of the big dory, the stern sheets filled with scrambling, helpless lobsters. They were both blue with cold—she could remember that her hands, wrapped around the heavy oar, were bleeding at the knuckles.

"By God, Edna," her father had suddenly exclaimed, turning his head to look at her, "you're a better man in a dory than half the fishermen on the bay!"

It had pleased her then. It had sent a glow of warmth through her that had sustained her until they reached the shelter of their house by the wharf. And the next day he had gone out alone, and the storm had swept down suddenly out of the north and had taken him out of her life.

What had pleased her father had not pleased other men. She was too big, too plain, too competent-looking. A man wanted someone he could cuddle, and you couldn't cuddle a girl almost six feet tall, who could pull lobster pots all day and then row home through a blizzard and never miss a stroke. A girl like that didn't get married. She did housework for other, smaller women, and ate her heart out with despair while she collected a hope chest that had no hope of being used.

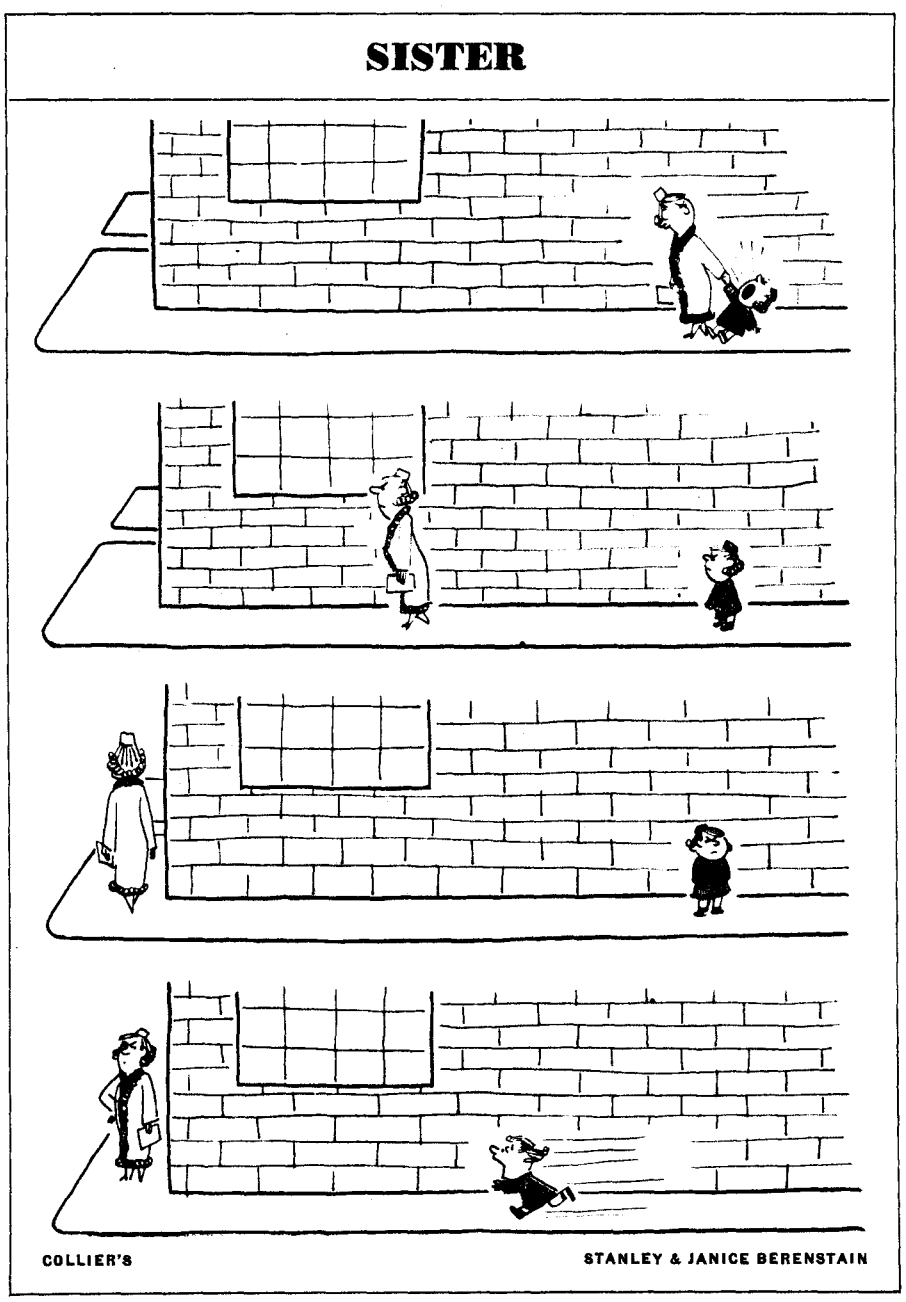
The wonder of it was that she could reach the age of forty-eight before she would acknowledge the truth.

"And dumb, too," she said, laughing with relief. She felt so good about her discovery that she could have danced, if she hadn't suspected her dance would look like the dance of a bear she had once seen in a circus—slow, ponderous, awkward.

She dragged the heavy chest to the front door, then slipped on a sweater and went outside. She would call the express company from Mrs. Fenner's and get the box off today.

The overcast was low, sodden with rain. I hope the truck is covered, she thought; I wouldn't want the chest to get wet.

She knocked at the back door and after a time Mrs. Fenner let her in. Mrs. Fenner was small and bright-eyed and wore her hair in modern fashion though it was snow white. She creamed her face each night and regretted every wrinkle her years had brought her, and she generally had some indefinite pain somewhere. Today it was in her right shoulder and she talked about it companionably, calling it "my pain."



As they moved toward the telephone Edna listened and realized she had missed out on all the little feminine tricks other women came by so naturally. Mrs. Fenner had had three husbands and outlived them all, and she had probably always had "little pains." They had served to keep her men worried about her and interested in her. And all her life Edna had gone around thanking her stars that she was never ill. Perhaps if she too had developed "little pains" some of the few men who had ever noticed her would have become interested in her. It was too late now—she'd have to be content with her good health.

She found the express company's number in the book and called them. A gay-voiced girl, probably safely engaged, said she didn't think they'd be able to pick up the box today. They were terribly busy. Would tomorrow be all right?

Edna hesitated, but her mind was made up and she wanted to get rid of her hope chest. "No," she said firmly. "I'll try someone else. Thank you."

She hung up and began to thumb through the classified section of the telephone book.

"I know a man," Mrs. Fenner said brightly. "He sometimes does hauling for Mrs. Peters—you know, the lady up the street with neuritis?"

Edna shook her head. She didn't know Mrs. Peters.

"Awful neuritis. Some days she's just so miserable her husband has to take her meals to her, in bed."

Edna had momentary visions of the women she had worked for; they all had times when their husbands had to take them their meals. "Do you have this man's telephone number?" she asked.

"I can get it," Mrs. Fenner said. She grabbed the telephone and eagerly dialed a number. She and Mrs. Peters had a long discussion of the effect of damp weather on neuritis and then, just before she hung up, Mrs. Fenner remembered to ask for the man's number. When the two women were finally through she made her call.

Yes, it was Mr. John Johnson and he did hauling on occasion. Sure, he could come right over. Edna gave him the street number, thanked Mrs. Fenner, and went back to her little house at the rear of the lot. The air was charged with rain now and just as she stepped under the tiny porch she felt a few sprinkles.

She lifted her face to the sky with pleasure. She liked wind and rain, and long ago she had realized that she was different from most women in that respect. Normal women seemed to prefer shelter and bodily comfort, content to leave battling with the elements to their men. But a driving rain or a howling gale always pleased Edna.

She went inside and touched a match to the kindling in the small fireplace. Then she went to the kitchen and, finding the cake sufficiently cooled, turned it out onto a plate, and made strawberry icing for it. It hadn't lost a fraction of its perfection in cooling.

I should have asked Mrs. Fenner to come down, she thought.

She put some coffee on the stove and went back to the living room now to watch the drizzle on the lawn. She turned to add a small log to the fire and turned to the window again. A tall, slender man in sou'wester and oilskin jacket was coming down the narrow walk. He moved with the slow, slightly dragging gait of a fisherman, and his face beneath the sou'wester was burned dark. The cuffs of his oilskins were tight on his wrists; his legs were encased in worn half boots. She had seen too many working fishermen to mistake this man's appearance.

He's been a fisherman anyway, Edna thought as she moved to the tiny hall.

When she opened the door to his knock he nodded casually.

"Mrs. Lewis?"

"*Miss* Lewis," Edna said mechanically. She had long ago learned it was best to start out with a clear understanding about her marital status. "You're Mr. Johnson?"

"Yeah."

HIS eyes were blue beneath shaggy brows. There was a clean, weathered quality about him that only years of outdoor living could bring. Edna's gaze dropped to his wrists. There were calluses at the wrist bones. Wet oilskins left such marks. She had had them once, herself.

"Come in," Edna said. "The chest is right here." She stepped back and he moved into the tiny vestibule, pulling off his hat, exposing his sandy, tousled hair. "When did you quit fishing, Mr. Johnson?"

He had been looking down at the hope chest but his head came up slowly and a twinkle appeared in his eyes.

"I haven't quit," he finally said. "It's slack season—that's why I'm hauling." He cocked his head. "How'd you know?"

She smiled. "Your wrists," she said. "I know what wet oilskins can do to them."

Johnson looked at her, the twinkle brighter than ever. "Maybe it's handcuffs that did it."

Edna laughed. She found herself liking this dry, rawboned man and it was relief to talk to someone taller than herself.

"You didn't get that shuffle in prison."

He grinned finally, and she saw his white, even teeth. "I've seen the days when I'da rather been in jail, ma'am." The toe of one boot came out and nudged the teak chest. "You put on the lashing?"

"I did."

"*You* been fishing, ma'am?"

"I hauled lobster pots until I was eighteen," Edna told him.

Mr. Johnson reached up and scratched the top of his head thoughtfully. He seemed about to say something and then changed his mind. His look dropped to the chest again and he asked, "Got a bill of lading for it?"

Edna realized she hadn't. "I forgot it. I expected to have the express company pick it up and I thought I'd get one from them. I'll make a tag."

She started for the little desk and just

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then the sky opened up and rain fell in sheets, drumming loudly on the roof. She looked at Mr. Johnson. "Is your truck covered?"

He had turned to the window at the sound of the rain. He shook his head slowly. "Nope. Just the cab."

"I don't want the chest to get wet."

"I got a tarp."

"But it'd get soaked on the way out."

He nodded slowly. "Maybe it's just a shower."

"Can you wait awhile, Mr. Johnson?"

He grinned. "I got all day, ma'am."

"Then take off your jacket and have a cup of coffee with me."

He pulled his jacket off, smoothed back his hair with his hand and grinned again.

"Smells good," he said, and followed her to the kitchen.

WHILE she got down the cups and saucers and a pair of plates, Mr. Johnson stood in the kitchen doorway and looked at the tidy room with approval. Then his eye lighted on the tall cake.

"Well. Looks like a birthday cake."

"It is," Edna said. She got the cream from the icebox and put it on the table with the cups and saucers.

Mr. Johnson moved over and pulled out one of the two chairs. "Happy birthday!" he said. He tucked his napkin into his collar.

"Thank you."

Edna moved the cake and coffeepot to the table and they both sat down. She poured the coffee and then cut two large wedges of cake and pushed one over to Mr. Johnson. He leaned forward and sniffed carefully.

"It's been a good many years since I ate any birthday cake," he said. "Smells delicious."

"I had good luck," Edna admitted.

Mr. Johnson ignored the fork and used his fingers to lift the cake to his mouth. He took a bite and closed his eyes for a moment. "You sure did. This is elegant." He grinned a little sheepishly when he saw the fork by his plate. "I never could think angel-food cake tasted right if I cut it with a fork."

Edna laughed. "That's true." She lifted her own cake with her fingers and bit into it. It *was* good. Light as spindrift.

"It just never occurred to me to bake me a birthday cake," Mr. Johnson said, tasting his coffee and nodding approval with that, too. "Seemed like a waste of time."

Edna looked at him. "You—do your own cooking?"

"Yep. Never found a woman who thought fishing was any kind of a decent job for a man. Kinda gave up looking, after a time. I figure when a man gets to be forty-nine years old, he ought to have made a pretty fair survey of the field. If he can't make up his mind by then, he ought to quit."

Edna put down her cake and picked up her cup. She held it with both hands, took two sips and lowered it to the saucer. She met Mr. Johnson's eye calmly.

"I'm forty-eight today," she said evenly. She inclined her head toward the front hall. "That's my hope chest in there. I'm sending it to my niece. She's going to be married."

Mr. Johnson bit into his cake again and chewed thoughtfully. "I know what you mean."

They ate and sipped their coffee in silence for a moment. She cut him another slice of cake and he let her put it on his plate without protest. She refilled their cups and passed him the cream.

"Lobster fishing," he said, when he had finished the second piece of cake. "Mind telling me where you did it, ma'am? We call it crayfishing in these parts."

Edna found it easy to tell him about Southwick, Maine. He nodded when she explained about her father's death.

"Both my father and grandfather were lost at sea," he said. "It's a hard life, but some easier out here on the Pacific. I used to go south with the tuna boats, but I got my own boat now. Picked up one from Navy surplus and I've been doing all right with albacore and swordfish. Kinda hard to keep help on, though. Nobody seems to want to work much, any more."

Edna realized that the rain had stopped. There was an irregular drip from the eaves but he seemed not to have noticed.

"I been thinking about crayfishing during winter, instead of using my truck for hauling. Most of the crayfish are picked up along the coast, south of here—down Laguna way. I was wondering if I couldn't work the islands, now that I got a decent sea boat." He looked at her, and his slow, easy grin crossed his face. "Anybody can do hauling."

"There's no trick to lobster fishing," Edna said. Her voice seemed tight in her throat. "Even as a girl I used to build traps and bait and haul. It's hard work, but—"

She broke off and looked down at her cup. Mr. Johnson's steady gaze was somehow upsetting. She had a curious sensation in her chest—almost as if she had caught a heavy cold. It was difficult to draw a deep breath. She became angry with herself for feeling this way.

"What do you do for a living, ma'am?" he asked.

"Housework," Edna said. She got up quickly and took the coffeepot back to the stove and turned on the gas again. She stood with her back to Mr. Johnson and listened to the pot vibrate with the heat.

"One thing about fishing," Mr. Johnson said, "you're your own boss."

She nodded.

"Say," he remarked, his tone changing. "It's stopped raining."

Edna shut off the gas as his chair scraped. She turned, coffeepot in hand, to see him standing by the table.

"Another cup?"

He shook his head and grinned. "No, thanks. I better get your chest to the express company." He pushed the chair in to the table and looked at her quizzically. "Whyn't you ride with me? You can make out your own bill of lading, then."

She hesitated.

"I'll bring you back," he added.

"All right, I will."

She rinsed off the plates and the cups and put on her coat, an old hat and her rubbers. Mr. Johnson took one end of the chest and she the other and they went down the walk through the mist and put the hope chest in the bed of his truck. He draped the tarpaulin over it and she got into the cab with him and they drove off through the wet streets.

THEY rode in silence for a time and the longer they went without speaking the harder it became for Edna to breathe. She couldn't understand it but she felt she had to talk to break the spell.

"You live on your boat, Mr. Johnson?"

He shook his head and looked at her so long she was afraid he would hit something.

"No. I got me a little house—about as big as yours—down by the wharf. Got it for peanuts during the depression. Not much, but I fixed it up considerable."

She suspected it was clean and tidy, at least. His clothes, while worn, looked like the clothes of a neat man. They pulled in to the loading dock of the express company, and Mr. Johnson turned off the motor, then looked at her.

"Tell you what," he said. "After we send this off, suppose you come down and see my place and the boat. I'd like to have you see the boat. She's pretty nice."

Edna drew a long, slow breath which broke jerkily.

"I'd like to," she said simply.

They went in and she filled out the bill of lading, paid the charges and then they came back to the truck. She took her place beside Mr. Johnson in the cab and they started through the rain, which was falling heavily again.

She shut her eyes for a moment, gathering her thoughts. She had just sent off her past: she was now headed to look at her probable future. She thought it all over and it seemed real, and good, so she opened her eyes slowly and smiled. THE END

"We almost sold our piano

We'd about decided to sell our piano. Nobody played it anymore, and it was just a dust-catcher. Then our son Jimmy came home all afire about having played a Solovox at a friend's home.

"Mom, you should've heard me. I was terrific. You know I've hardly played since I stopped my piano lessons. Well, this Solovox . . . well, ya gotta hear it!"

Herb and I went with Jimmy to the music store. He *was* quite a sensation, and it looked so easy. He played the piano and the Solovox together and sounded like he was playing instrumental solos to his own accompaniment. He dressed up lots of pieces we thought he'd forgotten, using violin, clarinet, trumpet solos, and all kinds of other effects.

Jimmy sounded almost like a professional. To think we nearly sold our piano—

—but now we enjoy it more than ever!"

We bought Jimmy a Solovox for his birthday. He loves it; plays every day. Usually the Solovox and piano together, sometimes the piano alone. And Herb's even gone back to picking out tunes he used to know long ago.

Our Solovox not only gives Jimmy more confidence to play, it's renewed his interest in the piano. We're glad we didn't sell our piano when we realize the enjoyment we'd all have missed.

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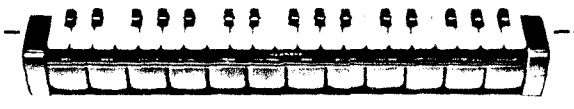

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Willy Makes the Stars Tremble

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Wyler wants, what distinguishes him from the general run of Hollywood directors is that Willy does not believe it's his job to create it. "I'm a kind of a foreman," he says, "who sits back and makes sure everyone else does his share of the work properly."

He refuses to dominate any project he is involved with, in vivid contrast to those lesser directors who never let you forget for a minute who's boss. He never personally rewrites the material his writers give him, but contents himself with a dispassionate order, "Do it again." His actors get no performances out of him, no "readings," as they are called in the trade. They have to keep on working until they hit it right—"feel it themselves," Willy calls it—and then hope for Willy's approval.

When it comes, this hard-given nod of acceptance, the sighs of relief are sometimes loud and clear. People who work with Wyler learn, though, that he doesn't rewrite "Hi, Ma," to "Hello, Mama," just so he can go around town and tell everybody how he had to take the whole script and rewrite it himself. They also find out that he doesn't shout at actors, doesn't say cutting things. In fact, they soon complain, his one fault is that he doesn't say nearly enough. He just sits back in stony silence, waiting for perfection, punctuating the shooting with a scarcely audible, "Let's take it again."

It was Bette Davis, a three-time graduate of the Wyler school of hard knocks, and an actress who won one of her Oscars for Jezebel, a Wyler picture, who neatly summed up the point of view of the graduates. To a fellow Thespian who was visibly sweating and clearly planning mayhem under Willy's constant prodding, she said, "When you're working for Willy, there's *only one thing to do.* Take it, suffer, and lump it, because never again in all your life will you give so good a performance."

Two Oscars Plus Other Honors

The measure of truth in Miss Davis' statement is this: Since 1936, every picture Wyler has directed has earned Academy nominations and awards for some of the people involved. No Wyler picture is ever lost in the shuffle. Wyler himself has won two Oscars, and one Best and honorable mention from the New York Film Critics. He has had at least one picture up for directorial awards in the Academy sweepstakes each year since he made Dodsworth in 1936, with the exception of the three years he spent in the Air Forces; and there is a clamorous group which contends that The Memphis Belle and Thunderbolt, films he made in uniform, are the best flying pictures to come out of the war.

This year, whether he wins his third Oscar or not, there is no doubt at all in Hollywood that he will rate a nomination for his work in The Heiress, just as there is no doubt that a goodly number of his actors, writers, cutters and technicians will, as always, be in the race.

It hasn't always been easy to achieve this kind of record. Willy has lost more than his share of jobs in his time. For years he sweated under the shameful onus of being an "expensive director." At the beginning of his career, after he had made Counsellor at Law and The Good Fairy, his home studio was pleased to give him a release from its contract with him when he asked for it.

And in the nine years when he was a fixture of the Sam Goldwyn lot, a time during which that well-publicized producer made some of his finest pictures, most of them bearing the "directed by William Wyler" imprint, there was a lot of fur flying around Mr. G.'s factory. Today there is a laudable desire on both sides to forget what such pictures as Dead End, Wuthering Heights, These Three and The Best Years of Our Lives cost in blood, sweat and, maybe, tears; but the fact is, picture making for Willy has always involved trouble, real trouble.

Wyler is no longer an employee of Goldwyn's. But his share of the proceeds for directing Best Years ultimately involved a sum reaching almost $1,000,000—giving Willy one of the 10 highest incomes in the country reported for 1946 and making him one of the highest-paid salaried employees. So it is apparent that the cause of Wyler's dissatisfaction certainly wasn't the amount of money his boss paid him over a period of two years for one picture.

Willy felt that his name, though known to professional critics the world over and a few amateurs, wasn't being adequately publicized by the Goldwyn organization. It wasn't only that Willy felt he wasn't getting recognition he deserved. Wyler left what was probably the best-paying job in the world because he earnestly believes a director is the actual film maker and not a mere assistant. Willy puts his neck on the block every time he makes a picture. If he flops, he wants to take his chances with getting the ax and not have to make the usual director excuses—to wit, that "they" forced him to do this or that, or to make the picture at all. Willy is willing to take the blame; conversely, he also wants an appropriate share of the credit.

"Miss Elsworth, meet Mr. Filstrup who has been all weak inside since the moment he saw you" COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

On the other hand, this writer, talking to Goldwyn, said to the producer, "When Willy made Wuthering Heights for you—" and was abruptly stopped.

"Excuse me," Mr. Goldwyn said politely, but firmly and sincerely, "Willy did not *make* Wuthering Heights. *I* made Wuthering Heights, Willy directed it for me."

Obviously, where such a difference in artistic perspective existed, a working relationship between the two could not go on indefinitely.

In 1946, Wyler left his lucrative job with Goldwyn. With Frank Capra and George Stevens, two other directors, and Sam Briskin, who had been chief production executive at Columbia Studios for years, the four men, all movie veterans, formed an independent unit they called Liberty Pictures.

Each of the members invested $125,000. Wyler, who hadn't yet received his money for Best Years was, as a matter of fact, forced to borrow on his life insurance to raise his share of the capital. The first picture Liberty made, It's a Wonderful Life, was no box-office wonder. George Stevens was loaned to RKO to make I Remember Mama on a profit-sharing arrangement. But customers didn't clamor for it, so there were no profits for Liberty to share. Then Frank Capra was similarly loaned to M-G-M to make State of the Union, but its box-office returns were similarly disappointing.

At this juncture, businessman Briskin came to the rescue. Paramount, making money with its "commercial" attractions, nevertheless felt the need for "prestige" pictures. It offered a block of stock to Liberty if the unit would move in, whole kit and caboodle. It'd even let the boys maintain their autonomy. The stock, valued at between four and five millions, divided four ways, provided a nice capital gain for each of the four participants. And Willy, the man who took a chance and quit a million-dollar job, had confounded his friends and admirers once again.

Confounding his friends has been a long-time practice of Willy's. For example, it is not widely known now that Wyler is an outstanding example of "shameless Hollywood nepotism." Willy was the boss's second cousin. That's how he got his start in pictures, back in the days when almost everybody on every lot was somebody's cousin or nephew.

"But," says one acerb critic, "if nepotism can turn up directors like Wyler, maybe what the industry needs is more nephews and cousins."

Willy's boss was Carl Laemmle, who formed Universal Studios. On a trip to Europe, Laemmle had visited his cousin, Willy's mother, in Mulhouse, Alsace, part of Germany before World War I but then part of France. Uncle Carl so fired the imagination of seventeen-year-old Willy with a glowing appraisal of the opportunities in the fast-growing movie industry that, in 1920, Willy immigrated to the United States. Uncle Carl advanced the boat fare.

Once in this country, however, Willy found himself a mere office boy in Uncle Carl's New York headquarters. Salary: $18 a week, five of which Uncle Carl deducted against the transportation advance. The vision of Hollywood originally conjured up by his relative persisted, however. So Willy finally got himself sent out to the West Coast, Uncle Carl advancing the fare as usual and getting paid back each week on the installment plan.

In 1921, Hollywood had the air of a gold-rush town with make-up. Willy rapidly progressed from a variety of jobs—all of which served to ground him firmly in his craft—to that of director of two-reel Westerns. And his first assignments were hits. An old friend of his, Clarence Marks, who worked with Willy in those days, says, "They were routine, up-and-at-'em Westerns, but something about them was different. I don't know what it was. But Willy had the touch from the beginning."

Higher Job—Lower Pay

The directing job, incidentally, involved a wage cut. In those days, the assistant director got $70 a week, the director $20 less. That was because more people wanted to be directors than assistants. Willy took the chance, as he was to do almost 25 years later with Liberty, and it paid off.

In those days he came to be known around town as a wild young man. He was involved in a number of brushes with speed cops, production executives and stars. Finally, too, Westerns got to be so easy to make, after he had ground out 40 or 50, that there was no fun to them any longer. He and his crew would go up to Lone Pine, California, on a two-week shooting schedule. Since he could knock out a slam-bang Western in one week flat, for the first week Willy and the boys would while away the time fishing, shooting and accumulating sunburns or hang-overs. Then they'd go to work.

Once, however, after playing around on location for a week, it was discovered that someone had forgotten to pack the shooting scripts along with the production gear. There was no lack of cameras, film or tripods, not to mention cowboys and horses. But after a week on location, it was a little late to be calling Hollywood and informing the front office there that they had forgotten to bring along a script.

"What have you guys been doing all this time?" someone would be sure to inquire.

Willy jumped into the breach fearlessly. "I think I remember what this one was about. All these Westerns are alike," he said to the crew and cast. "Some stinker is about to get what he wants, a lease on a gold mine or a railroad across the rich ranch lands, and the only one who can stop him is our hero. There's a fight. A chase, with lots of horses chasing lots of other horses. The law thinks our hero is a heel. There's a big fight at the edge of a cliff or a blast furnace or a whirlpool. Hero gets girl. Fade-out, the end. I've made 50 of them, boys. Let's go to work."

One week later the company arrived back in Hollywood with the exposed film and turned it over to the executives with the proper air of bluster and bravado. But when the production people saw the film, they called in Willy and fired him on the spot.

Willy had remembered a script all right, but what he had done was to shoot the same picture he had made the month before, from memory this time.

Unabashed, Willy took a job as one of the 20 assistant directors in the big chariot race scene in Ben-Hur. It wasn't long, though, before he got a call from Uncle Carl to come back to work. He got his chance to get the dust of horses' hoofs out of his nostrils when he made what is called in Hollywood "a super-Western," Hell's Heroes. It made the public and critics sit up and take notice. (The picture has been remade twice since, and there are Wyler fans who still insist Willy's twenty-year-old version is the best.) Willy was on his way.

But this cousin-to-the-boss thing tended to bother Wyler a good deal. He wanted to be accepted on his own terms and he felt people around the Universal lot pointed to him as a favored relative. In any case, he began at this time to build up his frighten-

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COLLIER'S

"I got only a slight scratch on the fender, but the rest of the car is wrecked!"

BEN ROTH

ing reputation for the way he treated actors. Maybe he *was* Uncle Carl's second cousin, but no actor was going to say Willy had got where he did by being nice to anyone. That was the clear implication in the way he handled people. At the same time, his friends recognized the growing seriousness with which he began to take his work after he graduated out of the Western class.

In 1932, he made Counsellor at Law, with John Barrymore, for Universal, and also in 1932, Molnar's The Good Fairy, starring Margaret Sullavan, who battled and chafed and complained loudly at Willy's treatment of her all through the picture. When the picture was completed, star and director surprised everybody by getting married. Then, after much soul searching as to whether he was being fair to Uncle Carl who, after all, had brought him to this country and given him his break as a director, he decided to chance working for nonrelated producers. He asked for and, with surprising speed, was given his release.

Little more than a year later, Miss Sullavan and Wyler were divorced. The director was married again in 1938 to Margaret Tallichet, a pretty brunette, who gave up a screen career of her own for marriage. The family lives in a biggish house on Summit Drive on the edge of Beverly Hills. Their entertaining is on a comparatively small scale, Willy being pleased these days to settle for the company of his children and a few old friends.

Wyler's wartime record is impressive. Though he was beyond the age when draft boards were interested in him, after he finished making Mrs. Miniver he went to Washington and finally got himself a commission in the Air Corps. He was sent at once to England and started work shooting The Memphis Belle.

Willy ran into the usual reproaches from the boys who were flying the bombers. They began by regarding Wyler as a joy-riding civilian-in-uniform, but before long they realized he was doing a real job.

Willy was soon flying combat missions with the 91st Bomber Group of the Eighth Air Force. He had to, he explains today. "I couldn't ask my cameramen to do what I wouldn't do myself."

All in all, Willy flew 18 combat missions. He "had to get those combat shots right." Seen in The Memphis Belle, photographed in color, the flak was so thick at 26,000 feet that the blue sky looks like a punctured sieve.

Vincent Evans, bombardier of The Memphis Belle, remembers this over-age Major Wyler walking the open catwalk of the bomb bay five miles above Germany, breathing out of a walk-around oxygen bottle, his body clothed in bulky flying equipment, the temperature at 45 degrees below zero, pointing his hand camera at the flak bursts and at the German fighters which were trying to break up the formations of B-17s.

"We could hear him cuss over the intercom," Evans recalled recently. "By the time he'd swung his camera over to a flak burst it was lost. Then he'd see another burst, try to get it, miss; see another, try that, miss; try, miss. Then we'd hear him over the intercom, asking the pilot if he couldn't possibly get the plane closer to the flak."

The pilot's response remains unrecorded.

After making a fighter picture with the 57th Fighter Group of the Twelfth Air Force, Wyler landed one day to find himself a war casualty. His hearing was gone. Slowly, hearing has returned to his left ear, but his friends will tell you that the power he was able to inject into his returned-veterans picture, The Best Years of Our Lives, derived from his own remembered emotions on coming back to this country, when he was not certain whether he was going to be permanently deaf or not.

"The whole thing about everything Willy does," a friend of his says, "is that he has got to be satisfied. Once he's satisfied, he is not afraid to say his piece or admit that the picture, mistakes and all, is his own."

Sometimes He Plays It Safe

Wyler has strong ideas on a lot of subjects, mostly involving the making of pictures. He thinks, for example, that the greatest pictures in the world could come from Hollywood if so many of the men in control were not "afraid." A born gambler, Wyler wants everybody to take a chance. Some of his friends, it must be reported, notice a deplorable tendency on Willy's part lately to make big, safe pictures himself. They point out that The Heiress was a hit play; Sister Carrie, his next, is of course an American literary masterpiece; and Detective Story, on his future schedule, is a smash Broadway success.

Willy, informed of this, shrugs and smiles slightly. "I won't make 'em safe," he says. "Wait and see."

He remembers how once he was directing a picture for Goldwyn. They were filming a version of a play that had been a big New York hit. One day Goldwyn, viewing the rushes, saw what Willy had got on film and complained that the scene was far too complex. Wyler finally persuaded the producer to take a chance, but the argument preceding their agreement went like this:

"People won't understand it, Willy," Goldwyn said.

"They understood it in the play."

"That's New York," Goldwyn insisted. "A sophisticated city."

"Look, Sam," Willy countered. "It just so happens that I showed this scene to a twelve-year-old boy who was in the projection room. He understood it perfectly."

"Since when," Sam thundered, "are we making pictures for children?" THE END

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Frostbite Medicine

There's lots of it down Sarasota way

FASHION news calculated to cure even the hardiest case of February frostbite, male or female, comes now from the inner councils of the bathing-suit industry. The arbiters of what our bathing beauties will wear this and any other summer on U.S. beaches bring tidings of especial good cheer for 1950. Fashion dictum number one, in point of universal interest, is the fact that there will be less suit acreage per wearer, with necklines pursuing the downward plunge of the past few years, and with a new gimmick in the way of front-and-center zippers. The newest in suit fabrics will be a hybrid—nylon combined with various knits and weaves of wool, satin and so on. The total effect, say the manufacturers, will be "complete freedom of action."

Here filling some of the 1950-model suits are four sophomores at Sarasota High School. Older readers may find some food for disquieting thought in the fact that not one of the young lovelies shown on this page had yet seen the light of day when Roosevelt took office for his first term. They will certainly agree that boosters of the Florida west coast city overlook a sure bet when they fail to cite its teen-age feminine population among such stellar local attractions as the winter home of the Big Top and the spring-training headquarters of the Boston Red Sox.

Oldest of the girls, by virtue of a few months, is Polly Gaines, who celebrates her sixteenth birthday this week. Polly's mother manages the cosmetics department of a local drugstore. Lois Steinmetz is the daughter of the photographer. Nora Carroll's father is a telephone installer, and Ivalene Taylor is the daughter of a citrus grower.

Among them the girls boast an array of talents from basketball to horseback riding to foreign languages to fiction writing. But their major and frank enthusiasm, to no one's great surprise, is the opposite sex.

As Polly Gaines puts it for them all: "A career—but not for long. I'm going to get married young." THE END

The natural scenic charms of Sarasota's Jungle Gardens get an assist from Nora Carroll (left) and Lois Steinmetz. When not decorating the landscape or attending high school, Nora and Lois lead the full life of typical teen-agers. Water sports top their list of recreation favorites

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOSEPH JANNEY STEINMETZ

Ivalene Taylor (zipper), Lois Steinmetz and Polly Gaines queen it for a day against an unbeatable backdrop of sunshine, speedboat and the smartest in swim suits

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SHORT ★ ROMANTIC ★ NOVEL

Sitting Room Only

by Myles Connolly

Here's a delightful, romantic farce done in the royal manner and complete in this issue.

Ellen Marbury, beautiful but spoiled socialite, is cut off without a cent when she decides to marry a dashing nobleman, Prince Idor.

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You can find out for yourself why this outspoken woman's magazine has grown so popular by going with it on a visit to the hidden slums of Washington a tourist never sees. And by learning from it the facts about Whooping Cough—Number One killer of children under two!

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The February COMPANION is an endless source of help and inspiration. See how these features can brighten any day. Any single one you like is well worth the small cost of the entire issue:

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ALL IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE ★ NOW ON SALE

Woman's Home COMPANION

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The Hourglass

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

quarreled the whole way. On the platform at Bennersville, he'd gripped her shoulders and said, "We've got to quit until we can look at each other without starting a battle."

They'd flipped a coin to see who'd stay at the Bennersville house, and who would come back to Manhattan. "A coin is so neat and civilized. It won't put up a battle, will it?" she'd retorted.

All of it had been incredibly civilized, after the turmoil of their fighting. She recalled the well-pressed little lines: We'll wait and think; we'll go different ways quietly; we won't make an untidy mess; perhaps things may change; someday we'll meet again . . .

She closed her eyes. Once you started remembering things, you were caught, she thought helplessly. You couldn't stop or—

She made herself stop. It was seven o'clock. The train would leave in thirty minutes. She'd have to rush.

The cab seemed to crawl through the snowy streets. She left it a block from the station and hurried through a side door. At last, out of breath, she was on that same train they'd ridden so often together.

How was she going to explain? Then she realized how easy it would be. They'd kept the house—and agreed that they would let each other know when they wanted to use it. Tom had been away for two months, and hadn't told her he was back. So what could he expect? She sighed with relief at the solution, and tried to pull down the curtain of memory and thought. She was on the train. She would see Tom, because he was still her husband and once she had loved him.

She looked out the window. The streets of Harlem rushed by, then the stations of the towns along the way; she knew them by heart. In only a little while she was hurrying through the swirling snow at Bennersville, toward the one waiting cab.

"Number 23, Northrider Road," she said. "Let me out at the gate."

IT WAS a white frame farmhouse that had been gathered into Bennersville by the constantly outreaching arms of new residential developments, and beside the larger stone houses it looked bony and worn. Its plain, anonymous face had always frightened Joan a little. She would live there, and presently she would be lost in that same anonymity. She would be simply a phrase: "The girl in the plain white house; you've noticed her."

She had never been able to convey her feelings to Tom. It was because, she supposed, Tom had no fear of anonymity. Securely behind him were many generations of Barclays. There was nothing he had to prove; and that was the difference between them.

She stopped quietly at the living-room window. Tom was at the desk by the cupboard bookshelves. His tie was loose, his sleeves rolled up. His dark hair was rumpled. There was a look of abstraction on his lean face. It was one of the few times Joan had seen him doing nothing.

There he sat, she thought. He was her husband, yet in countless ways he was a stranger. What was he? The man who hated peanuts; who played the piano with three fingers; who sold, of all things, cloth—plain-quality cloth that his family and his family's family had milled for nearly two hundred years in New England. There he was—the man who'd had a fever of a hundred and three on their wedding anniversary, when she'd said he looked so handsome; the same man who'd winked and whispered at the altar, "The fat's in the fire now, darling." There he was. And Grant had said by Monday he would know definitely—one way or the other.

Slowly Joan opened the door. Tom glanced up, startled, then rose. "Oh, hello," he said. "I didn't expect—"

"I didn't either. Nobody told me you were back," she said practically.

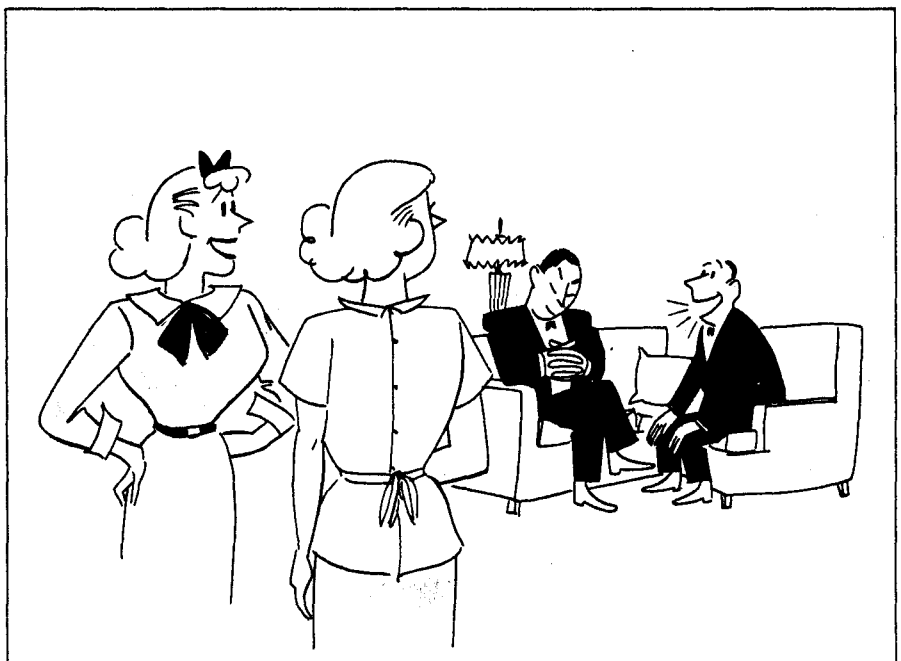
"I forgot. I can get out."

"Oh, don't be so noble on a snowy night. Anyway, I'm in a good humor, just cold." She pushed off her shoes and dropped her coat on the couch. "I thought you were selling cloth to the Midwestern shirtmakers, or something."

He looked at her intently. "No. I finished and came back. I needed to finish some things here."

"All right. I won't bother you or turn over the ink." She leaned against the mantel, her back to the fire, and lifted one foot and then the other to warm them. "This is nice. I don't see why the fire won't ever burn just for me."

"You fool with it too much." He grinned, and added, "All fires have a stubborn streak, just like all men, remember?" His smile faded. Joan noticed his eyes, and realized what she was doing: absently unbuttoning her blouse, the way she'd done a hundred times after they'd been somewhere and were home to stay. Her fingers became still against her breast, then the silence passed



COLLIER'S "Frank has a real gift for putting people at ease" LARRY HARRIS

away as Tom said, "There was a picture of you in a magazine on the plane. Something selling hand lotion."

Joan felt her jaw setting stubbornly. "And you thought I wasn't wearing enough clothes again, I suppose."

"I didn't say so, did I?"

"Well, I can tell. Anyway, Eric says that too many garments spoil the artistic simplicity of a picture."

"Does he?" Tom asked wryly. "My idea of artistic simplicity is Eric Coving wearing a top hat in hell."

"To you," she began hotly, "an overcoat and high boots mean decency, while Eric knows that mere clothes don't—" She stopped. This was ground they had fought over often, night after furious night. But tonight Joan couldn't go on with it. She smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry, Tom, I didn't mean to start anything."

"I'm sorry, too." He put his cigarette on the tray, then looked up again at her lips. Suddenly his face seemed tired. "I want to kiss you."

She stood quite still, feeling the smile fading from her lips. "Is anybody stopping you?" she asked quietly.

He kissed her once, slowly, then again. This time her arms went up and closed about him. She closed her eyes. Her fingers tightened, drawing his cheek hard against hers. Abruptly it was over. Tom bent over the fireplace and worked noisily with the logs. Joan crossed the room and shook the folds from the drapes. Silence came.

"I came up on the seven-thirty train," Joan said.

"The worst train in the world," he said rather loudly. Again the silence came. "Have you had anything to eat?"

"Wait, I'll get it. I know what's here." She hurried into the kitchen and leaned back against the door.

"I couldn't find the cheese," Tom called.

Dear Lord, she thought frantically, how long can this go on?

BY THE time she carried the tray of sandwiches and beer back to the living room, Tom had cleared his desk. "I was thinking about you tonight," he said. "How have things been, Joan?"

"All right. Fine," she said, handing him a beer. Her words seemed suddenly hollow and false. "I don't know why I said that. Suspended is a better word." And then she realized she had reached a dead end. The questions loomed before her: Why did I come here? To say hello, to smile and go away? To say good-by before— No, not to say that!

She stared into the fire, feeling trapped and bewildered. Always she'd planned to face the problem of Tom tomorrow, and tomorrow had always been endless. The old escape was gone, and it wasn't fair.

In that moment of blind protest, she glimpsed what she had never faced before: Tom was her waiting-life, the thing she would come back to and always have. It would wait, like this house, to cover her with anonymity. But it must wait, because Eric's favor wouldn't wait. Her beauty wouldn't wait. Fame was fleeting. She must hold it close and keep it shining, because it was the only thing that proved to the world what she was. And she *had* to be something, or—

Tom touched her fingers, and she looked up to find him watching her strangely. "What were you thinking about just then?" he asked.

"I'm damned if I know, Tom," she sobbed. She slipped to the rug in front of his chair; she pressed her cheek against his knees. "We loved each other. We loved each other all the time, didn't we? So what made it go wrong?"

He leaned over and stroked her hair. "We don't have to think about it tonight," he said. She breathed deeply, thankfully. Now, for this moment, tomorrow was endless again.

When she opened her eyes the next morning, the pale glare at the windows told her it had snowed all night. Tom lay still beside her. She reached over and got her watch. It was nine o'clock. There was a train at eleven that would leave time for lunch before she started with Eric.

"Hello," Tom said sleepily.

" 'Lo." She hesitated. "Tom, I promised Eric I'd work this afternoon."

"On Saturday?"

"Oh, he's doing an arty layout for an absurdly chi-chi new perfume, and I'm his perfume girl, you know." She was sorry the moment she said it. It reminded her of the Christmas Day when Eric had insisted they finish another perfume ad. And Tom had said, "I wish you could understand that Coving is only a great photographer. He is not God."

Tom propped up his pillow and lighted a cigarette. Joan took a drag and handed it back. Finally she tucked her watch against her chin and snapped the clasp. That one faint click held all the finality of departure. In a sense she was already dressed and on the train.

Suddenly she turned to him. "Come back with me this morning. I won't be long with Eric," she said swiftly. "Please, Tom."

He looked at her steadily. "You're sure?"

"Can't you tell when I really mean things?"

He smiled. "This morning, yes." He drew her over and kissed the top of her head. "We'd better hurry."

THE street outside Grand Central was mushy with soiled snow, but the buildings and windows shone brightly in the February sunlight. Joan gave Tom the key to her apartment. "I promise not to be long," she said. In the taxi she leaned back, watching the traffic without seeing it.

Eric was pacing the studio when she arrived. She could tell he was angry. "Your shoes are wet," he said, the first thing.

"I went to Bennersville and forgot my galoshes." She hurried into the dressing room and began to take off her clothes.

"What made you go to Bennersville?"

"I just wanted to."

"Was that husband up there with you?"

"No."

"Hurry up," Eric said.

"I'm hurrying." She finished undressing and put on the French gown. It was unbelievably white and soft, and it would cost six hundred dollars. She returned to the studio, and Eric put out his cigarette.

The pictures on which they were working were for a new perfume called Desolation, which the manufacturer presumably hoped to sell to women too neurotic to find comfort in scents with more conventionally alluring names. Eric had chosen a semi-surrealistic motif. Joan sat on a triangular black rug, her feet drawn under her, her face in profile to the camera. An hourglass with sand lay on its side, just beyond her fingertips. Behind her, over the edge of the rug, ran a dead, leafless vine.

Eric pushed her black hair back from her forehead, then lifted her arm and flung it. She knew Eric wanted her to let it fall limply. He did it several times before he was satisfied, then he lowered the gown off one shoulder and walked back to the camera to stare at her. A familiar sensation came over Joan that her real self was off in another corner of the room, looking on.

Sometimes she played with daydreams that embarrassed her when she woke up. From the corner she would promise never to tell this new image of the things that had happened long ago: the disappearance of her father; the bewildering succession of moves, from the house to an apartment to a smaller apartment, then to room after room. This new part of her should never know the

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hot shame that children's cries could bring: "Joan's got a dress that Sally gave to the church bundle! Joan's got a dress . . ." Nor would this clear new image hear her mother say, "Don't listen to them. You're going to be something someday. You'll prove a few things, someday."

"You lied to me," Eric said curtly.

Joan's breath caught as her reverie shattered. "What?"

"Your husband was with you. It's all over your face."

She felt her cheeks flaming. "Leave last night alone, Eric," she retorted with more sharpness than she'd ever dared use with him before. She had scarcely spoken when the camera clicked. It had been a trick of his to get an expression he wanted. Now he was smiling, she was quite sure.

"He's begging you to come back, I suppose. Why should you? What is he?" Eric demanded. "A relic of an exhausted New England culture, nothing else. Look at the whole bunch of them sitting in their clapboards, clutching their pewter and trembling with every wind that blows by. And you go crawling back to him!"

"Leave it alone, damn you," she whispered. The camera clicked again.

ERIC strode across the room. "Something's not right," he said. He looked down, then lifted the hourglass and snapped it in two. He tossed the pieces back to the rug. "That's better. Desolation is the end of time. Now time is broken."

"Eric—oh, don't say that," she begged. "Please—" she began, and went no further. Time was broken. This was Saturday. Tomorrow was Sunday; then Monday. Here she sat, while sand spilled from the broken hourglass. While the camera clicked to sell a perfume called Desolation. Dear God, who would ever buy a perfume called Desolation?

"Keep that look," Eric called sharply. The camera snapped again. Joan felt perspiration on her forehead. Eric kept whispering, shouting at her as he worked. "That expression! Don't breathe! And so you went back to him? Great God, is that what I've been doing? Sweating over you, making something out of you *for him?* What is—Stop blinking!" he raged.

"Eric," she whimpered.

"Splendid! Hold it. What were you two years ago before I touched you?" he demanded. "Nothing." Nothing, she thought, but Tom married me. "What are you now? You're what I made you." How much did it hurt Tom to see me changing? How much did it bewilder him? "You're not his any more. You're through with all that, you hear?" Whose wife was I?

"If you've got passion to spend, spend it on something alive," Eric commanded. "That husband of yours is dead. His grandfather was dead before him. They're all—

"Damn, you're crying! All right, cry, cry! That's desolation, too. We'll pay for the gown. All women are fools. They waste themselves on ashes and dead men and—"

Joan screamed. She didn't remember crossing the room. The shock of awakening came when Eric slapped her mouth. Her eyes cleared. His face was scratched and his eyes were brilliant with fury.

"Get back on that rug and pose," Eric ordered.

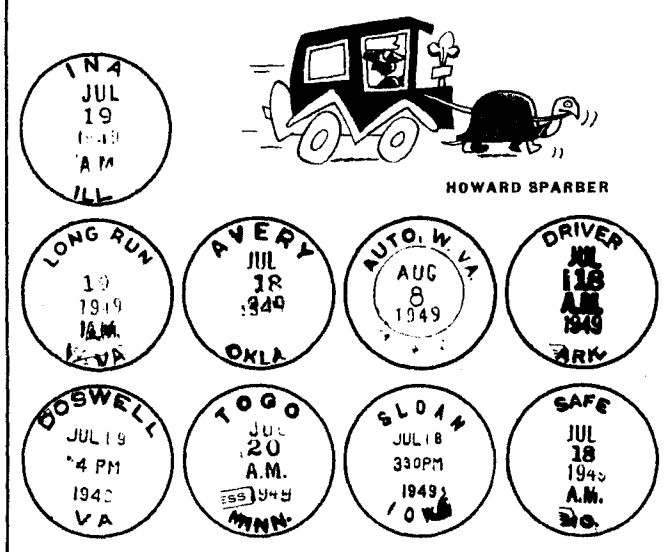
She backed across the room, one hand to her lips. She sobbed and began to cry, but the sound that came was like twisted laughter. She turned and stumbled into the dressing room.

When she came out, Eric was standing exactly where she had left him.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Home to Tom, and I'm not coming back."

Picture Postmarks



FROM RALPH PEMBROOK, BIG LAKE, TEXAS

"If you walk out that door like this, you're walking out of everything! There won't be a place that'll touch you."

"So it's breaking my heart, you think?"

"Don't talk like a tramp. If you—Stop!" he shouted.

"Get out of the way! Don't touch me, either!"

"But you can't go!" His words turned frantic and awkward, and suddenly his face seemed bony and gray. "I don't want you to go," he protested blankly. "You don't understand. I love you."

"I'm glad you didn't tell me that last week," she said. "It certainly would have made a mess of things." She reached for the door.

"I hate you," Eric whispered. Then he shouted it: "I hate you!"

She ran. The taxi driver peered at her curiously. She wasn't sure whether she was crying or laughing. She didn't care.

THEN the cab was gone, and she was pounding at the door of her apartment. "Oh, you're earlier than—" Tom began. "Joan!" She rushed into his arms, as if to lose him now would be to die. "What is it, what is it?" he asked.

"I hate Eric. I hate him," she sobbed. "He wouldn't stop shouting. He said time was broken, but it's not! He said you were dead, but you're not, you're not!"

"Joan," he said in a low voice. He pulled her chin up and searched her eyes. She felt her lips grow limp and useless. "Grant told you, didn't he?" Tom whispered. Joan began to cry quietly. Tom picked her up and carried her to the couch. She lay there while he held her. She began to get hold of herself. The radio was on. The unhurried voice of the announcer entered the room: "Every hour on the hour, The New York Times brings you the latest news bulletins . . ."

The elevator door opened, then slid shut. Footsteps went along the corridor, a key rattled lightly, an apartment door closed. Joan drew a breath of relief. Someone had come home again. A radio played. Life had the reasonableness that life should have.

She lay still, her eyes closed. "It's just like broken glass," she whispered. "Just like a whole land of broken glass."

"What is?" Tom asked.

"Eric's world, the way he lives," she said. "Everything is jagged and sharp and full of edges. Nothing is worn and soft. A door closing, somebody coming home—that's worn and soft, somehow."

"I know, I know," Tom said.

She wasn't sure that he did, entirely, but she wanted to get it clear in her own mind, now and for as long as she lived. "Broken glass shines and sparkles, but you can't lie down and rest on it. It keeps jabbing at you, making you move." She turned and lay with her head in his lap, looking up to his face and frowning slightly. "Eric's whole life is like that surrealistic pose this afternoon. Dead leaves and a broken hourglass and a sort of bright desolation. Tom," she asked, "what makes him like that?"

"I don't know," Tom said. "Maybe the job of just normal living and going home and paying bills frightens him, so he builds a little stage of his own and makes his own rules to go with it, then he walks around on it and people clap and—"

"Tom, I'm like that," she interrupted in a low voice. "I'm afraid of just going home and being a wife and having children and being just what I am. I'm afraid because I'm not smart or clever or any of those things. I'm just a face and a figure and a fancy smile." They both laughed for a moment. "But it isn't funny," she protested. "You don't know, because things don't scare you."

"Don't they?" His eyes were dark and grave. "I was the guy who never learned to dance at dancing school, and always dropped the sandwiches on somebody's dress at parties, and my hair wouldn't stay combed, and a hundred things like that. Then you married me and it was like a dream. But all the time I knew you'd wake up someday. You'd wake up and really see me and go away. I was so afraid of it that it was real, long before it happened."

"Oh, Tom," she whispered, touching his chin. "You never dropped a single sandwich on me. But I wish you had!" With a feeling of almost fierce tenderness, she drew his head down to hers. She kissed him and tangled his hair, and suddenly she grew very still. "But we're not afraid of those things any more, are we?" she said quickly.

"No," he said. And then, as if he knew what she was thinking, he added, "We're not afraid of anything. Not Monday or ever."

"Not Monday or ever or ever," she repeated breathlessly. "Tom, kiss me now." It was late, so late, she was thinking. But not too late. And it was always late in love.

She moved her hand across his cheek, feeling it as if it were new. She was thinking of the things she'd thought last night, when she'd looked at him through the window at Bennersville. But now there was a new and simple clarity to her thoughts. This was her husband, not a stranger. He played the piano with three fingers, he dropped sandwiches, he couldn't find the cheese, he sold cloth for a living. He was just a man, and as such he was the sum and treasure of all the things she loved.

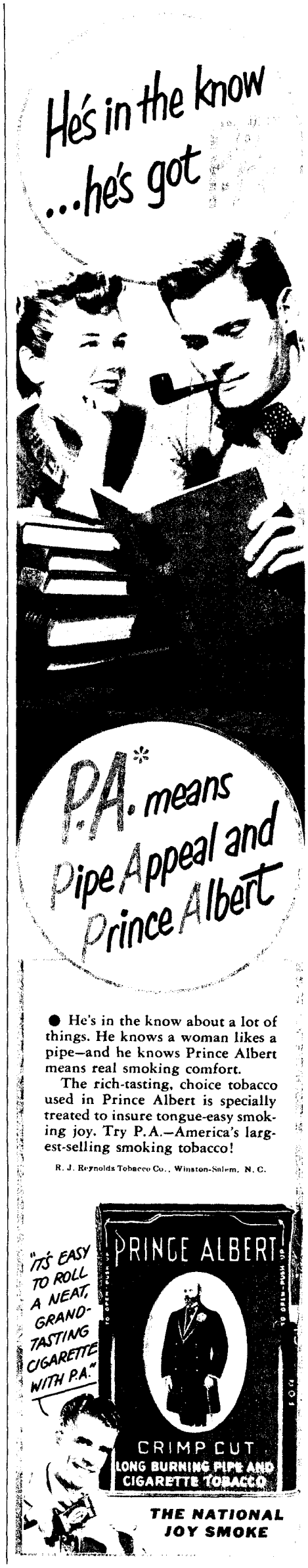
Then she remembered what he'd said, that night on the station platform in Bennersville: "Someday we'll meet again." She pulled his head down closer and whispered in his ear, "Hello."

"Hello, again," and he smiled, as if he knew exactly what she'd been thinking.

WHEN she opened her eyes the next morning, the place beside her was empty. Tom had already gone to the hospital. She lay there for a long time, looking at the ceiling. This was the hour she had dreaded, yet it held no terror now. It was just an interval; a quiet and somewhat lonely pause, and that was all.

She got up and dressed slowly. At the door she looked back. She was forgetting nothing; there was nothing she wanted here. Grant knew where to call her. She closed the door. She took a cab to the station, and a train to Bennersville. And there, where she wanted to be, she waited for Tom to come home.

THE END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...he's got
P.A.* means
Pipe Appeal and
Prince Albert
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The rich-tasting, choice tobacco used in Prince Albert is specially treated to insure tongue-easy smoking joy. Try P.A.—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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Mr. Welfare State Himself

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Fellowship of Freedom in Medicine, an organization of British doctors opposed to the National Health Service, snapped back by denouncing the American visitor's statement as U.S. Administration propaganda for its own health program.

A year earlier Ewing got a lot of adverse publicity when he spoke in Richmond, Virginia, before the National Urban League, a nonpartisan and interracial group, meeting for the first time in a Southern city. With election close at hand, he startled his audience by saying, "Any Negro who votes for any other candidate than Truman is betraying his race." The league's executive director, Lester B. Granger, formally wrote Ewing: "I cannot allow this occasion to pass without deploring the impropriety and misuse of your invitation."

Yet nobody can accuse Ewing of lacking sympathy for the Negro cause. In 1948 he used highhanded methods to put medical interns of Howard University, the FSA-run Negro institution, into Washington's Gallinger Hospital. He had no authority whatever over the hospital, which comes under the Board of District Commissioners, but he found a way to put the heat on, and Gallinger became the first hospital south of the Mason and Dixon's line to have Negroes on its staff.

Despite his blunt ways and seemingly one-track mind, Ewing is a much more complex, hard-to-figure character than is generally believed. When he first became FSA chief, he was asked about his early life.

"It sounds so trite," Ewing told the reporters. "The rags-to-riches theme."

Traces Ancestry Far Back

Actually, although Ewing is a genuine example of the Horatio Alger tradition, there are few rags in his life. He was born March 8, 1889, in Greensburg, Indiana, of Scotch ancestry. His father's family came to the United States in 1695, nearly a century before the Revolution, And Ewing himself was a third-generation member of the town aristocracy, with an ancestral homestead called "Ewington." Jack and his older sister Ethel were the only children. Although christened Oscar Ross for a maternal cousin, Ewing was always called "Jack" after his paternal uncle, Andrew Jackson Ewing.

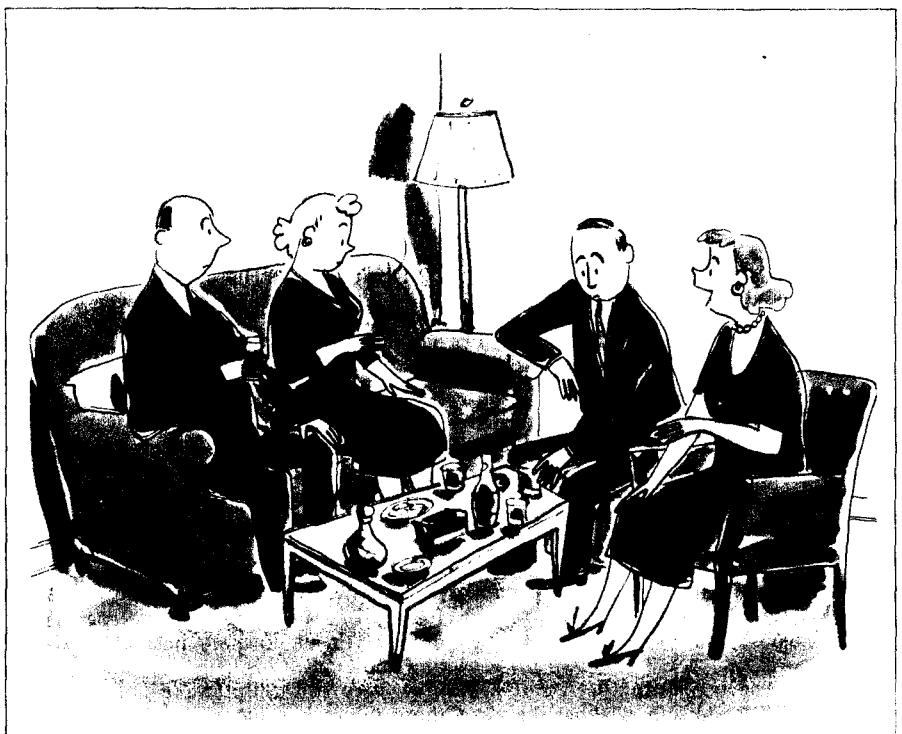
As far back as he can remember, Ewing wanted to be a lawyer. "My Uncle Jim was a judge in our town," he recalls, "and I thought he was just about the best man in the country. My dad ran a store in Greensburg and we lived on a farm, but I was always hanging around the courthouse."

In 1904, Ewing went to the World's Fair in St. Louis. But he spent only one day there, and the rest of the week at the Democratic National Convention. When he returned to Greensburg with tales of the great party leaders in action, the fifteen-year-old boy was elected secretary of the Decatur County Democratic Committee, a pretty exalted office for a lad still six years short of voting age.

In 1906 he enrolled at Indiana University, where he sold magazines, books and aluminum ware, and did newspaper work to pay his expenses. Despite all these jobs, he found time to be president of both his junior and senior classes, and to make a close friend of a frat brother named Wendell Willkie. On graduation in 1910, he went to Harvard Law School, and again paid his way by selling magazines, waiting on table and tutoring. His scholastic record was brilliant, and he became an editor of the Harvard Law Review.

For a year he occupied a teaching post at Iowa Law School, then in 1914 he joined an Indianapolis law firm. Toward the end of 1915 the young lawyer married Helen Dennis, daughter of the late Samuel S. Dennis, director of several railroads and financial houses. Soon after his marriage, he became assistant to the counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad in St. Louis, with a salary of $3,600 a year—good pay in those days for a man of twenty-eight. Still, Ewing felt vaguely dissatisfied and repeatedly told friends he would like to get into some sort of social service work.

There is plenty of evidence in Ewing's early manhood to show a genuine feeling for the downtrodden, even if he did not cut loose from his career. In fact, while still a law clerk in Indianapolis, he served briefly as a voluntary probation officer. He did not handle more than half a dozen cases, but something in the work satisfied his inner needs.



COLLIER'S — "That reminds me of a story—I'll try to remember the ending as I go along" — KATE OSANN

"It made an indelible impression on me," he says. "We had a kid who'd stolen a bike. He came from a decent middle-class home—his father being a railroad conductor. Well, we straightened that boy out easily. But then there was another who got into similar trouble. This one had buckteeth and adenoids. He came from a dirty home with a slovenly mother. The family had nothing. There's not much you can do with a case like that. I became convinced there had to be certain minimum standards of living in America."

Ewing left his railroad job at the beginning of 1918 to join the Army as an Air Corps lieutenant. Because of his legal background he was made a contracting officer for airplanes.

When he was demobilized as a captain in 1919, a letter of introduction from his in-laws to one of the partners of the eminent law firm of Hughes, Rounds, Schurman and Dwight secured Ewing a place there. Hard work and well-realized opportunities made this a steppingstone to success.

When the young veteran first joined the Hughes firm, he suffered severely from stage fright about appearing in court cases. One day in federal court, as he was struggling with a witness, the judge leaned over and interrupted:

"Sit down, young man. Let one of your co-counsel handle the questioning."

Ewing's memory of his embarrassment lingered for years. Fortunately for him, he was transferred back to office work, which is where the big money is often made in law business. And there he became a top specialist on corporations and estates.

When Charles Evans Hughes went to Washington as Secretary of State in 1921, Ewing became a partner. Four years later he was able to build himself a $50,000 home at Fieldston, a New York suburb, where he is still a neighbor of Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., a Harvard classmate. There the Ewings entertained formally and frequently, and there he used to play vigorous golf, using a red ball in winter rather than lay off on account of snow.

His two sons, Jim and George, born in 1917 and 1921, were his regular companions at baseball and hockey games. Meanwhile Ewing's prosperous law practice kept him intermittently on the road—not only throughout the United States, but occasionally in Europe.

Speaking of this period, Ewing comments: "I knew I couldn't mix politics and my sort of law practice. I made up my mind I had to get myself in financial condition. To have any fun in politics, you've got to be able to tell anybody to go to hell!"

But at what point does a man achieve independence? Ewing was handling a group of top-notch corporate clients, including several railroads and insurance companies. He was drawing large fees from them during the 1930s, adding to an already substantial bank account. Yet he could not quite make up his mind to quit the law and enter public service.

It was a generous impulse that finally pulled him into active politics. Paul McNutt, a fraternity brother at Indiana University, was panting to run for the Presidency in 1940 if Roosevelt did not choose. Ewing and Wendell Willkie, another Hoosier-born college mate, formed and financed the original "Boost McNutt" movement. The two promoters were going strong when the late Raymond Clapper charged in his newspaper column that Willkie, then president of Commonwealth & Southern, represented a plot of the utilities companies to capture the Presidency. Willkie promptly withdrew from the McNutt drive, feeling that his support might hurt his friend.

But Ewing, with the dust of political combat in his Hoosier nostrils, was in politics to stay. When the Democratic convention at Chicago named its Roosevelt-Wallace ticket, Ewing didn't wait for an invitation to hop the band wagon. He dropped $1,000 into the campaign chest, got an introduction to Roosevelt, and became assistant to National Chairman Ed Flynn, working out of campaign headquarters at the Hotel Biltmore in New York.

The 1940 campaign gained Ewing one friendship, but lost him another. On July 28th, Willkie wired him: "Dear Jack: Since McNutt was not nominated, I cannot believe you are for a third term. Why don't you wire me endorsing my candidacy?"

A Difficult Letter to Write

Ewing answered by letter: "Dear Wen: Devoted as I am to you personally, I simply cannot vote the Republican ticket. I have been torn between my loyalty to you and a profound belief that a victory for the Republican party would be unfortunate for the country. If, however, such a victory should come, then I shall pray that your ability, courage and good sense can spare the country from the results I fear may follow."

When the campaign was over, Willkie met Ewing in Washington and declined to shake his hand.

The new friendship with F.D.R., however, paid good dividends. One day in October, 1940, at the Biltmore, Ewing had a visit from Senator Truman of Missouri, the Pendergast candidate who had just won a squeaky 8,300-vote primary victory over ex-Governor Lloyd Stark. Truman complained that Stark was out making anti-Pendergast speeches under the auspices of the National Committee. Ewing fixed that in a hurry.

"I just told the boys to take Stark's name off the speakers' list," he explained later. "He didn't make any more campaign appearances."

In March, 1942, political writers were surprised at the appointment of Ewing, a corporation lawyer and minor politico, to prosecute the Justice Department's sedition case in Indianapolis against William Dudley Pelley, the Silver Shirt leader. The reason generally accepted was that the Democrats wanted to boost Ewing as a candidate for the New York State governorship.

This was partly true. But Ewing, who didn't get overseas in World War I, also saw in the appointment a patriotic opportunity. Moreover, it was a chance to overcome his old inhibition about courtroom cases. So he trained hard for the ordeal. He cut out smoking and drinking, went on a regimen of rest and exercise. Pelley got 15 years, and Ewing laid an old ghost.

During the war, Ewing became a White House intimate, traveling as a political trouble shooter for Roosevelt. Ewing urged F.D.R. to select "a small group to act as political advisers—a sort of political steering committee."

Roosevelt's death shook Ewing to unexpected depths of emotion and alarm. The two men had become good friends. Ewing liked riding a winner. Roosevelt had been a symbol of Democratic victory, a great dramatizer of the party's appeal to farmers, workers, minorities and the leftish intelligentsia.

"After Roosevelt's death," Ewing told us, "it became absolutely essential that these conditions be re-created vis-à-vis Harry Truman. There were some wobbles at first, but—"

These "wobbles" were inner party leanings toward conservatism by men near the new President—Secretary of State Byrnes, Secretary of the Treasury Vinson, Secretary of Agriculture Wickard and John Snyder, Vinson's successor. Democratic losses in the election of 1946 confirmed Ewing's worst fears. It was then he conceived the audacious plan of a subsurface brain trust.

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In the Meantime I'm Only Kidding

I've a big red pencil
And a Little Black Book
And I've written down a list
In a fist that fairly shook:
The painters we paid
(Who didn't come);
The plumbers we bribed
(Who wouldn't plumb);
The clerks who sneered;
The tradesmen who jeered;
Repairmen who rooked us
Something weird;
The cleaners who had us
Much too skeered
To mention those suits
That disappeared;
And all who flaunted their shoddy work
With, "Wanna make something of it, jerk?"

In that dreamed-of dawn
When they sound the last alert
There's a couple of babies
I want to reconvert!

—ETHEL JACOBSON

The meetings at the Wardman Park are exceedingly well-planned discussions. Ewing picks a subject for each get-together and assigns one member to bone up on the details. Outside experts are occasionally invited, but the regular membership remains small and tightly controlled by the host.

One result of the meetings, however, has been a strange case of ambivalence in Ewing, a love-hate complex toward the economic radicalism which his political liberalism seems to promote. To keep the Democrats on top and himself in a good spot, Ewing would do anything—up to a point. But the deep-down conservatism of his Greensburg and Wall Street backgrounds has occasionally resisted the brain trust's unorthodox economics, notably Keyserling's.

These mixed-up emotions caused some "wobbles" in Ewing himself as the Fair Deal began to roll faster than he quite intended. He told us:

"I feel very strongly that our whole economy is based on certain basic industries which require enormous capital. But the plan to put the government into the steel business was one thing I never personally agreed with."

Ewing may have some other misgivings, too. One of his brain trusters believes that Ewing is not altogether sold on the nationalization aspects of the health and education plans. "If anybody presented a better way than the compulsory health insurance bill, Jack would be for it. The same applies to federal aid to education. Jack's a guy who believes fundamentally in a balanced budget."

Still more revealing is the comment of a Ewing associate in FSA: "I sometimes wonder how solid Ewing is on civil rights. I know he sounds off a lot about them, but that could be his means to an end—the end being his political career."

Has Ewing, like Dr. Frankenstein, created a monster which he can no longer control? The composition of his group reveals why Congress always suspects a brain truster. None of the original members held his federal post by virtue of election. Ewing had no government status at all at the time. All the members, except Ewing, were red-hot ideologists. Yet none except Schwellenbach had ever taken his ideas to the people as a candidate for office.

During the campaign of 1948 some of the Ewing group were fainthearted about Candidate Truman's chances—but not Ewing. One of his brain trusters asserts: "Jack was the one man I knew who, all along, had complete faith and confidence that Truman would win."

Ewing had a big stake in the victory. He wanted to rule, not just reign, over the far-flung provinces of FSA. He was openly bidding for the chance to become Secretary of Welfare. Mr. Truman's victory promised to make this certain. On June 20, 1949, Congress enacted Public Law 109, the Omnibus Reorganization bill, based on the Hoover Commission report. This permitted Mr. Truman, among other things, to turn FSA into the Welfare Department, subject only to a veto by one House of Congress.

A stop-Ewing movement soon took shape in Senate Resolution 147, forbidding the plan. That it aimed at Ewing personally became plain when Senator Estes Kefauver (Dem., Tenn.) argued in debate:

"If John Jones, whom nobody knew, were thought to be the one who would be appointed Administrator of the Welfare Department, the opposition to the reorganization plan would vanish."

Senate Corridor Discussions

But the senators, after two years of Ewing, had pretty well made up their minds. The cases of Parran, Studebaker, Norton and the cook were dug up. Ewing's place in popular parlance, as "Harry Hopkins' successor," and his known zeal to be governor of New York were discussed in the corridors.

Even so, Ewing might have had a chance if he hadn't decided to conduct a running fight with the American Medical Association on the compulsory insurance plan.

Out of the blue came well over 2,000 telegrams and letters to warn the Senate that Ewing was a one-man vanguard of socialized medicine and the totalitarian welfare state.

"This man," cried Senator Humphrey for the defense, "has been the victim of vicious propaganda all across the country!"

Nevertheless, Ewing enjoys the job just as it is now. He knows that FSA is the biggest, potentially the most political and most widespread federal agency in the nation.

"Thrilling!" is his word for his experience there. "I don't know any place where a man can do more good for his fellow men." And on another occasion he said: "This agency, more than any other in the federal government, deals with human values. The degree to which we can give all citizens equal access to the basic human needs is the measure of practical democracy."

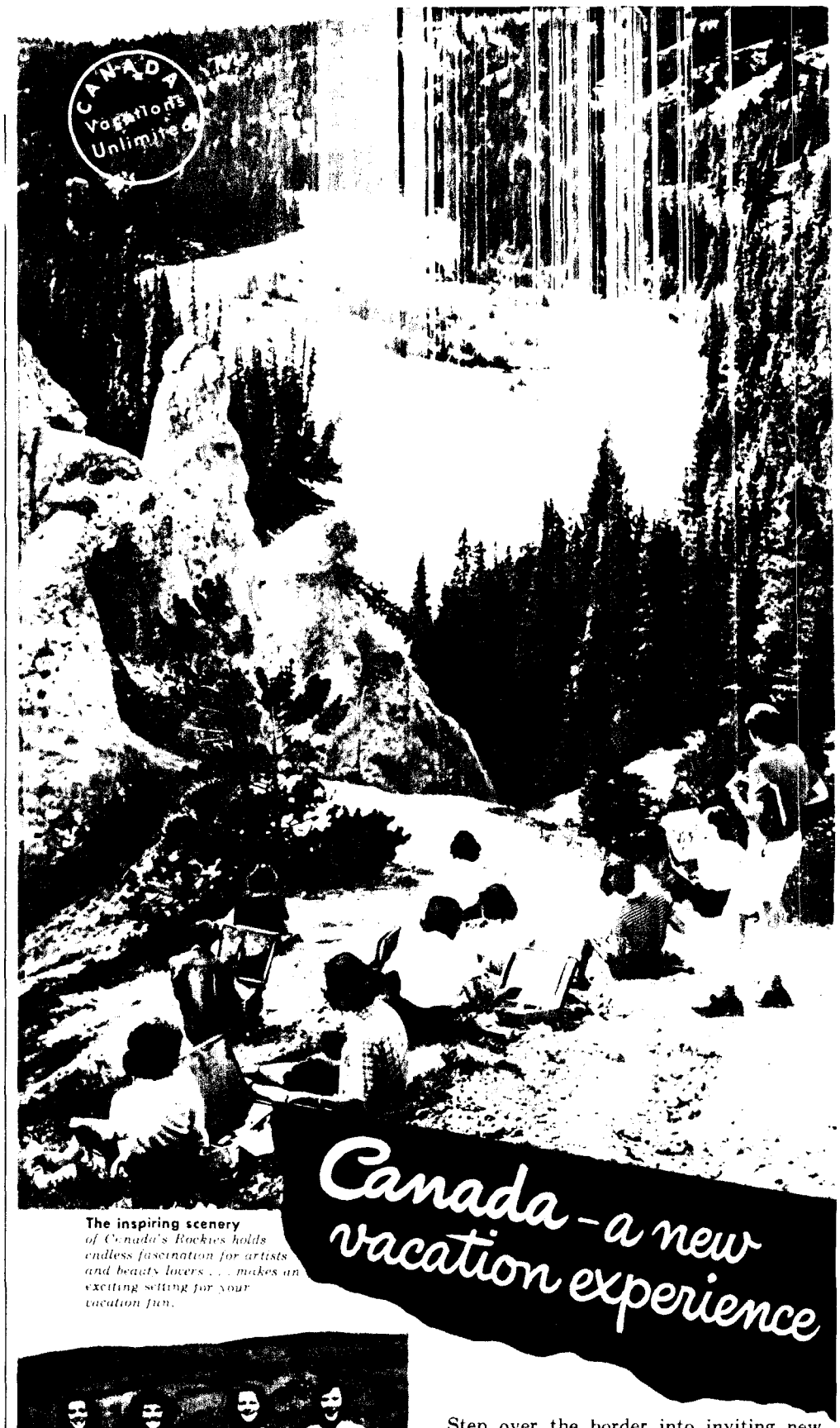
Clark Clifford, himself no tyro on the allied subjects of brain trusting and politics, sums up Ewing: "I think Jack believes he's heading a crusade. Well, you don't do that sitting on your tail. You get on a white horse."

Crusaders like to mount white horses—but so do dictators. When Ewing gets to riding high around Washington, he goes by both names. It all depends who's talking about him. THE END

Next Week

The Color Photos of the Year

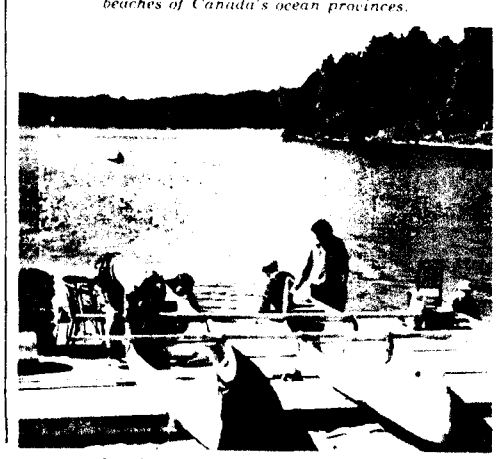
OUT OF THIS WORLD: A JOURNEY TO LHASA
By Lowell Thomas with Lowell Thomas, Jr.



The inspiring scenery *of Canada's Rockies holds endless fascination for artists and beauty lovers . . . makes an exciting setting for your vacation fun.*

Canada—a new vacation experience

Play all day, *while you tan to a golden brown! Choose a sparkling lake, or the safe, sweeping beaches of Canada's ocean provinces.*



Load up *and paddle off into lake and woodland sanctuaries, where Nature smiles her loveliest and fish come "trophy" size. Here all outdoors calls you to a take-it-easy vacation.*

Step over the border into inviting new vacation country. Make this *your* year to explore Canada's lake-and-forest playcountry . . . to recapture the colour of the past in storied cities . . . to cruise scenic coasts and mighty waterways . . . to settle down at some inviting resort or summer colony for golden days of swimming, sunning, riding and golf. Start planning now. Write for information, or use the coupon below.

7 VACATION POINTERS—ALL POINTING TO CANADA IN 1950

1. New, interesting—"foreign" atmosphere. **2.** A million square miles of scenic playground. **3.** Friendly cities, hospitable people. **4.** Friends and relatives waiting to welcome you. **5.** Lots to do—sports, recreation, sightseeing. **6.** Near—easy to get to—no border "red tape". **7.** Your vacation dollar buys more, goes further.

NO PASSPORT NEEDED

Canadian Government Travel Bureau
Ottawa, Canada D. Lee Dolan, Director

Please send me your illustrated book, "CANADA, VACATIONS UNLIMITED"

Name ..... (PLEASE PRINT)
Street and No. .....
Town ..... State .....
011055037

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The Very Remarkable Amish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Church, founded in the sixteenth century by Menno Simons, a former Roman Catholic priest in the Netherlands.

Menno's followers spread over central Europe. In the waning years of the seventeenth century, some members chose to follow Jacob Amman, a Swiss churchman who insisted upon strict Biblical interpretation of the *Meidung,* the practice of shunning a member who has sinned or deviated from church law. Jacob's followers called themselves the Amish (pronounced *Ah*-mish), and their beliefs are still followed.

One "Shunning" That Failed

Generally followed, that is. An Amishman recently told me about a fellow church member who had had the *Meidung,* or (as it's now spelled) "miteing" imposed upon him. Because he took a few too many drinks and was heard cursing blasphemously in public, his family was forbidden to speak to him, and his wife was adjured to abstain from all domestic relations. But to the consternation of the church fathers, the wife later bore a child while the husband was still "mited."

The first Amish immigrants were named Yoder, Zug (later Zook, Zuck), Lap (Lapp), Koenig (King), Beiler, Glick, Fischer, Blank, Esh, Kauffman, Schmucker (Smoker), Peterscheim and Stoltzfus. Because the Amish seldom marry outside their faith, the names haven't changed much since then. On a three-mile stretch of back road between the hamlets of Bareville and Intercourse, I counted 22 mailboxes, of which there were two Zooks, five Stoltzfuses, eight Kings, a Petersheim and an Esh; the three non-Amish names were Winer, Piersol and Redcay.

Last year, according to Arthur P. Mylin, county superintendent of schools, the tiny one-room Maxwell Hill School, in Caernarvon Township, reported 25 children named Stoltzfus out of an enrollment of 35. It's not uncommon to see a Lancaster newspaper carrying wedding announcements such as "Stoltzfus-Stoltzfus," or "Lapp-Lapp." There are three John S. Kings living on the same R.F.D. route.

"Yes, sometimes the mail gets mixed up," an Amish lady said. "But we don't have nearly as much trouble as some Mennonites —about 75 per cent of them are named either Weaver or Martin. Some are named Martin Weaver or Weaver Martin, so they have to put initials *after* their name, like Martin Weaver, G.S.—stands for George's son."

To add to the mix-up, some Lancaster citizens confuse the Amish and Mennonites and regard them as one sect.

To forestall mix-ups, Amishmen sometimes adopt nicknames. One is known as "Black Jake Stoltzfus' White Amos." Another signs himself "Two Mile Down From White Horse Henner Yoder."

Such names have been used as signatures on bills, legal agreements and other documents. A notion persists that their religion forbids the Amish to sign a contract, borrow money or engage in a lawsuit. It's nonsense; state law, which requires the signature of both parties, contains no Amish exemption clause.

As a rule, the Amish assist neighbors who are in difficulties. If a man's barn burns down, the community holds a "frolic": as many as two hundred people turn up on the farm in the morning, and by nightfall a new barn has been raised. Similarly, if an Amishman can't afford medical or hospital bills, he needn't accept state or county charity; a church patriarch takes up a collection for him. But many Amish borrow money from one another to buy more land, new equipment, or to set up their children; or they go to banks and other agencies.

In lawsuits and legal actions, the Amishman is at the mercy of his church laws. This complicates the life of Samuel Wenger, a young attorney who belongs to the Mennonite Church and is therefore regarded by the Amish as trustworthy: "We can't see a lawyer," one once told Wenger, "but we can see you."

"The Amish won't use legal process to collect a debt," Wenger says. "If the person they're claiming against won't pay up, they'll take their loss."

If an Amishman is sued, he can't file a written answer, but he can go to testify. If an ejectment action, requiring an answer, is filed against him, he's sunk. There are so many restrictions that whenever an Amishman sees Wenger, Wenger in turn sees the man's bishop, so he can proceed without getting the man in trouble with the church.

For all their restrictions, these simple, gentle people sometimes go astray. But no county official can remember an Amish murder. The brutal Redcay hammer slaying, which in national headlines was dubbed "the Amish murder case," actually involved members of another sect.

Squire Harry B. Slack, a justice of the peace in Intercourse who says he's been on the job "only 21 years," does recall several suicides, usually hangings, but in just about every case attributes them to mental derangement. So do medical authorities.

As a group, members of the sect have long had a reputation for high native intelligence. In any case, some Amishmen have shown no lack of ingenuity in availing themselves of modern conveniences and following practices banned by the church. Here are a few of their many taboos and the ways in which they've been circumvented:

The telephone. Some Amishmen who ran a cheese plant needed a phone for business, but Amish law forbids installation inside their buildings. So, they had the company put one in a public booth, near enough to the office so that its ringing could be heard.

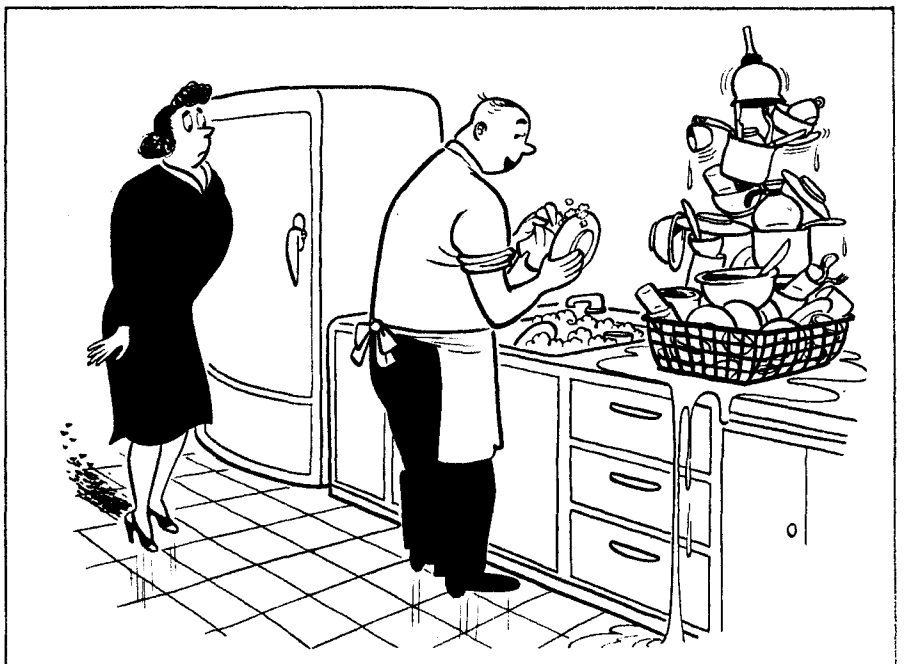
Electricity. The Amish will hire an "outsider" maid or handy man, who will live in their house. There is no church law that says an outsider can't use electricity—nor one that says an Amishman can't read by incandescent light if it happens to be there. Some Lancastrians believe that any Amishman buying a modern farm will have the electricity and telephone lines ripped out. Realtors say this is wrong; the canny Amishman wouldn't want to depreciate the value of his property.

The automobile. Some families encourage a son to join a non-Amish sect that permits autos. Then the boy buys a car and acts as chauffeur for the family. Last year, 23 Amishmen testified in behalf of taxi owners seeking franchises in Amish country; they said they needed taxis because it was no longer safe to drive a horse and wagon on main roads.

The tractor. One Amishman defiantly bought a tractor for his farm—but, whenever he expected a call from a minister or a strict neighbor, he hitched a horse to it.

Drinking. Not much subterfuge is practiced here; the Amish simply walk into bars, preferably those removed from home, and drink like anybody else; or they buy whisky in the state stores and hide it in the corncrib or woodshed. Moreover, they're known for their great capacity.

Forry Medlar, bartender in a Lancaster saloon, likes to tell this story: "One afternoon a couple of local sharpies brought an Amishman in here—they thought they'd make a fool of him. He stood there, cheerful as you please, and they kept buying him drinks and he kept up with them. An hour later they left—they'd spent all their money and were half shot. The Amishman hadn't spent a cent, and you wouldn't of known he had a drop."



"I'm letting them drain. It's more sanitary than drying"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

During the war, most Amish boys were classified as conscientious objectors. Only three or four went into the armed forces over parental objections. But two years ago, two Amish teen-agers hitchhiked to Lancaster, got city haircuts, and presented themselves for enlistment in the Army. They said they were tired of farming.

How to keep kids on the farm is one of the main problems confronting the Amish. They oppose education principally because it tends to take children away. In 1937, when the PWA granted funds in East Lampeter for a consolidated school, the Amish protested to then Governor George Earle and to federal authorities in Washington. The school was built despite their protests; and as though in retaliation, the Amish themselves opened three parochial grade schools. Few Amish students stay in school beyond the eighth grade; if they reach it before they're of legal quitting age, they simply repeat the last year.

Another thing that worries the Amish is the fact that, after more than 200 years, Lancastrians suddenly have become aware of the sect as a commercial property that can be exploited for the tourist trade. Outsiders seem intensely interested in these bearded, flat-hatted men and their plump pleasant-looking wives; and tourists are pouring their interest, in the form of hundreds of thousands of dollars of business yearly, into the pockets of astute Lancaster merchants. It's now impossible to enter any store, depot or restaurant in the county that doesn't offer a formidable line of "Amish" items.

"It started to grow as a souvenir line around 1939," says Arthur G. Steinfeldt, who runs a newsstand and novelty shop on the city's main drag. "At first it was just Amish dolls, post cards, letter openers. Now it's *everything.*"

Steinfeldt's window offers patterns for home craftwork, miniature furniture, locally made records featuring allegedly Amish dialogues, ash trays shaped like tiny apple-butter pots and coal hoppers, brightly decorated flatirons and trivets, and other knickknacks. Even the food has been "Amish-flavored": the restaurant in the village's bus depot offers six regular "Amish" specialties.

Not many of the items are authentically Amish: almost none of them would be found in the severe, undecorated Amish homes, which seldom contain even upholstered furniture. This doesn't disturb the salesmen. Richard Royer, who is not Amish but who makes and sells around 10,000 Amish dolls each year, says frankly he's found that if he dresses them in authentic costumes, the public won't buy them: "They say they don't look Amish."

An Amish child wouldn't be allowed to own one of Royer's dolls; she would be given, instead, the traditional rag doll made of scraps.

The merchants don't advertise their wares as Amish, exactly; they call them Pennsylvania Dutch, trusting that outsiders don't know the difference, as indeed most of them don't. This is good for business, but bad for a folklore expert like Dr. Alfred Shoemaker, of the local Franklin & Marshall College, who spends a large part of his time explaining that not all Pennsylvania Dutch are Amish and not all Amish are Pennsylvania Dutch. (There are also Amish colonies in Ohio, Illinois, Maryland, Iowa and other states.)

More Engage in Industry

What mainly worries the Amish about the newly developed Amish Industry is the fact that many of their own people, not averse to turning a worldly buck, are capitalizing on self-exploitation. At least two Amish families are serving meals in their homes to tourists. Several have given up their farms and are making gaily decorated "Amish" chairs and cabinets (one man makes 1,000 a year; he uses power machinery, but it's run by gasoline instead of electricity). Many Amish housewives are busy making flowered hooked rugs, doilies, pillow tops and other beautifully sewn articles. Some of them are even hand-painting dishes and trays.

Amish church fathers feel that the exploitation may lead to a gradual breakdown of the sect. They point with alarm to Amish who are moving into nonagrarian occupations: shoe repairman, cheese maker, cabinetmaker, restaurateur, and mechanic. They're seriously concerned about the number of families who are installing electricity, buying cars, and allowing their children to go a-courting with "gay" outsiders.

Still, most of them are facing the future with the serene, deep-rooted philosophy that always has characterized them. They trust in the Lord; they know that He will help them remain His good servants.

"You know," one old Amish gentleman remarked to me, "we don't lose many of our children—I would say, as a general figure, we keep about four fifths with us in the church."

"But what about the ones who leave?" I asked. "How do you feel about them?"

The old man stroked his beard. "The way I feel about them," he said, "is that they're like you and me—they're not perfect either." THE END

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VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS "GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY APPRECIATION" CONTEST

$62,500.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

Established 50 Years

This great American organization has extended a kind, charitable and helping hand to war veterans in every State of the Union . . . to foreign lands . . . wherever a veteran needs and is entitled to benefits from the Government.

Here are a few of the major prize winners in the first V.F.W. Contest:—$55,985.00 in cash and 3 Chevrolet Sedans were paid in prizes to the fortunate contestants!

$20,000.00 Class A Prize Winner, Mr. E. R. Musselman, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. Mr. Musselman wrote, "Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the $20,000.-00 check I received in the morning mail. One who enters such a contest knows his contribution will go to aid veterans who sacrificed so much so that our nation might remain free."

$10,000.00 Class B, and $5,000.00 Jack Pot Winner, Joel Schecter, Brooklyn 19, N. Y. Mr. Schecter wrote, "I have just received the wonderful news of my good fortune with the two checks for $15,000.00 . . . your organization will always find a warm spot in my heart for it . . ."

MR. SCHECTER ALSO WAS AWARDED A NEW CHEVROLET FOR PROMPTNESS.

$2,500.00 Class C Prize Winner, Mrs. Florence M. Cunningham, New York City. Mrs. Cunningham wrote, "I heartily endorse your very fine efforts to add revenue to the Rehabilitation Service activities of the V.F.W., and consider it a privilege and a pleasure to be able to contribute in my small way to such a worthy cause."

R. B. HANDY, JR., Quartermaster General, Veterans of Foreign Wars

"Keeping always in mind its primary objective of 'honoring the dead by helping the living,' the Veterans of Foreign Wars brings this contest to the American people as a means of raising funds for the VFW Rehabilitation Service that will be used exclusively in the work of caring for our disabled comrades and their loved ones, and for the widows and orphans of those who gave their lives in the cause of freedom."

NO PUZZLES TO SOLVE! NO TIE-BREAKERS! DUPLICATE PRIZES IN EVENT OF TIES!

THIS NEW CONTEST IS SPONSORED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS REHABILITATION SERVICE

(Please Do Not Confuse With Any Other Fund-Raising Campaigns For Any Other Veterans Organization.)

"The entire nation owes an everlasting debt to its fighting men, especially to those who came home permanently disabled. We cannot afford to stand by while government agencies, alone, try to meet this obligation. The Veterans of Foreign Wars is doing its utmost to help these men, and the widows and orphans of those who gave their lives for us. We are sponsoring this fund-raising contest solely for the benefit of these men and their dependents, and we urge the American people to give us their support in this worthy cause."

CLYDE A. LEWIS, Commander-in-Chief, Veterans of Foreign Wars

"In dedicating this contest, and its proceeds, to the welfare of our disabled veterans, their families, and to the widows and orphans of those who died, the Veterans of Foreign Wars is voicing its gratitude to them, and its deep appreciation of what they did. In battle, their service knew no bounds. Now, in peace, they deserve the best that we can offer. Through the VFW Rehabilitation Service the net proceeds from this contest will be for them."

H. N. HENSLEY, Adjutant General, Veterans of Foreign Wars

AND a NEW 1950 CHEVROLET 4-DOOR SEDAN

GIVEN AS AN EXTRA PRIZE FOR PROMPTNESS!

(SEE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK)

FOR FUN AND FORTUNE!

Play this simple, fascinating CONTEST game of "FAMOUS AMERICAN PORTRAITS"

WHICH "FAMOUS AMERICAN" AM I?

Youthful surveyor, commander-in-chief,
He led his army with scant relief.
With victory won, his mission through,
He has since been followed by thirty-two.

Once you have identified the "Famous American" described in the jingle above, then complete the following 2-line jingle, filling in the first two spaces with the name of the "Famous American."

_____ was this _____,
(Name of "Famous American") (Fill in 3 words or less)

_____
(Write a line, the last word of which rhymes with the completed first line.)

HERE ARE HELPFUL HINTS for writing your own 2-line jingle:

John Doe was this man of state,
His place is eternal with our nation's great.
OR
John Doe was this great man's name
Who lives forever in our Hall of Fame.

YOU CAN ENTER FOR ANY ONE, TWO OR THREE CLASSES OF PRIZES, AND ENTER AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WANT,

All money to pay all prizes in this contest has been deposited in The First National Bank, Kansas City, Mo.

(SEE OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES BELOW)

CLASS A (100 PRIZES)		CLASS B (100 PRIZES)		CLASS C (100 PRIZES)	
1st PRIZE . .	$20,000.00	1st PRIZE . .	$10,000.00	1st PRIZE . .	$ 2,500.00
2nd PRIZE . .	3,000.00	2nd PRIZE . .	1,500.00	2nd PRIZE . .	500.00
3rd PRIZE . .	2,000.00	3rd PRIZE . .	1,000.00	3rd PRIZE . .	250.00
4th PRIZE . .	1,000.00	4th PRIZE . .	500.00	4th PRIZE . .	150.00
5th PRIZE . .	500.00	5th PRIZE . .	250.00	5th PRIZE . .	100.00
6th PRIZE . .	350.00	6th PRIZE . .	175.00	6th PRIZE . .	75.00
7th PRIZE . .	200.00	7th PRIZE . .	100.00	7th PRIZE . .	60.00
8th PRIZE . .	150.00	8th PRIZE . .	80.00	8th PRIZE . .	50.00
9th PRIZE . .	100.00	9th PRIZE . .	65.00	9th PRIZE . .	40.00
10th PRIZE .	75.00	10th PRIZE .	50.00	10th PRIZE .	30.00
90 PRIZES Each	50.00	90 PRIZES Each	25.00	90 PRIZES Each	10.00
	$31,875.00		$15,970.00		$4,655.00

—and $10,000.00 EXTRA IN CONSOLATION CASH PRIZES!

All those entering this contest, will be given an opportunity to enter a Consolation Contest paying an additional $10,000.00 in cash prizes. The Consolation Contest is similar in nature and jingle to this primary contest. You will be entitled to enter the Consolation Contest, without a donation, which will make you eligible for prizes totaling $1,500.00. If you make a donation of $2.00, in the Consolation Contest, you will be eligible for prizes totaling $2,500.00. If you make a donation of $5.00, in that Contest, you will be eligible for prizes totaling $6,000.00.

YOU, TOO, CAN WIN BIG MONEY AND AN AUTOMOBILE IN A HURRY

A PATRIOTIC CONTEST FOR PATRIOTIC CITIZENS

It's hard to believe, but it's absolutely true! You can win as much as $38,500.00 and a brand new, latest model Chevrolet 4-door sedan (or its equivalent in cash). Who is the "Famous American" described above? (Use contest entry blank.)

Just imagine what entering this contest can mean to you! You can win one or several of the hundreds of prizes being offered in this sensational contest, sponsored in behalf of a charitable cause close to the hearts of every American citizen.

What are your most cherished hopes? A new home? . . . Would you like to pay off the mortgage on the one you now live in? . . . Provide for the education of your children? . . . Travel? . . . Have more life insurance for the protection of your family? . . . New furniture for your home? . . . The latest home appliances for comfort and convenience? . . . Practically anything and everything that makes life enjoyable? . . . ALL OF THIS POSSIBLE IF YOU ENTER THIS CONTEST. DO IT NOW!

Your Contribution will Help Support the REHABILITATION SERVICE of the VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS.

Under the direction of the VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS NATIONAL REHABILITATION SERVICE, many thousands of claims of wounded, disabled and distressed veterans are handled annually.

VFW REHABILITATION SERVICE is staffed with medical, legal and claims experts who provide, free of charge, such technical advice and assistance as veterans and their families may require concerning disability pensions and compensations, hospitalization, burial allowances, government insurance, educational and vocational training and employment assistance.

Such claims are prosecuted by the VFW before the Veterans Administration WITHOUT COST TO THE INDIVIDUAL VETERAN, to secure for him or his family such benefits FROM THE GOVERNMENT to which he is entitled under the law.

The urgent needs of millions of veterans of World War II, added to those of veterans from former wars, needless to say, have placed a tremendous burden upon the financial resources of the VFW.

At a recent meeting of the VFW National Welfare Service Committee, Director George E. Ijams said, "The VFW NATIONAL REHABILITATION SERVICE made it possible for more than 156,000 veterans to obtain recognition for their claims for government benefits."

THIS WORK DESERVES YOUR HELP!

We sincerely hope that the net results of this contest will provide the additional funds needed to carry on this great REHABILITATION SERVICE WORK on a larger scale than ever before. In that spirit of service to the unfortunate, you are asked to ENTER THIS CONTEST!

THE National Headquarters of VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES, Kansas City 2, Mo., will be pleased to send information regarding the extent of its REHABILITATION SERVICE to anyone on request, without obligation.

© 1950 VFW USA of Kansas City, Mo.

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY—OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES AND ENTRY BLANK!

MAIL TO: Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States
"Famous American" Portrait Contest
Box 5037, Dept. B-14, Chicago 77, Illinois

1. $62,500 in cash, and a brand new CHEVROLET 4-DOOR SEDAN (or its equivalent in CASH, at winner's option) will be paid to the prize-winning contestants in this Contest. Cash prizes will be distributed as follows:

100 Class A cash prizes totaling $31,875.00
100 Class B cash prizes totaling $15,970.00
100 Class C cash prizes totaling $4,655.00
—and 27 CASH PRIZES totaling $10,000.00 in a special Consolation Contest.

2. This contest is open to any resident of the continental United States except national officers of VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS or employees of the NATIONAL ORGANIZATION of VFW, or its advertising agency or its contest judging company, or members of their families. *Anyone who has won $1,000.00 or more in cash or in kind in any previous contest sponsored by any organization or firm is also excluded.* Sworn statements that this rule has been observed will be required before any contestant is adjudged a winner. All entries must bear a permanent home address in the continental U. S. or, for members of the Armed Forces, an official A.P.O. or Fleet P.O. number.

3. Each contestant can send in as many entries as he or she desires. However, each entry must be accompanied by a contribution as specified in the Contest Entry Blank.

4. Entries will be judged on accuracy in identifying the "Famous American" in the contest, and on the originality and appropriateness of the required 2-line jingle about the "Famous American."

5. Any contestant who accepts help of any kind in writing the jingle or jingles from anyone (same family or household excepted) will be disqualified. Sworn statements that this rule has been observed will be required before any contestant is adjudged a winner.

6. All entries become the property of the VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES and will not be returned, nor at any time will any jingle submitted by any contestant be announced, quoted or published either before or after the close of this contest by the VFW.

7. All entries will be acknowledged and receipted for the amount of the contribution.

8. Soon after May 15, 1950, a list of all the winners of the 300 cash prizes, totaling $52,500.00, and of the promptness award winners, will be sent to all contestants, and with it, instructions for entering the Consolation Contest, totaling $10,000.00 in additional cash prizes.

9. All entries will be judged by the expert judges of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. (This company has a national reputation for fairness in judging contests and, in the opinion of VFW, is best qualified for this purpose.)

10. All cash, money orders or checks submitted will be considered as contributions, regardless of the amount, and the entry will be placed in the classification completely covered by the contributor.

11. VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES, their advertising agency and their judging company will not be responsible for lost or delayed communications or for clerical or mechanical errors, and each contestant, by the act of sending in the entries, agrees to be bound by the rules and instructions, and, in any event, by the decision of the VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES and/or its judging company.

12. Entries may be submitted on the Official Contest Entry Blank, or on a plain piece of paper, with contestant's name and address printed clearly.

THIS IS YOUR ENTRY BLANK PLEASE USE IT NOW

(The requirements stated in this Contest Entry Blank are a part of the Official Contest Rules)

Here is my entry in your "Famous American" Contest:

"_____ was this _____,"
(Name of "Famous American" decribed above) (Fill in 3 words or less)

_____."
(Write a line, the last word of which rhymes with the completed first line.)

With this entry, I enclose my contribution to your organization for the benefit of VFW Rehabilitation Fund as checked: (PLEASE CHECK CAREFULLY.)

( ) **I ENCLOSE $2** for consideration in CLASS C PRIZES, first prize of which is $2,500.00.
( ) **I ENCLOSE $5** for consideration in CLASS B PRIZES, first prize of which is $10,000.00.
( ) **I ENCLOSE $10** for consideration in CLASS A PRIZES, first prize of which is $20,000.00.
( ) **I ENCLOSE $7** for consideration in CLASSES B & C PRIZES, first prizes of which total $12,500.00.
( ) **I ENCLOSE $12** for consideration in CLASSES A & C PRIZES, first prizes of which total $22,500.00.
( ) **I ENCLOSE $15** for consideration in CLASSES A & B PRIZES, first prizes of which total $30,000.00.
( ) **I ENCLOSE $17** for consideration in CLASSES A, B & C PRIZES, first prizes of which total $32,500.00.

You are to acknowledge my entry and send me an official receipt of my contribution. I have read the terms of the contest and agree to abide by them and the judges' decisions.

_____
NAME (Your Signature)

_____
NAME (Print Plainly)

_____
ADDRESS (Print Plainly)

_____
CITY (Include Zone No.) (Print Plainly)

_____
STATE (Print Plainly)

IMPORTANT! If at all possible, contestant is urged to send contributions by CHECK OR MONEY ORDER, MADE PAYABLE TO VFW "FAMOUS AMERICAN" PORTRAIT CONTEST. IF YOU SEND CASH, WRAP IT INSIDE YOUR ENTRY BLANK.

● **All entries must be postmarked before MIDNIGHT, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1950. (Entries and contributions received after April 15, 1950 will be returned to senders.)**

● **Entries postmarked before MIDNIGHT, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1950, and received not later than February 27, 1950, will be judged for the PROMPTNESS PRIZE of a brand new, 4-Door Chevrolet Sedan (or its equivalent in cash at winner's option), IN ADDITION TO THE CASH PRIZES.**

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Kitty Cheever, Girl Pile Driver

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

isn't this being prosecuted as a criminal action by the people?"

"Why, Your Honor," Mr. Herkimer said, and it was suddenly evident to the judge that his redness of face derived from embarrassment rather than sunburn, "the property involved is *domestic* in character, and my client asks only that it be returned. She wants no damages or punishment inflicted upon defendant."

"I thought this was another divorce case," His Honor said. "Let me see the defendant."

"J. Ambrose Bryce to the bar," the clerk intoned.

A tall young man arose and walked forward. He looked like a defendant, honest, bewildered, distrait, and with his tie slightly askew. He said his legal residence was in the Territory of Hawaii, that he was an American citizen, and as innocent as an unborn babe.

HAVING had much experience with dishonest people who seemed honest, the judge eyed him severely. "Who is your counsel?" he said.

"I haven't got any," J. Ambrose Bryce replied.

"You are acting as your own counsel?" the court said.

"I guess you could call it that," Amby said.

Judge Fortescue gazed at the clerk. "Why hasn't defendant been assigned a man from the public defender's office? Is he penniless?"

"Penniless?" a handsome middle-aged lady beyond the railing repeated. "Why, he's a member of the Bryce family in Honolulu. They have millions."

"Who are you, madam?" the court said.

"I'm Mrs. Katharine Cheever," the woman said. "Kitty's mother. I'm supposed to be one of the articles that was stolen by the defendant. But it isn't true, Your Honor—I went of my own free will."

"Is that so?" His Honor said. He decided to put his glasses on, and did. "Uh—*just a minute.*"

"She was stolen, all right," Kitty said. "If she wasn't, why is it she never went off with anybody before? And let me ask you something else, Your Honor—do you think it's right for a girl's mother to take the side of her fiancé in a trifling quarrel and then leave with him when everybody decides to get nasty?"

"I think we should watch our language, Miss Cheever," Herkimer said. "After all, we're in a court of law."

"I wish to state," Mrs. Cheever said, "that I was not sassy at any time to my daughter, and I accompanied Amby only because I had grown to regard him as a son and couldn't bear to see his heart broken and his life ruined by the whims of a heartless girl who sits up all night pounding a typewriter and taking Benzedrine pills."

"Benzedrine?" Judge Fortescue said. "Pounding typewriters? Wait a minute."

"I suppose Blackout wasn't stolen either?" Kitty said to her mother. "I suppose he had come to regard Mr. Bryce as a father and left of his own free will?"

"Blackout?" the court said.

"He's a dog, Your Honor," Herkimer said. "A German shepherd dog, approximately ten years of age."

"Never mind extraneous details, Mr. Herkimer," Judge Fortescue said. "There are more important points to be investigated at the moment. Miss Cheever, do you take Benzedrine?"

"Not that I regard it as any of your business," Kitty said, "but occasionally I do. I have to earn a living."

"You also pound a typewriter?" the judge said.

"Well, I type on it, if that's what you mean," Kitty said. "I'm a writer."

"Oh, a writer," the court said, and took off his glasses.

"I'm the author of a radio serial," Kitty said. "It appears on the National-American network six days a week in the afternoons. It's called Girl against Life and is sponsored by the Lily White Soap Company. Ever heard it, Your Honor?"

"No, I haven't," Judge Fortescue said. "But it seems to me my wife has mentioned it."

"Tune in someday at two thirty," Kitty urged. "If you can get away from trying these cases, I mean. It's really something like you're facing here every day, except more emotional. It'll probably make you cry."

"Oh, for pity's sake!" Mrs. Cheever said.

"That's another thing, Your Honor," Kitty said. "The whole time I was being courted by Mr. Bryce, I was the object of ridicule both by him and by my mother because of my profession. They wouldn't even listen to the program. Most of the time they referred to me as Kitty Cheever, Girl Pile Driver."

"Why was that, Miss Cheever?" His Honor asked, with renewed interest. "That's an odd title to give you. Surely you are not also connected with any firm engaged in the construction of piers or—"

"My dear Fortescue," Kitty said. "Really!"

The judge didn't require his spectacles to see her illimitable contempt. "Plaintiff will confine her remarks to answering my questions."

"That's all right with me," Kitty replied. "But for Heaven's sake, make them intelligent. I've been taught to expect more from a judge or a courtroom than the sight of a man old enough to be my father sitting up on a platform with his jaw hanging down—"

"Miss Cheever!" Herkimer said agitatedly. "You are addressing the bench! Simmer down!"

"One more such statement as that, Mr. Herkimer," the court said, "and your client will be in contempt."

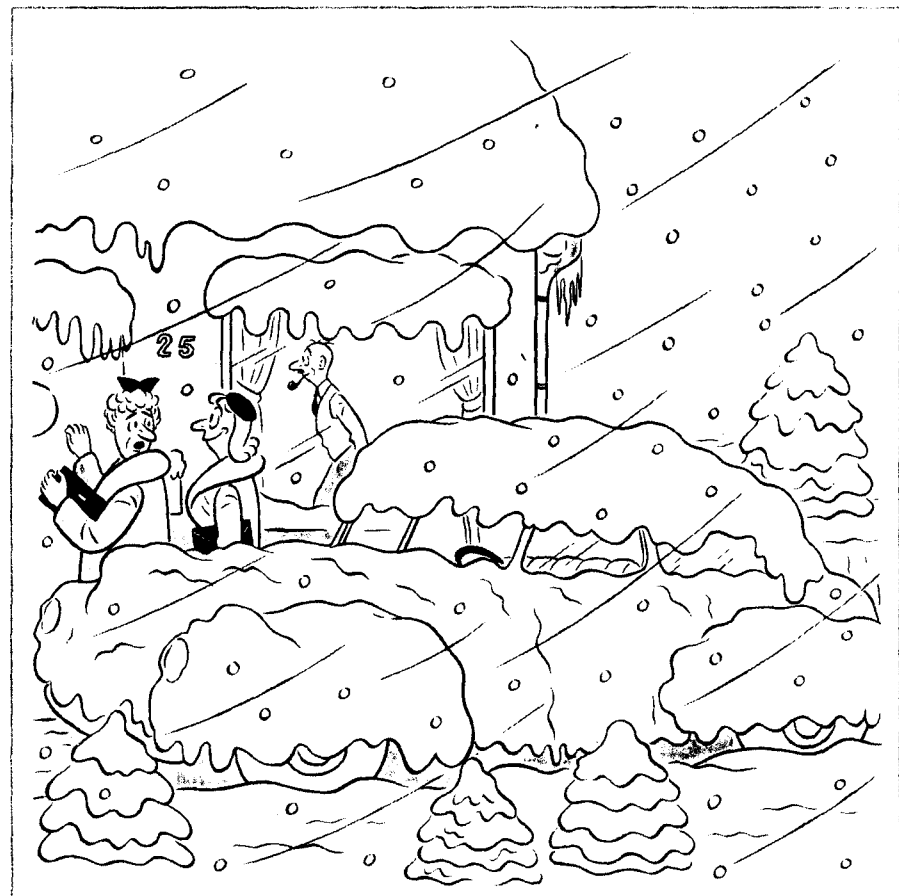
"I realize that, Your Honor," Herkimer began, "and—"

"I beg your pardon, Your Honor," his client interrupted. "I freely apologize if I have done anything to offend you. And I am sure you are mistaken in considering my attitude one of contempt for you. It is more pity than contempt."

"Your Honor," Herkimer said hastily. "I wish to make a statement in open court."

"Court is prepared to hear your statement, Mr. Herkimer," the court said. The court was getting rather red in the face.

"I wish to state," Herkimer said, "that I did not originally wish to take this case. I did not regard it as a fit matter for a court of law, and urged private adjustment. It was my feeling that we would all be made ridiculous, and I fear my suspicions are being borne out today. Only the fact that I have long been a friend of the Cheever family induced me to appear as counsel. I wish, at this time, to disassociate myself from any extraneous remarks made by my client."



"One nice thing about all this snow we've been having—Fred still hasn't noticed how I smacked up the car a couple of weeks ago"

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"Very well, Mr. Herkimer," Judge Fortescue said. "You have made your position clear."

"And he certainly took long enough to do it," the client commented.

Judge Fortescue looked around for the defendant. Amby had reseated himself sadly at a table, put his chin upon his outspread arms, and was a picture of utter dejection.

"Does the defendant have anything to add to the testimony so far?" the judge said.

"Me?" Amby said. "No. You've had the gist of things, Your Honor. She was lovely and I wanted to marry her. I courted her, not knowing she was nuts. Her mother was wonderful, and I loved Blackout, the dog, too. Now everything is blown sky-high. All I want to do is go back to Hawaii with the woman who could have been my mother-in-law and the dog, and sit down and spend the rest of my life trying to forget and watching the pineapples grow."

"Do you admit to—uh—to felonious removal of plaintiff's mother and pet?" His Honor said. He paused to gaze uneasily at Mr. Herkimer. "That would be felony, would it not, Mr. Herkimer?"

"Felony?" the young man said. "How could I be stealing anything when my intended mother-in-law and the dog went with me of their own free will? Even now they don't want to go back to Kitty. Ask either one of them."

"I'll answer for myself, Your Honor," Mrs. Cheever said. "I'm much happier with the man I hoped was going to be my son-in-law. Naturally, Blackout can't inform you in words of how the change has affected him, but I'm prepared to testify under oath that he's eating better and playing with his ball more."

"That's a lie!" Kitty said loudly. "I object."

"We object to witness' testimony, Your Honor," Herkimer said, "as—"

"You shut up," the judge said. "Both of you." He shifted his attention again to the defendant. "Now, Mr.—uh—"

"Bryce," Amby said. "J. Ambrose, Judge."

"That's right," Judge Fortescue said. "Look here, Mr. Bryce, what, in your opinion, is the cause of this—uh—disagreement?"

"There are two causes, Your Honor," Amby said. "One is Kitty's insane devotion to this radio serial she's writing. In order to get herself in the mood for that tripe she's doing—"

"Objection!" Kitty said.

"Objection," Herkimer said, in a very low voice.

"Overruled," His Honor said. "Proceed, Mr. Bryce, but confine yourself to fact, not opinion."

"All right," Amby said. "Kitty has to sort of lead the same kind of life her heroine does. She's existing in a dream world, and she's got more of a charge in her than a soda-water bottle. She's at the point where she continually confuses fact with fiction. It's impossible for her to live in an ordinary state. How can you marry and settle down with a dame who is whirling like a centrifugal pump? Even Mrs. Cheever and Blackout can't stand her."

"If you believe any of this testimony, Judge," Kitty said, "you're even simpler than I've grown to believe you are in the short space of a few minutes."

THE judge rapped his gavel for the first time, and broke a silver mechanical pencil which Mrs. Fortescue had given him for his birthday. "Silence in the court," he said. "Go ahead, Mr. Bryce."

"Well," Amby said, "let's see. The second reason for our split-up is a wettee-doll."

"Wettee-doll?" the court said.

There was a silence in the court. Everybody seemed to develop a higher color. Judge Fortescue put on his glasses in order to glare at the defendant and found he couldn't see him at all.

"Well, Mr. Bryce?" he said.

"Your Honor," Amby said, "a wettee-doll is a device given little children—little girls—that want to play mother. It—it—well, you fill it with water and put a diaper on it and—"

"Diaper?" the court said, in genuine astonishment.

"Don't tell me you've never heard of diapers," Kitty said. "Were you always this old, Your Honor?"

"You're in contempt," the court said. "I'll deal with you later, Miss Cheever."

"I sure am now," Kitty said.

Mr. Herkimer leaned forward on the counsel table and put his face in his hands.

"As I was saying," Amby continued, "you fill the child—doll, I mean—with water, when you hold it in a certain position—uh—the child—doll, that is—has to be changed. Do you follow me, Your Honor?"

"Yes," the court said. "Good Lord!"

"That's all," Amby said, and made a gesture of infinite despair with outspread palms. "It broke us up."

His Honor cleared his throat. "This is

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indeed a baffling case," he said. "I scarcely know where to begin. Let me review the situation briefly. As I understand it, Mr. Bryce, at some past date you had occasion to meet Miss Cheever."

"Yes, sir," Amby said. "With this wettee-doll I mentioned in my arms."

"Really?" the court said. The court had to take an instant to recover from its obvious fascination. "You met her, as previously stated, and were attracted to her. A romance developed. Apparently you became an intimate of the Cheever household and grew fond of Mrs. Cheever, mother of plaintiff."

"Not to mention Blackout, the dog," Amby said. "I also grew devoted to him, Your Honor."

"Yes, yes," Judge Fortescue said. "Blackout, the dog. Where was I? Oh, yes. You grew fond of them. You courted Miss Cheever in vain. At a certain point, a breakup occurred. You departed, taking with you Mrs. Cheever and Blackout, the dog. Am I to understand that previous to your entrance into this household the Cheevers and Blackout, the dog, were living happily together?"

"Not happily, Your Honor," Mrs. Cheever said. "Gosh, no. I was sick to death of all the corny drama that was going on in our apartment."

"The worst of it was, Your Honor," Amby said, "I had to be married while I was courting her. It had to be that way or else she wouldn't play."

"Married?" Judge Fortescue said. "To plaintiff?"

"No, no," Amby said. "To somebody else. On account of the wettee-doll, you see."

"Oh," the judge said. "Yes. Then plaintiff alleges bigamy in this case, as well as other charges?"

"No, Your Honor," the court clerk said. "Defendant has positive proof he was never married."

"Oh," the judge said. "Yes." He had to pause and take a strong hold upon himself. His glasses were off again, and he whacked the desk with his gavel, chipping an inkwell. "Court adjourned for one hour. Plaintiff, defendant counsel and witness will repair to judge's chambers for consultation. Mr. Peebles, court stenographer, will come along to keep a brief record of proceedings. I will get to the bottom of this or my name is not Franklin P. Fortescue."

RECORD of consultation as kept by Mr. Peebles, court stenographer:

Consultation opened by Fortescue, J. He stated consultation service maintained by state for benefit of all, and disputants should avail themselves to the utmost of this friendly means of settling differences. Fortescue, J., cautioned coolheadedness, tact and perseverance.

Plaintiff stated this was a typical example of what happened when you gave complete power to the state and enabled it to pry unrestrictedly into the lives of its private citizens. Plaintiff was also believed to have muttered that there was no fool like an old fool. She was told by Fortescue, J., she was in contempt of court. Plaintiff replied she was not in court. Fortescue, J., said she was too. In that case, plaintiff replied, she was willing to admit she was in abysmal contempt of court.

Disregarding plaintiff, Fortescue, J., requested defendant to furnish conference with complete and connected story of events leading up to the institution of legal proceedings.

Defendant testified as follows: His full name was James Ambrose Bryce; he preferred to be known as J. Ambrose Bryce because of an uncle with the same name who was a bottle-walloper; Ambrose's legal residence was in Hawaii, on the Island of Oahu; for the last three years he had been resident in the city of San Pedro as District Manager of the Bryce Corporation. He was engaged in learning the exporting business and would in time become head of the Bryce Corporation and eventually inherit assets amounting to more than ten million dollars.

Fortescue, J., commented that this was a tidy sum for any young man to have coming into his possession. Defendant testified it meant nothing to him and that all he wanted was happiness, which he would now never have. Plaintiff stated defendant was inordinately rich and yet he had not balked at stealing the few possessions of plaintiff, namely and to wit, her mother and dog. Plaintiff further stated that defendant was mean, selfish, grasping, avaricious, cold-blooded, narrow-minded, treacherous, lascivious, brutal, intransigent, a teller of falsehoods, and a bully.

Defendant retorted he at least was not a dizzy blonde writing soap operas. Fortescue, J., stopped this interchange and ordered defendant to proceed with testimony.

Defendant then gave full details of daily life in San Pedro, including his lonely state. First meeting with plaintiff was in downtown department store in Los Angeles. Reason for meeting: Defendant had small niece who was having birthday; had purchased wettee-doll from overeager saleswoman as birthday gift; wettee-doll did not—uh—perform properly when filled with fluid; defendant had made test run with wettee-doll prior to giving gift and discovered moisture issued from cranial structure of toy when placed in required position. (Laughter.) Fortescue, J., called for order in court.

Continuing testimony, defendant said he had returned to store for purpose of returning doll and securing new one, but absurdity of situation robbed him of courage. Defendant wandered about store for some time, unable to demand his right. At last he encountered a young girl in a dark dress who was standing about, whom defendant believed to have a kindly and beautiful face and took to be a salesgirl. This proved to be plaintiff.

Though not a member of the sales force of the store and only on premises for the purpose of observing the life of salesgirls in order to reflect same in her radio serial accurately, plaintiff immediately took the matter in hand, conveyed defendant to Complaint Department, and placed the matter before the proper authorities. Upon examination, the wettee-doll unaccountably came through, and Complaint Department rejected defendant's allegations of faulty manufacture. Plaintiff vehemently espoused defendant's cause and entered upon extended argument. Defendant testified this was his initial observation of violent temper possessed by plaintiff. Objection to this testimony by plaintiff. Objection overruled by Fortescue, J.

Plaintiff then stated she was obviously an object of persecution by venal and corrupt public servants and intended to carry subject litigation to the highest court in the land. Fortescue, J., reminded plaintiff that she was once more in contempt of court, and plaintiff rejoined that Fortescue, J., was not kidding. At this point, Thomas B. Herkimer, counsel for plaintiff, attempted to resign. Fortescue, J., urged Mr. Herkimer to remain.

SOME confusion ensued. Eventually defendant resumed testimony. He stated that, though he was prepared to withdraw from the altercation with the department store, plaintiff swore she would fight this wettee-doll business to a finish. After further complicated discussions, plaintiff and defendant found themselves in the office of the president of the department store, where plaintiff, in spite of protest, loaded infant (correction: doll) with contents of president's desk carafe and proceeded to give another demonstration. On this occasion no—uh—satisfactory results were achieved, and contents of toy spurted through head and all over suit of president.

Proper apologies were extended by store (president is alleged to have used violent language and retired to another room) and a new wettee-doll was furnished defendant. Plaintiff insisted that thorough test of substitute child (correction: doll) be made before leaving premises, and when satisfactory demonstration was completed, is reported to have made various triumphant remarks and incensed various store employees. Plaintiff hereupon stated that never again would she cast her bread upon the waters. Fortescue, J., called for order. Plaintiff requested her counsel to give her a rough estimate of what it would cost her to assault a superior court judge. She was subdued by counsel with difficulty.

Defendant continued his narration of relationship with plaintiff. He testified he was stunned by plaintiff's general gorgeousness and charm, although frightened by her fiery emotions, and followed her from the department store. During the course of a luncheon that ensued, he endeavored to put their friendship upon the ordinary footing of those existing between unattached young men and girls of a marriageable age. Plaintiff was not satisfied with such an arrangement. Despite being a total abstainer, she used extravagant language and seemed to inhabit some high-flown world of her own construction.

Defendant's possession of the wettee-doll had firmly convinced her he was married and the father of children. She confessed instant and deep regard for him, but stated that it could never be, that she was no home wrecker, that theirs was but a lost love destined for ashes and regret, that defendant must return to his wife and family, and that plaintiff would go out into the storm and live the remainder of her life trying to forget. Defendant's utmost protestations regarding her mistaken deduction availed him nothing; she was determined that things should be as she had imagined them. He offered to bring proof of his unwed and unphiloprogenitive state—to take plaintiff to his sister and let her see with her own eyes

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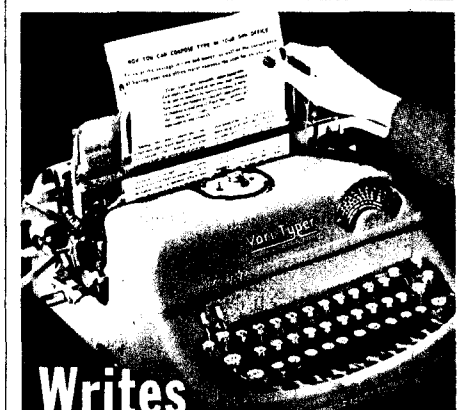

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that the mother and the recipient of the gift were neither one the result of his entering upon a connubial state.

Rejecting his proposals in lofty terms, plaintiff asseverated she was convinced beyond doubt he was a husband and father and that it was easy to suborn strange women and children for the purpose of giving false evidence and luring unwary women carrying their hearts upon their sleeves into backstairs liaisons. As proof of this, she cited incidents in a radio serial entitled Girl against Life, which was then unfamiliar to defendant. Apparently plaintiff and defendant parted unsatisfactorily after the meal, plaintiff stating that she knew passion recognized no laws and love laughed at locksmiths and that it was better thus.

Thereupon a short period of time passed. Defendant stated he was unable to forget the lovely eccentric and couldn't bear to bring himself to parting with the wettee-doll, which was a bond with the girl he had met in the department store. He compromised by sending his little niece a drum and a small metal wheelbarrow.

He had secured the plaintiff's address during the luncheon, and one evening he drove in from San Pedro and called upon her. She was at work on her typewriter upstairs, presumably under the influence of Benzedrine, and Mrs. Cheever was unwilling to disturb her. Plaintiff's mother, however, did successfully entertain defendant. She had lived a long time in the Hawaiian Islands herself, prior to the death of her husband, and was well versed in cooking the food to which defendant had been accustomed before emigrating to the mainland.

As they discussed together every facet of current life in the United States, defendant testified that plaintiff's mother prepared him delicious egg Foo Yung, water chestnuts, bean sprouts, pork, fried rice, bamboo shoots, and chicken with pineapple. She explained some aspects of her daughter's peculiar temperament and regretted her unfortunate absorption in the radio serial. Defendant detailed to her his unfortunate predicament as far as plaintiff was concerned. She shook her head and stated sadly that plaintiff had been a healthy, fun-loving actress and writer in the realm of radio until two years previously, when she had been assigned to write the Girl against Life program and had begun to live her prose.

Plaintiff's mother asserted there was little chance of defendant getting to know plaintiff better unless he was willing to pamper her predilection for imaginative romance and undertake the role of an erring married man. In desperation, defendant agreed to become a party to the delusion. He was motivated by the following: 1. Liking for the lovely serialist. 2. Infatuation with her mother and the latter's Hawaiian cooking. 3. Delight in the company of Blackout, the dog.

THEREAFTER, defendant alleged, matters came rapidly to a head. He drove in from San Pedro almost every day or evening and took plaintiff to night clubs, ball games, midget auto races, dances, swimming parties, drive-ins and movies—whenever her writing didn't interfere. In the course of this, defendant fell in love with plaintiff, and presumably plaintiff was in love with defendant. But whenever defendant attempted to resort to ordinary operational romantic procedure with plaintiff, plaintiff protested that they were mad and living far too dangerously and she would rather have her heart break than to be guilty of destroying the happiness of an innocent wife and family.

Defendant alleged that he went through agonies, became haggard and distraught, nearly lost his reason, began to believe in the charade he was enacting, and even went so far as to suggest a bigamous relationship. Plaintiff would have none of this and made several long, emotional speeches. Finally, in desperation, defendant bought marriage license and arranged full conference with plaintiff, her mother and Blackout, the dog. It was then that an attempt was made to bring plaintiff to her senses by all parties concerned except plaintiff, and the true state of affairs was explained.

Suddenly, defendant alleges, he realized plaintiff wanted to suffer vicariously in the interests of her radio serial and was carrying on with him simply for the purpose of gathering material. A bitter scene ensued, some aspersions were cast upon the radio production known as Girl against Life, plaintiff grew wroth, and shortly thereafter plaintiff's mother and Blackout, the dog, joined defendant at his hillside home above San Pedro. Within the course of two weeks plaintiff had filed action in the present court for the recovery of her mother and subject German shepherd, retaining as counsel Thomas B. Herkimer, Attorney at Law.

An interjection was here made by Thomas B. Herkimer to the effect that he wished to withdraw as counsel. The court took his request under consideration. Plaintiff stated she had seldom seen grown men acting in a more childish fashion, and depicted herself as shocked at the low state aware of the contempt and would take such punitive action as was indicated at a future time. Counsel for plaintiff, Mr. Thomas B. Herkimer, was observed to place his face within his hands and utter a loud groan.

Fortescue, J., requested court stenographer to cease taking notes.

"WELL, well," Judge Fortescue said. "This is one of the most interesting items ever to come before me. A man in order to enjoy the company of a charming young lady has to assert he is a married man, rather than try to conceal it, which is the usual tactic. His lady friend is a beautiful writer with pronounced eccentricities.

"This same man, his life complicated by wettee-dolls and the unwillingness of his beloved to come even close to the truth, in desperation runs away with the woman he has hoped to make his mother-in-law and a dog—an absolutely unprecedented deed, at least so far as the mother-in-law is concerned. And the lady friend sues to recover, not her reputation, not her freedom, not goods extorted from her by some unscrupulous man, but to recover her mother and said dog. This is indeed something for the Law Review. It would try the judgment of a Solomon."

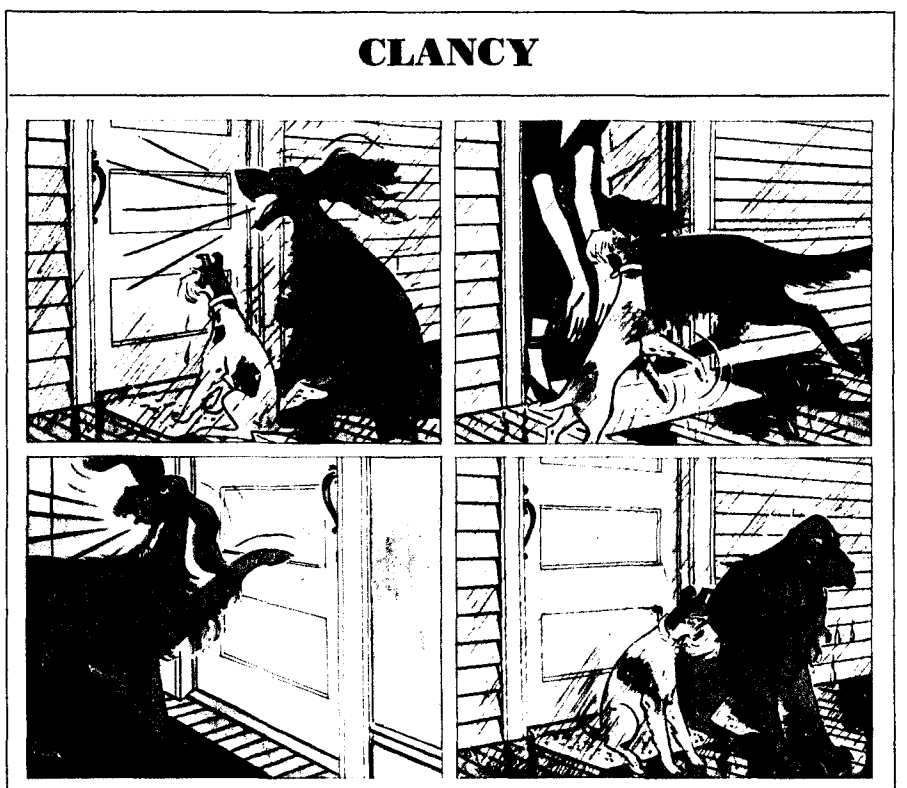
"What do you intend to do?" Kitty asked. "Cut somebody in two?"

"Miss Cheever," His Honor said, "your attitude throughout the customary conciliation process has been distinctly hostile. You have set a new record for being in contempt, and I mean to give you a good, stiff sentence in open court. After that, if you are able to furnish bond, we will hold a trial of the action that you have started. Will you have the kindness to go outside and wait for us at the bar of justice?"

Kitty's face paled slightly. "Now, just a minute, Your Honor," she said. "You seem awfully serious. I trust that you understand all my remarks have been motivated by a spirit of girlish fun. If I have insulted or offended you in any way whatever, I assure you it was because I momentarily forgot that you could get back at me."

"I want no apologies from you, Miss Cheever," Judge Fortescue said. "Merely go out there and prepare yourself for sentence."

Kitty got her color back with interest. "Who said anything about apologies, Your Honor? I was merely trying to straighten you out on my attitude. If that's the way you feel about it, then let's see you make something of it. How would you like to take off that ill-fitting jacket, come out in the hall with me, and fight it out?"



into which legal procedure had fallen in California. Fortescue, J., advised her that she was again guilty of contempt, and plaintiff replied she was now guilty enough to be hanged for the offense.

Mrs. Katharine Cheever was called upon for testimony. She corroborated defendant's testimony and stated she had left plaintiff's apartment of her own free will and was dwelling quite happily with defendant at his house, daily preparing such Hawaiian delicacies as pan-fried noodles and Chow Dun. She further alleged that, to the best of her knowledge and information, Blackout, the dog, had left with her of his own free will and inclination and that no leash or other duress had been applied to him, nor had any bribes in the nature of bones or ground round steak been offered.

She stated she had no desire to return to the custody of her daughter, since a girl who would turn down a handsome young man with an inheritance of ten million dollars was plainly nuts and soon destined to be confined in a state institution.

Objection to this statement was raised by plaintiff. Fortescue, J., informed Mr. Herkimer his objection was overruled. Mr. Herkimer stated to the court that he had not said anything and maybe would never say anything again in his life.

Fortescue, J., asked plaintiff if she had anything to add to the evidence gathered. Plaintiff said nothing other than her contempt, of which the court was no doubt now fully aware. Court replied it was fully

"Mr. Herkimer," His Honor said in chilly tones, "if you do not at once remove your client as requested by court, I shall hold you personally responsible."

"Judge," Mr. Herkimer said, "you know I haven't done anything. You know that. I've tried to withdraw from the case time after time."

Giving her counsel a look of contempt, Kitty said, "Come with me, Judas B. Herkimer."

Plaintiff and lawyer departed. Amby and Mrs. Cheever looked at the court with big eyes.

"What—what are you going to do to her, Judge?" Mrs. Cheever said.

"Give her a hundred and eighty days," Judge Fortescue replied, with ill-concealed pleasure.

"Six months!" Amby said. "Oh, Your Honor! Oh, my gosh! Please be merciful. She's only a kid—she's nuts. Just fine her, and I'll pay it—"

"See here," His Honor said. "This is the court of domestic relations, and I'm only trying to help you. That's the reason I'm going to give her this stretch."

"But don't you see how wrong you are, Your Honor?" Amby protested. "She wants to suffer. That's been her trouble all along. If you put her in jail for six months, it'll only make a whole year's episodes for Girl against Life."

"She won't be sitting up typing and taking Benzedrine pills in the county jail," Judge Fortescue said.

"Oh, Judge, I know you're wrong," Mrs. Cheever said. "I beg you to reconsider. This will mean Amby hasn't got a chance in the world with her."

"Well, we'll find out who's right," Judge Fortescue told her. "Follow me."

THEY went out into court. Judge Fortescue took his seat on the dais and put on his glasses. The plaintiff, now suddenly a defendant, was called to the bar. His Honor found her guilty of repeated contempt of court. She was sentenced to one hundred and eighty days in the county jail, and the bailiff took her arm. The court looked at Mr. Herkimer.

"Does counsel for the defense have anything to say?" the judge asked.

"Not a thing, Your Honor," Mr. Herkimer replied glumly, "except goody, goody."

The defendant burst into tears and walked blindly into the arms of the former defendant. She clung tightly to him and sobbed as though her heart would break. He appeared puzzled.

"Is that crying on the level, pile driver?" he said. "Aren't you delighted? This is awfully dramatic."

"I don't want to go to jail! I hate that serial—I just want to go home to my mother."

"But she's not there," the first defendant said. "She's at home with me."

"Well, I want to go home to you, too," the second defendant said. "You and Blackout."

Amby gazed up past her head at the court. The court looked very judicial and smart and nodded sagely.

"That's what I was waiting for," the court said. He took off his glasses and tapped his desk with the gavel, shattering his fountain pen. "A recess of fifteen minutes is declared. Will the defendants please come into the judge's chambers for a conciliation?"

Amby and Kitty disappeared with Fortescue, J. Five minutes later Amby was sent out for two witnesses, and the court clerk and Mr. Peebles retired with him. And Mrs. Katharine Cheever began to cry happily.

Shortly thereafter Judge Fortescue returned to the courtroom and ascended to the bench. "The case of Cheever versus Bryce is dismissed," he stated. "This court has just made them both Bryce and no grounds for an action remain. The sentence imposed upon the former Kitty Cheever is hereby suspended." His Honor pounded with his gavel and broke nothing. "Next case!" THE END

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There's a Lion in the House

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

meal, eating out of the same dish. Tyke's greatest worry seems to be Westbeau as he swims in Green River. She watches him as he dives, and whines when he doesn't come up soon enough to suit her.

While the Westbeaus lavish their greatest affection on Tyke, no animal, wild or tame, ever is harmed on Hidden Valley Ranch.

The entire 200-acre estate is part of a 2,580-acre game preserve established as a result of a state law fathered by Westbeau to provide animal protection. The only hunting in the valley or on the timbered hills is done with a camera.

Westbeau, who began his career by studying medicine and ended by growing chickens, proposes to carry on his experiment in animal psychology with Tyke indefinitely. He says:

"It is my earnest and sincere desire to apply the lessons we have learned at Hidden Valley Ranch to an educational program which will provide comparison of animal psychology with human psychology. This would enhance our understanding of animal life. It should reveal the difference between animal life in its natural habitat and that of our zoos. It should eliminate what I consider pitiful and shameful penal institutions and advance the day when we will build animal homes, where there will be amiable understanding and comfort, where the public will see wild life at top level instead of in the degradation to which man has forced it." THE END

City Beyond Devil's Gate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

girl, and that's the truth," he told her. "It was bedlam. Most of the boys broke for the river when the first shots came. But they had us surrounded. Some of the men I saw —most of them I couldn't keep track of. When I saw Noah and Johnny they were still alive and firing, crouching alongside Meredith."

From Flavius too came the first rational account of how the uprising had started. Some of the men at Williams' Station had seized and attacked two young Paiute squaws who were married to braves of the Bannock tribe. Then the furious Bannocks descended on the station, murdered the men who had abused the squaws, and burned the buildings. So the deed was done and there was no calling it back. And for the honor of his people young Winnemucca, war chief of the Paiutes, joined with the Bannocks at Pyramid Lake to fight off the avenging whites.

A few others returned along with Flavius and Tooey. Jason Feathers, still astride his black horse, looked singularly dapper and unscathed, Emily thought, but she said nothing, for Rebecca's joy at seeing her husband safe was both pathetic and touching. She ran wildly from the fort and threw her arms around him as he dismounted. Oddly, however, Tom Feathers did not greet his father or even go out to meet him, and when Jason went to take his son's arm, Emily saw the boy wrench away from him.

But tensions and rifts in the Feathers family did not concern Emily at the moment. The days were slipping by, and while the city waited, fearful and tense, for word of help from California, Emily waited for some news of Noah and Johnny.

IT WAS nearly two weeks before help came, and when it did, the whole city turned out and cheered until they were hoarse. Over the divide marched Colonel Jack Hayes with his men; two hundred fifty horsemen in the advance, followed by the Sierra Guards, flags fluttering, drums beating. Then came the Virginia Rifles, and the United States Infantry from the San Francisco Presidio. On past the city they marched, toward Pyramid Lake, and the city waited breathlessly to hear of the outcome.

The Army routed the Indians easily at Pyramid Lake, but the news they brought back was grim. They had found Captain Meredith scalped, his breast shot through with arrows, the ground around his body tramped firm and hard by some frenzied death dance. And what of Noah and Johnny? Pleadingly, desperately, Emily asked the officers that stark question. And one by one they stammered and avoided her eyes until finally the truth was out. Noah and Johnny had been found with Meredith in that circle of death. They had stayed with their commander until the very end.

So the flags fluttered once more; the Army marched back over the divide; and wearily, hopelessly, Emily made her way back to the yellow stone house and bolted the door behind her.

THE two women sat on the little sofa in the parlor of Rebecca Feathers' house and looked vaguely uncomfortable. Rebecca smoothed a tiny lace-edged square of handkerchief in her lap, and cleared her throat.

"I said to Jason—Mr. Feathers—just yesterday, do you think it's perfectly proper? It's hardly more than two weeks since poor Miss Fielding suffered her great loss, but I would so like to have her come to tea."

"It was very kind of you to ask me," Emily said, and added, because it seemed to be expected, "Please call me Emily."

Rebecca looked pleased. "Why, yes, that is rather friendlier, isn't it? And I'm so very glad that you did come. And Mr. Feathers, too. He and Tom both promised to come home early, in time for tea." She adjusted herself more securely on the sofa, and her wide hoop-supported skirt billowed in faint undulations. Her crisp violet dimity was in marked contrast to Emily's dress with its long tight sleeves and unhooped skirt.

"I really wanted to make it something more of a gathering," the hostess hurried on. "Although that might not have been quite proper. But up here one's associations are so limited—" Rebecca paused, trying to weave her way out of the situation, and Emily felt a sudden sympathy for her. But over and over the thought kept whirling foolishly through Emily's mind: Why had she come here? She had nothing in common with Rebecca. The flurry that Rebecca managed to create over trivia was completely foreign to her. Had she actually lived so long among men that she could not even converse with a young woman of her own age? She cast about wildly for a word with which to pick up the raveled conversation thread, but Rebecca had recovered herself and was chattering on.

"I kept telling Jason, Mr. Feathers, how kind and comforting you were to me during that terrible four days. You kept your head so well, Emily. And to think that you were the one to suffer, and not the rest of us! But I was so happy when I saw you in church Sunday, and I just said to Jason, 'There now. There's a girl I can really be friends with, and I'm going to invite her for tea one day this week!' "

Emily wished miserably that the idea of friendship with Rebecca was a little less repugnant to her.

"But I suppose now I've no sooner met you than you'll be leaving," Rebecca went on sadly.

Emily sat a little straighter, trying foggily to discern the other woman's meaning.

"Leaving?"

BETTY HUTTON
plans a
NURSERY

LIKE Alice, step through our magic looking glass—the colorful pages of this month's COMPANION—for a peek at a veritable wonderland! You're sure to enjoy visiting this movie star's most exciting room, the new nursery where her babes in toyland, Lindsay and Candy, play and sleep.

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ALL IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

Woman's Home COMPANION

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Rebecca's eyes widened. "Well, surely you're not thinking of staying on here all alone in this—this—place."

Such a thought had never occurred to Emily. "Why, where would I go?" she stammered. "This is where I live."

"Yes, I know, my dear. But to stay here all alone?"

"But I have to stay. I have the mine to work."

REBECCA pressed her hands together eagerly. "Oh, I do so wish you would. But surely if you stay you'll want to think about getting married. Oh, I know, most of the men are the worst kind of ruffians, but there are some very eligible ones too. Why, so far as that goes, look at Mr. MacGrath."

Daniel MacGrath! Once again Emily heard that name. And once again, as on Sunday, when Tooey had told her of Daniel's arrival, that name called forth the half-forgotten longings, the secret dreams of a lost yesterday.

"He's working for Mr. Feathers at the bank now," Rebecca went on blandly, "and from what I hear he's doing very well."

"Didn't he"—Emily felt somehow shy and hesitant about asking questions—"didn't he used to be a preacher?"

"Oh, yes, for quite some time." Rebecca settled herself more comfortably now, happy that they were on the firm ground of gossip. "He traveled all around this part of the country. And then you know he was called to a very fine church in Sacramento."

"No—I didn't know. We hear so little news here—"

"Why, yes!" Rebecca grew expansive. "A *very* fine church. And the congregation was simply mad about him. That was what was so terribly tragic about the whole thing." She was choosing her phrases dramatically, drawing the focus of the conversation in close around her. Emily, conscious of all this, still could not help rising to the bait.

"Tragic?"

"Why, yes!" Rebecca repeated. "He was married, you see, early this spring, to this perfectly beautiful girl, Mary Edwards—and between us, Emily, if one of those fairy princesses we used to read about were to come to life, that would be Mary Edwards. Blond and tiny and like a picture. Well, they were married in April, as I say. And because of him being in the new church and just getting started and all, they didn't go on a wedding trip, but went right to the parsonage and set up housekeeping. Well now, they didn't really set up housekeeping, because they never had a chance." Rebecca paused and her voice dropped to a whisper. "Three days after the wedding she died."

"No!" The exclamation was out before Emily was aware of it, and almost instantly she felt self-conscious at the openmouthed, fatuous sound of it.

"Three days after the wedding." Rebecca repeated it ominously. "And he never—preached—again."

"But what was wrong? Was she ill?"

"Apparently," Rebecca replied with magnificent vagueness, and then hurried on. "Now the reason I happen to know so much about it is that this Mary Edwards, you see, was my husband's sister-in-law. She was the younger sister of Jason's first wife, Faith. Oh, at least fifteen years younger, I should judge. She came to make her home with them when she was just a girl. And if I do say it about my own husband, there never was a man as good or kind or generous as Jason." She paused briefly, checked by emotion, and her eyes filled with tears. Then, blinking them back she resumed her story.

"Why, he took her right in and brought her up like his own child. Gave her everything and sent her to school. And the clothes! Well, you should have seen the lovely trousseau he bought for her. That was just an example. Nothing was too good for Mary. But here's the thing about it that always moves me so. Really he was never under any obligation, as you might say, to do any of it. Because Faith, his wife, had been an invalid for years—bedridden. Why, ever since Tom was born, I guess. And all those years she never could be a real wife to him— Oh, now, I shouldn't say such things to you, should I? But it was common talk. And yet just to please her, he took this child in and brought her right up along with his own son, and even after Faith died a few years back Mary still stayed with him. That's the kind of man he is."

Emily murmured softly to express appropriate admiration, but even as she spoke, Emily's thoughts kept finding their way back to Daniel MacGrath, trying to fit the fiery young preacher she had once heard into this talk of lovely trousseaux, fine city churches and beautiful fairy princesses.

"Well," Rebecca went on, "when young Reverend MacGrath came to Sacramento to preach, last year, he and Mary fell madly in love. And Jason was so pleased—gave them the best of everything—all new furniture for the parsonage, and a big church wedding— Well, it was just a terrible blow all around. Then of course by that time, you see, Jason and I had planned our own marriage. Well, naturally, I said, 'Wait.' But he came back to San Francisco with Papa and me on the steamer after the funeral.

" 'Rebecca, my dear,' he said, 'I just want you to know that we're going right ahead with the wedding as we planned. The best thing we could do would be to leave these sad surroundings and go to our new home—' You see, by that time he'd already been here and got everything under way, the bank and the house and all, and Papa said, 'Jason, you're perfectly right.' They were always good friends, Papa and Jason, and—"

Rebecca broke off now in midsentence and cocked her head to one side in a slight birdlike attitude. "There. That must be Jason and Tom now—" Emily, too, listened, and after a moment there was the sound of a door opening and closing. Rebecca looked up with bright expectancy toward the open parlor door, but Emily, suddenly self-conscious, kept her eyes on her hands which lay folded and uneasy in her lap.

In this house where rough board floors were disguised by elegant carpets, where Rebecca's small spinet piano rested in lofty elegance against the center of one wall, where the talk was not of claims and of footage but of romances and marriages and silk dresses, she felt all at once painfully out of place. And something prideful and provincial surged through her. She had been here before any of them, she and Johnny and Noah. What right had they now to show her kindness and condescension? Rebecca, with her talk of big church weddings, and Jason Feathers, comfortable and secure behind the walled solidity of his bank?

She raised her head aggressively as the men entered the room, and instantly her eyes met Jason Feathers' bland, cool ones. And at almost that same instant the mild defiance in her glance disappeared. For there in the doorway, standing behind Jason and young Tom Feathers, was Daniel MacGrath.

Jason smiled. "Miss Fielding, how charming that you've come. Rebecca, dear, have we kept you waiting? I've brought another guest—Mr. MacGrath. Miss Fielding, you've met my son Tom? And this is Mr. Daniel MacGrath from Sacramento."

The powerful shoulders, the stocky chest, the lank brown hair, the muscle-heavy arms. She saw them all without surprise, for had she not seen them a hundred times since that summer night three years ago? Yet something was wrong. This young man was garbed in the disguise of a clerk or a man of affairs. Yes, surely a disguise. A cloak of mediocrity which hid all the fire and passion and vitality that had once been Daniel MacGrath. And all at once Emily felt a surging sympathy for him. With her newfound knowledge of grief she recognized that his hurt had somehow been greater than hers, that such a change could only mean that he had lost more than a wife in Sacramento—no matter how beloved that wife had been.

"Mr. MacGrath—"

"I've heard of your great loss, Miss Fielding. Please accept my sympathy."

His voice—even that had changed. It was no longer vibrant, tremulous, exhorting. This voice was urbane, concerned to exactly the proper degree. It might well have been modeled after Jason Feathers' own smooth politeness. And why? For what possible reason could Daniel MacGrath be working for Jason Feathers; not only working for him, but working to be like him?

And then the moment was lost, dissolved in the first flurry of seating and arrangement and platitudes. Jason Feathers, sitting back gracefully in a small tufted damask chair, let Rebecca have the center of attention, replying politely, even tenderly to her superficial chatter.

It would be so charming if one could introduce a bit of culture here on the mountain. Perhaps a small reading group—surely there would be enough ladies interested to make up a little coterie. And what a joy it would be when there was a real church built! Oh, to be sure, the Reverend Mr. Grimes was an admirable man, and most diligent. But a real church, with a mahogany chancel rail, and pews that one might purchase by the season. In San Francisco they had owned their own pew always.

ON AND on she droned, and then Jason Feathers' voice, sharp and imperative, cut through the murky room.

"What will you do with your property now, Miss Fielding?"

Emily straightened suddenly; and Rebecca grew silent. For an instant Emily could not help noticing the reaction. Rebecca subsided like a small dog who has heard a familiar order to lie down.

"Why—keep it, of course. Work it."

"Indeed? You don't feel that may prove too difficult? Too taxing?"

Some remnant of Noah's guarded Yankee shrewdness began to bubble and work within Emily, rising in a yeasty ferment.

"I'm used to work, Mr. Feathers."

"Oh, to be sure. I merely thought—" He broke off, not at all abashed, and then continued, "Your mine lies in a most advantageous position, Miss Fielding. Your claim and the claims bordering it compose a very rich slice of ledge. I feel sure you could find a ready buyer."

How odd, Emily thought, that when it came to matters like this she was neither shy nor self-conscious.

"I presume you yourself might be interested," she said quietly.

If her reply surprised him, he did not show it. "I might indeed. A great many of the original claimants have sold, as I suppose you know. They find the investment required to mine silver rather more than they anticipated. Some of them have been badly cheated; I won't deny it. Now you have what—fifteen feet? Well, I should say a thousand dollars a foot would be more than a fair price. Fifteen thousand dollars. Does that sound tempting, Miss Fielding? Rather a substantial sum for a single young woman—"

Emily flashed him a bleak smile. "I thought you were seriously interested, Mr. Feathers."

He raised delicate eyebrows. "But I assure you, Miss Fielding—"

"Because if you are, the price is a quarter of a million dollars."

COLLIER'S "And it will be just perfect when they start reviving the Charleston!" JARO FABRY

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She felt them all staring at her incredulously, and she was excited and glad over the extravagant, bold thing she had said.

Across the room Tom Feathers lifted his head and laughed sharply. Rebecca cast him a worried, indecisive look, but Jason merely smiled blandly and continued to regard Emily with polite, critical interest. Daniel MacGrath had lifted his head, and Emily could feel his eyes upon her, intent, curious, and, yes, admiring.

THE young man paused uncertainly in the doorway. Jason looked up from the bright circle of lamplight that surrounded the dining-room table where his papers were spread out.

"Yes? Tom?"

Tom edged through the doorway, closed the door behind him. And Jason struggled to keep down the feeling of discomfort that stole over him so inevitably when he was alone with his son.

"Something on your mind, Tom? Come and sit down."

Tom crossed the room and slipped into a chair across the table from Jason.

"I've been thinking, Father. I'd like to go to work."

Jason was relieved. This was a tangible, practical matter, something that could be dealt with easily.

"Why, I'm delighted to hear you say that, Tom. I've told you a good many times that nothing would please me more than to have you come into the bank—"

"I don't want a job in the bank," Tom interrupted harshly. "I want to work in a mine."

"A mine!" Jason's reaction was quick and angry. Then almost instantly his voice grew quietly rational. "Tom, you have no idea how difficult that work is. You're completely unsuited to it."

"Unsuited! I'm unsuited to the bank—that's the real truth!" Tom's voice took on shrillness. "I'd like working in a mine. I think I might even be good at it. You own mines now. You could give me a job."

"I could indeed, but I have no intention of doing so."

"Then I know someone who will give me a job!" Tom stood up suddenly, sending his chair toppling. "I can go to Miss Fielding and get a job tomorrow and you know it." His outburst startled Jason, and yet it was not so much the defiance itself that was surprising as the realization that what Tom said was quite true. Why was his own certainty as strong as Tom's? And when—Jason frowned and pondered—when had Emily Fielding started to be an adversary?

"Why, I suppose you could, Tom," he said quietly. "Yes. Perhaps I spoke hastily. I'll talk to Frank Henley in the morning. He can put you to work in the Sunrise mine."

The threat, the cynicism, the resentment disappeared magically, and into their place stole a look of incredulous delight.

"You will?"

Jason nodded, knowing his defeat was complete.

In his own room, Tom threw himself on the bed without bothering to remove his boots. He clasped both hands behind his head and looked up at the ceiling. Excitement and anticipation seethed in him. He had won a victory—the first, to his knowledge, that he had ever scored over Jason. He was going to work! He was going to be a part of the mysterious workings far below the surface of the city. He would have a purpose and a regularity about his life now. The door that joined his room with the room shared by his father and Rebecca swung slowly open. His body tensed as he half raised himself on his elbows. She stood there in the dim light, her long hair streaming over her shoulders, her dressing gown limp and flowing around her.

"Tom?" Her whisper was sharp and low.

"Yes."

She edged in a little further. "I was listening," she said with a suppressed giggle. "He's going to let you go to work after all."

"Yes." He was annoyed with her for eavesdropping, and still more was he annoyed at these brief nightly visits when she stood in the doorway and whispered confidences—always with her dressing gown unfastened across the bosom, the lamplight glancing off the roundness of her white breasts.

"What do you want?" he inquired, stifling the aching desire that the sight of her always started up in him.

Her whisper grew wistful, childlike. "I just thought we might talk for a little while." She arched toward him.

"Go away. There's nothing to talk about."

"It's so lonely here. I hate this place."

"I don't care! Go away!" He jumped up from the bed and she retreated a step into her own room, startled. He slammed the door violently after her.

Alone on the other side of the door, Rebecca stood uncertainly for a moment and then crossed to the big bed and threw herself down on her stomach, crying in uneven gulps. At last, in a kind of aimless desperation she blew out the lamp, crawled into bed, and lay stiffly on her side, listening for footsteps from the dining room.

When Jason entered the room, she listened to the familiar sounds of his undressing and hanging up his clothes and then felt the pressure of the bed as he climbed in beside her. His breathing was quiet and regular, yet she knew he was still awake. Even more, she knew that he was quite aware of her wakefulness, yet neither of them spoke. He turned away from her. She felt her body growing tense again, and then a faint trembling, running in little waves up her legs and back.

THE little man sat forward on the chair across the desk from Daniel. "Well, now, I'll tell ye, Dan'l, about a thousand dollars would see me through."

"That so, Ed? Why, I had an idea you were pretty well set there to go to work."

"I was, dammit! Then yestiddy I lost my two mules."

"That so?" Daniel leaned forward sociably. His manner was easy, confidential, understanding. "Somebody lift 'em?"

"Why, hell no! Damnedest thing you ever seed. They got into my bar'l of self-risin' flour. It was covered pretty fair with canvas, but they got in anyway. Must of et near the whole bar'l, and by the time I got to 'em they was blowed up like two old sows, deader'n hell."

"You don't say." Daniel shook his head sympathetically. Then he resumed, "Well, no reason why the bank couldn't let you have a thousand, I should think. I'll give you a thirty-day note to sign." He reached for a sheet of paper, then paused. "You wouldn't have any trouble meeting this note, would you? A thousand and fifty, with the interest."

"Why, in thirty days I oughta be able to pay it twicet over, Dan'l. I ain't worried about it."

Daniel hesitated. "Yes. Sure. Well, I just wondered."

When the transaction was complete and the miner had gone, Jason swung through the door that led from his inner office and perched on the edge of Daniel's desk.

Jason laughed. "I know. You're worried that Ed won't be able to pay—that he'll lose his mine. That's why you're sitting here writing out loans for me, earning a bigger salary than you ever thought you'd be worth. That feeling of yours for your fellow man is money in the bank to me. They can spot it in you the minute they step inside the door, and from then on it's simple."

"Makes me sound like a first-rate scoundrel."

Jason laughed again. His mood was more than usually good-natured. "Not first-rate. As a scoundrel you'd never be first-rate. Maybe second-rate." Jason produced a sheaf of papers and spread them on the desk before Daniel. "But now I've some work for you to do at last."

Daniel raised an inquiring eyebrow. "At last?"

Jason made an impatient motion of his hand to take in Daniel's desk and the bank in general. "This isn't work and you know it." He placed a forefinger on the top paper, a roughly sketched map outlining several claims.

"See this claim here? Belongs to a fellow named Harry Boff. I want you to go there today and foreclose. I'll send Jesse Hull along with you in case there's any trouble."

"Foreclose?"

Jason made no affirmation. He merely looked at Daniel with a quizzical, amused expression.

"But I thought—well, I realized his payment was a little overdue, but he has a good mine there. He'll be in to pay up—probably today or tomorrow."

"The payment was due day before yesterday. And I'm quite aware of the fact that he has a good mine. If it weren't good, would I be foreclosing?" Jason watched the conflicting pull of emotions on Daniel's face. Conscience, he thought. A most arresting quality in a man. And yet, how little of that sort of thing was genuine. Most of it was merely sentimentalizing. Like Daniel, for instance. He'd go and foreclose on this mine today. But first he must wring the last drop from the limp rag of conscience, so that when he looked back he could remember his own reluctance, as a bulwark of self-justification. Such rationalizing usually annoyed Jason. In Daniel he found it oddly attractive.

He pointed once more to the map. "Boff's claim is at the end of this strip here—fifty feet held by six different owners. I intend to acquire all of it."

Daniel studied the map. "The Fielding mine is in that strip, I see."

"Yes, of course." Jason's tone was light, half amused.

Daniel leaned back in his chair. "I didn't think she seemed anxious to let you have it, the way she talked the other afternoon. And she's under no obligation to you. No loans, no entanglements. From what I understand she's even pretty well fixed for operating capital."

Jason brushed the arguments aside with a little motion of his hand. "The ones who say nothing and merely hang on with dogged persistence—those are the ones who are hard to unseat. The ones who resist are much easier. Miss Fielding obviously has made up her mind to fight me. And in fighting she will have to make aggressive moves. Then I'll have her."

DANIEL looked up at him, studying him curiously, and the thoughts that were never quite out of his mind came crowding back confusingly. What am I doing here? How do I happen to be working for Jason Feathers? He was unable to deny that a grudging admiration for Jason had taken hold of him. Sometimes it came close to being a liking. But was such a thing possible? Could a hatred so violent ever be truly mitigated? For certainly he had hated Jason . . .

Jason got up from the desk stretching his long frame. "It won't be so difficult after the first time." Then he was brusque and businesslike again. "I'll send for Jesse and tell him he's to go along with you—"

"I don't want Jesse with me!" Daniel exploded. The thought of going through the ordeal in the company of the stunted, evil-looking man repelled him. "I don't need any help."

Jason grew reasonable, half cajoling. "I need a man like Jesse, Daniel. He does—odd jobs for me. But he thinks his efforts go unappreciated. Take him along with you. It'll make him feel good."

Daniel stood up and shrugged, irritated at himself.

"Let him come, then. Only I'm to do the talking."

"Of course. Talking isn't Jesse's strong point."

Jason had not been exaggerating when he stated that talking was not one of Jesse Hull's strong points. As they climbed over the stony ground toward Harry Boff's mine the thin little man said nothing. Daniel was grateful for the silence, but even at that he could not put down his feeling of distaste.

Jesse Hull was perhaps thirty-five and scarcely over five feet tall. He was thin,

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stooped, and unhealthy-looking, with dark saturnine features and quick darting eyes that blinked frequently. He wore an enormous gun belt.

At last Jesse halted pointing toward a man a few feet beyond them. He was dressed in the slouch hat and jeans of the miner and he appeared to be shouting directions down an open shaft.

"That's him," Jesse announced.

Daniel brushed past him with an angry whisper. "Let me handle it. Stay back."

The miner looked up, saw Daniel and grinned broadly.

"Why, Dan'l!"

"Hello, Harry." Daniel extended his hand.

"Say! I bet I know what brings you up here." The two shook hands and the miner sank down wearily on a hard lump of ground. Daniel squatted beside him. Both of them pointedly ignored Jesse. "I went and got behind on my payment now, didn't I? I meant to come in with it on the first, when we run into a little trouble with the timbering. Looked like my whole damn' shaft would cave in on me. Well, you know what it's like to find timber around here. I had to give a pretty price for it, and it cleaned me right outa my capital. I was figgerin' on comin' in today to speak to you about an extension on my note—"

His voice trailed off and stopped. Daniel was looking down at the dusty ground.

"Why, Dan'l, I thought we had a real friendly understandin', the way you talked to me when I come in for the loan—"

"Harry, I'm sorry," Daniel interrupted in sudden desperation. "I felt—well, you had a good mine here and I was pretty sure you'd be able to meet your payment. But the way it looks now—well, the bank feels—"

"You mean Mr. Jason Feathers feels," the man interrupted angrily. "Now listen here, boy. Around here we don't like that way of doin' business. I got good intentions to pay back that loan the minute I can get some ore outa here. I'm good for my word. Where does Mr. Jason Feathers come off, orderin' men around, grabbin' their property—"

"Harry, I said I was sorry. But Mr. Feathers is within his rights, and within the law too."

"Law! Who makes the laws around here anyway? Now listen here, boy, I got no intention—"

The shot came so suddenly and with such deafening impact that for a moment Daniel did not know what had happened. He stood up wildly and turned toward Jesse, who stood with the smoking gun in his hand, then back to the miner. Boff had toppled off the little perch of ground where he had been sitting and had rolled quietly on his side, but there was blood pouring out of him, running in little streams over the dry ground. The sudden horror of it held Daniel speechless. Over and over in his head pounded the question: What am I doing here? How did I come to be mixed up in something like this?

WHEN Daniel returned to the bank and told him what had happened, Jason appeared sincerely regretful. He sat quiet, his hands folded on the desk in front of him, and only his light eyes moved as he followed Daniel's agitated pacing. His expression was sober, thoughtful, even patient.

"I won't be part of anything like this," Daniel said. His first anger had cooled, molding itself into something stonier. "I had nothing against the man. I liked him. He was goodhearted. He worked hard. Now he's dead. I won't have any part of things like this. That's all."

Jason took several seconds to answer. At last he said, "I'm sorry you had to see it."

"What difference does that make? Whether I saw it or not, he'd still be dead, wouldn't he?" Some of the heat returned to Daniel's voice.

"Nevertheless I am sorry," Jason said. "I hadn't counted on Jesse to be so impulsive. Your reaction is perfectly understandable."

COLLIER'S "My wife and I've finally reached a misunderstanding about you" GLENN R. BERNHARDT

"But all that doesn't change anything! It doesn't help now that you're sorry for what Jesse did."

A brief shadowy smile showed on Jason's face for an instant, subsiding at once into seriousness. "Don't mistake my meaning, Daniel. I said I was sorry for Jesse's impulsiveness. I'm also sorry that you had to see it. But I'm not censuring what he did. He was quite right to shoot Boff."

Daniel looked up, staring in stark amazement. "Right! Right to kill a man without warning? Right to commit murder for nothing more than an overdue loan payment? What kind of man are you, anyway?"

The trusting question seemed to move Jason with a vague hurt. "Yes, that's the unfortunate part of it. I think—I have an idea you were beginning to think me not altogether a villain, weren't you, Daniel? Perhaps you were almost beginning to like me a little. Isn't that so?"

Daniel remained sullenly silent.

Jason sighed. "Well, no matter about that. That's personal." He leaned forward once more and looked earnestly at Daniel across the space of the desk which separated them.

"Do you know how Harry Boff got his mine?" Daniel did not answer. "He killed his partner. Smashed his head in with a rock one night. No secret about it. Everyone knew it."

Daniel felt stunned. The horrible, basic retributive quality of it struck him, and for a moment he could almost feel himself slipping into an acceptance of it. Then sternly, doggedly, he turned away from it.

"That has nothing to do with what happened today."

"Perhaps not. But consider the two things comparatively for a moment. The man had made a bargain with me. When he failed to live up to his end of it, his mine was forfeit and he knew it. Yet still he resisted." Jason paused. "If I hadn't taken it by force, who would have come to my defense? Who is the law on Sun Mountain?"

Daniel did not answer. Instead he sat quietly for several minutes, his eyes turned away from Jason.

Jason's voice grew softly reasonable. "Do this at least, won't you, Daniel? Think it over before you judge me too harshly. Take the rest of the day off. Go off and relax somewhere. See if there isn't some rightness in my argument."

For a long time Daniel sat motionless in the chair. Then he got up suddenly and with an awkward plunging motion went to the door and flung it open. He strode out through the bank, leaving the inner door banging back and forth on its hinges.

Emily lugged the bucket of cool water laboriously up the ladder to the loft and set it down with a thud. She was hot and she was tired, and she was, although she did not allow herself to admit this, more than a little discouraged. Hurriedly she unbuttoned her dress, took off her petticoats and chemise. She knelt by the bucket and began washing, squeezing the cloth at the back of her neck so that the water ran in cool trickles down her back and over her breasts, over the smooth whiteness of her stomach and thighs. Some of the tiredness began to ease out of her.

Flavius had said it wouldn't be easy. Well, it wasn't. It was harder than she had dreamed, getting the men to listen to her. Oh, they listened right enough, politely because she was a woman, and respectfully because she was the daughter of Noah Fielding. But their listening was a token thing without any real meaning.

It was such a strange position that she found herself in here on the mountain, she decided as she dried herself and began to dress. Certainly she was not without friends. Both Flavius Grimes and Tooey showed her a touching devotion, and the other men treated her kindly. But somewhere there was still a lack. Was it perhaps the companionship of another woman?

Yet now that she was offered such a friendship by Rebecca Feathers, far from welcoming it, she was withdrawing from it, avoiding it. Since the day of Rebecca's tea that young woman had sought her company with a dogged persistence.

Still she could not help pitying Rebecca. She knew that the young Mrs. Feathers was lonely, but with a desperate, hopeless loneliness that had no kinship with the strange searching quality that had come into Emily's own life. But neither was able to help the other.

Emily stepped over to the wall where the mirror hung, a fine clear mirror in a voluted mahogany frame, that Noah had ordered from San Francisco for her eighteenth birthday. It was an oddly luxurious note in the calico-curtained loft which contained nothing else but a wooden bed, a washstand and a few pegs on which to hang clothing. As she stood before it now in her thin muslin petticoat Emily became aware of a feeling of detachment which she had experienced often before—wondering what the unspoken question was, what lay behind the dark unquiet eyes.

Suddenly, with a little gesture of self-consciousness, she raised both hands to her breasts, the fingers closing over them, feeling their young roundness. A tremor passed lightly over her, no stronger than a faint morning breeze. She caught her breath in a little gasp and turned away from the mirror, all at once fearful and yet not knowing why.

Hastily she pulled on a calico blouse and a worn black skirt. She brushed her hair back haphazardly, tied it in place with a ribbon, and climbed down the ladder to the main room. She was seized with an unexplainable desire to be out of the house, away somewhere where she could think.

She hurried to the front door and flung it open, and then she stepped back with surprise, for there was someone standing there, someone with hand raised ready for knocking.

"Mr. MacGrath!" Was it surprise or pleasure that gave her voice that queer, excited sound? Emily herself could not tell, did not know.

"Please, forgive me, Miss Fielding. I just happened to be walking—"

He looked hot and somehow weary and she could not have said why, but suddenly she felt sorry for him. The story she had heard in Rebecca's parlor, the story of his marriage and his bride's sudden and rather mysterious death had aroused in her only a cool, impersonal sympathy. But this was something else. This was a suffusion of tenderness new to her—an immediate thing, a thing that needed acting upon.

She smiled at him. "I was going for a walk. It'll be cooling off soon, when the sun starts to go down." She hesitated, then asked, half shyly, "Won't you come with me?"

He looked pleased, and she had the notion that for some reason he was filled with enormous relief. "Why, that's very kind of you. I'd like to go."

IT WAS approaching midafternoon, and farther up on the mountain the heat was already lessening. Emily walked ahead of him up the rocky slope, and although they spoke little he found a strange and relaxing comfort in her presence.

As he climbed along behind her he noticed her easy, untroubled walk. Her back was straight and strong. He would have almost suspected it of being muscular and boyish had it not been for the unmistakably feminine movements of her arms and shoulders as she balanced herself. Her hips moved smoothly with no flouncing girlishness, but here again there was deception, for there was no avoiding the smooth curve of them, the flowing line that came out from a small flat waist.

From the unhesitating way in which she climbed, he knew that she had walked over this route many times before. Perhaps until now this had been a private haunt. He enjoyed speculating over the notion that this might be the first time she had ever gone there with a man.

It was a fatuous notion, he realized, in a city that numbered thousands of men and perhaps a dozen women. Yet something of her diffidence, her shyness in inviting him, bespoke a rather beguiling innocence. And innocence, he reflected with a moment's bitter recollection, was something he had had little experience with. Almost at once he felt a slow defensiveness building up within himself. That had always been his chief fault—that quick trusting eagerness to read qualities into people simply because he wanted those qualities to be there.

He struggled within himself to keep his attitude guarded and rational, yet even as he did so, he could not deny that he was feeling easier and less burdened with misgiving. It was even difficult to remember what had depressed him so earlier. He let his mind

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hover for an instant on the notion that had he come but a moment later she would have been gone, but there was something so alarming now in the very thought that he veered quickly away from it.

She swung up over a small rise and pointed to where a jutting chunk of yellow rock formed a kind of miniature plateau.

"Shall we rest for a while?"

He nodded, breathing heavily. "I think you're more used to this than I am."

She laughed and dropped down on the flat rock ledge, her feet tucked under her, her skirt spread in a dusty circle around her. More than ever now she looked young and childlike, vulnerable, completely ingenuous.

HE SAT down next to her, leaning against the rock that was at their backs and drawing his knees up. He could feel her looking at him, and out of the corner of his eye he could see her, her cheeks flushed, her hair curling damply, her breast moving with the quick regularity of her breathing. Then she looked away.

"What do you think of our mountain?" she asked softly.

He grinned. "Not much. I'd be lying if I said I did."

Her laughter came quickly and easily.

"Now there's a frank opinion for you."

"I guess nobody really likes the mountain, do they? They want what it has to give them, that's all."

She leaned back against the rock. Her head was close to his, and from time to time he could catch the faint fresh scent of her hair.

"I suppose that's true." Her tone was thoughtful, and it occurred to him that this was the way she was, careful and considerate. No matter how unimportant the remark she gave it her attention. She was gay and she was pleasant. He suspected that she was never flippant. "Still, you can become attached to a place without ever really liking it, can't you? I've lived here for ten years. After ten years you start to feel something—"

"Loyalty, maybe."

"Yes, that could be. Sometimes when people criticize the mountain I get terribly indignant without ever stopping to think how foolish it is. Because the things they say are perfectly true. And after all, they have as much right here as I have."

"Is that why you dislike Jason Feathers so much?" He was immediately sorry that he had injected Jason's name into the conversation. He did not know why he had felt compelled to mention it, and he was fearful now lest he had broken the pleasant mood of the conversation.

But she reacted easily and without surprise. "Now I really don't know, when you come right down to it," she said thoughtfully. "I suppose there might be a little of that involved. And then you know, there were other things. How could I help resenting him when he came back from the Indian fight all whole and healthy when Pa and Johnny are buried out there at Pyramid Lake?"

"And how about the others who came back? Did you resent them too?"

She shook her head slowly. "No. I didn't resent them." She looked up at him. "That's strange, isn't it? But there are other things about him that I don't like. The way he set himself up so grandly here, his elegant clothes—little things like that. And then I suppose mostly because I know he wants my mine—all our mines, when you come right down to it. And I feel sorry for Rebecca—she's such a forlorn little person—so sad and so eager for company. In my mind, you see, all that reflects back on him. That unhappy look that his son always has—things like that make me feel that he isn't really much of a person."

It was such a pat, sensible, rather basic judgment that Daniel was almost amused. Then she looked at him and this time her eyes were troubled. "I'm afraid of him," she said simply.

The old rush of guilt came back over him. If she disliked Jason then she must dislike him too. For he was of Jason's world now. He tried to make his tone light, to put down his own uneasy fears.

"You certainly didn't act afraid of him that afternoon at his house—when he offered to buy your mine."

"I was just showing off. Foolishly, I guess. But his talk about 'generous offers'! I was thinking: What right has he to talk that way to me—who used to give old Henry Comstock flour on credit before there ever was a Comstock Lode? Just pride. But I'm glad I said it. The expression on his face was worth it."

Something in her bright confidence touched Daniel sadly. "I'm glad, too," he said hesitantly. "And yet you know it might not be the wisest thing—opposing him, I mean. He—he has a way of getting what he wants—"

"Did he send you here to tell me that?"

For an instant he was terrified lest she think that he had come to her in deception. "No. No—" he fumbled.

She laughed and touched his hand lightly with hers in a gesture of reassurance.

"I was only teasing. I know you only spoke out of concern for me. But I have no intention of giving up my mine to Jason Feathers. And if possible I want to keep others from giving up theirs."

The image of the morning's events was back upon him, stifling and depressing. Harry Boff had resisted, and he was dead. What if Emily too resisted?

"But it's dangerous," he blurted out.

"Why? I have a perfect right to protect my property, and if I can get others to support me I'll be that much stronger. I've already started. I'm going around to all the men who own property adjoining mine, along that strip that Mr. Feathers is so anxious to get his hands on. I'm urging them to incorporate with me."

"And what do the others say? Are they for it?"

She picked up a small stone and dug it into the ground with an impatient gesture. "No. Not yet. I talked to some of them this morning. They think it's foolish, and I suspect they think I'm only interested in it because I'd be the biggest shareholder. And then of course any idea coming from a woman—you know how that is. But I've got to talk them into it. A couple of them owe him money already, and others will be borrowing before long, I'm sure of it. That's what I can't make them understand—that if we incorporated I'd have money to invest—I'd help them out buying the equipment they need. We'd be one strong unit that he couldn't touch."

"But if they don't listen to you?"

"They'll listen." Her tone was dogged now, flat with determination. "Sooner or later they'll *have* to see it."

He looked at her wonderingly. "It seems strange for you to tell me this. You know I work for Jason Feathers . . ."

"Oh, I don't care about that!" Her tone was bright once more. "He'll know before long anyway."

"I thought—I had an idea you might dislike me because I work for Jason."

She looked at him, her dark eyes wide, steady, direct.

"I don't dislike you at all, Mr. MacGrath."

HER honesty disarmed him more than evasion or coquetry would have. He made no answer, and the two of them sat there for a few minutes longer, not speaking, letting the quiet peace of the mountain fold around them. For the moment Daniel was not thinking of the past nor of the dubious future. The present held a curious completeness.

He could not have known, of course, what the moment signified to Emily, that her calmness was in reality something carefully contrived and guarded. Actually she was full of strange excitement and speculation. The wonder and awe she had once felt for him, the picture she had carried about for so long since that summer night in Placerville was gone. But in its place was something stronger. She knew that she could, more than that she must, find out what had changed the young preacher she remembered, so full of conviction and certainty, into this brooding, hesitant young man. And she felt, in this moment, that in doing it she would also find the answer to all her own vague, disquieting doubts.

And then the moment was gone, enveloped by the paling light of dusk that now had blurred and softened the ragged outline of the Washoe range.

At last she rose and stretched, wordlessly notifying him that it was time to return, and with regret Daniel scrambled to his feet, and they turned back in the direction of the town.

But for Daniel the feeling of peace and comfort had gone. His thoughts pressed heavily in upon him, and the memory of that morning was with him again. He felt a sudden desperate need to tell her about it, even at the risk of having her hate him. For later she would find out and know that he had purposely kept silent. And more than anything he wanted there to be honesty between them.

He kept his eyes away from her face, concentrating pointedly on the path ahead. And then briefly, in as few words as possible, he told her of what had happened to Harry Boff. When he had finished she made no answer, and it was several minutes before he dared look at her. He could see that her face had gone pale in the deepening twilight and that her mouth had lost its soft, wistful line. But she said nothing, and he felt that there was nothing he could possibly add, no excuse, no defense.

They walked on toward the house, measuring their steps to each other, keeping a short distance apart. And Daniel wondered, with a quiet hopelessness if already it was finished—if this was to be the first, and the last time he would ever walk with her.

(To be continued next week)

"She would be just right for you, dear. That was painted in 1903!"

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The Evil Eye

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

up against a lot of exposed plumbing.

"Come on," I said, grabbing his arm, "and quit moping."

At lunchtime I waited outside his classroom for him to come out. Little kids were running out the open door past me, giddyapping and smacking their rumps and sliding across the hardwood floor. Inside there were tiny doll-like chairs arranged in a huge semicircle and, when most of the kids cleared away, I could see Miss Gardner, my old kindergarten teacher, standing over Natale with a crayon in her hand, showing him something on a piece of rough drawing paper that was folded over like a four-page book.

There were a lot of little girls sucking around, the way they do, holding their drawings ready for the teacher as soon as she left my kid brother.

"You should have colored it *red*," Miss Gardner was saying to Natale. Then she added in a kind voice, "However, you'll do better tomorrow."

AS SOON as she left Natale, the girls swarmed all over her, jumping up and down on their toes and waving their drawings in her face.

Natale scrambled quickly out of his chair, and when he came out he was rolling his drawing around the pencil pouch.

"Well, Nat, how was it?"

He didn't answer me. His eyes flashed up at me for a second and then he walked down the corridor, holding his head down. Every now and again he would look up at me, as if I were the one who was responsible for sending him to school.

"It wasn't that bad, was it?"

He gave me that accusing look again and we moved on, not saying anything to each other. As soon as we got outside, he yanked his tie off so furiously that it made a singing sound under his collar. Now there was enough room between his neck and his collar to stick a fist between, and he stretched his neck luxuriously. He crumpled the tie up and stuffed it into his pocket.

"Did Miss Gardner do something to you?"

"I don't like her. I don't like school."

I laughed. "It's like that every time you start school. You feel funny at first, but after a while you get used to it."

Natale kicked the ground, scuffing his brand-new shoes. "I'll never get used to it! I'm not gonna go no more!"

I said, "You gotta go."

He said, "Why?"

I said, "You wanna learn to read and write, don't you?"

He said, emphatically, "No!"

For a while he walked along just muttering to himself. But then, as we turned the corner into our block, he asked, "S'pose I'm sick?"

"You're not sick," I said.

"I said *s'pose*."

"Then they'll wait till you get better."

"S'pose I never get better?"

"S'pose you shut up." This was too much for me; and it's a good thing we came to the house right then, because by now I was all out of patience with him and his stupid questions. My job was done. I had done just what Mama told me. I had brought him to school and I had brought him home again. Now let Mama worry about him.

As I started up the steps of the porch ahead of my kid brother, Tony Lupo came running out of his house across the street, hollering, "Hey, Nat! Hey, Nat!" and when he got closer, I could see his eyes shining with envy and curiosity.

"How was school, Nat?" he asked, all out of breath.

"Okay," Natale said, sitting down on the top step. Tony sat down beside him and stuck out a tentative finger to caress the grain of the buckskin pouch. Natale doubled his fists against his chin and sat staring into the street, looking at nothing. Tony picked up the crayon drawing Natale had made in class, opened it and exclaimed, "Gee!"

It was a blue heart.

The following morning when Mama woke me up, I had a hunch it was going to be the same story all over again with Natale. He was on the far side of the bed, next to the wall, and I was about to shake him awake when I noticed that his eyes were wide open and staring blankly at the wall in front of him. I swiveled out of bed.

"Okay, get up," I said, slipping on my pants.

Natale didn't make a move. He stayed under the sheet, tracing a crack in the wall plaster with his fingernail. Natale had a whole zoo on the wall: that crack was a kangaroo, that hole where the plaster fell out was a tiger, the long curving line at the foot of the bed was a giraffe, and so on.

"You'll be late," I warned. And still he didn't move. I finished dressing, watching him trace the animals on the wall and making new ones with his thumbnail. "For the last time, are you gonna get up?" I stood over him, wanting to rap him, clenching and unclenching my hands till my knuckles hurt, and when he still didn't make a move to turn around, I ran to the doorway and called into the kitchen.

"Mama, Natale won't get up!"

In a second Mama came tearing in, stropping her hands on the sides of her apron and, without a word, went right to the bed and smacked Natale where he bulged the biggest under the sheet.

"Get up!" Mama yelled, pulling the sheet down to the foot of the bed with one hand and grabbing his hair with the other.

"Ohhhh!" Natale moaned, doubling up as if he had suddenly got a bellyache. His eyes rolled back into his head until they showed only white and he twisted and squirmed all over the bed, making gurgling noises in his throat as though he were dying.

"Ohhhh!"

I knew he was faking; and I suppose Mama did, too. But where sickness is concerned, she never takes a chance. Watching Natale roll from side to side with his knees up to his chin, Mama's face took on a worried frown. Her hand reached out for his forehead.

"What it is?" she said.

"I don't knooow! I don't knooow!"

I knew. He was pulling the sick act to keep from going to school. Anybody with one eye and half a brain could see that there was nothing the matter with him. It was plain as the mustache under Papa's nose.

"He's faking, Mama," I said, giving him a shove. "He just don't wanna go to school."

Mama's hand was still on his head. She was studying him, trying to make a decision. "I no know," she said, shaking her head. "His-a head is hot."

"Mama, he's—" Before I could even finish the sentence, Natale's body began to quiver like a guitar bass string. Mama pulled the sheet back over him and bent down to put her lips in the hollow of his neck, her test to see if you had fever—she never learned to read the thermometer Papa bought for her. Mama waited for the temperature to register on her lips, and then she straightened up. "He'sa got fev', all right."

"But, Mama," I shouted. "He's faking, I tell you!"

"Joey, shutupa!"

"But, Mama—"

That's as far as I got. Mama grabbed me under the arms and started to march me out of the bedroom. At the door, I looked over my shoulder, past Mama, and I could see Natale smiling—that wise-guy smile of his.

On my way home from school that afternoon, my new books strapped and slung over my shoulder, I took the short cut through the empty lot on the corner of Taaffe Place. Just as I got to the other side, Tony Lupo came running over to me, dirt streaks all over his dark face.

"Where's Nat?" he asked, stepping along with me and running his mud-caked hands all over my new books.

"He's sick," I said, swinging the books to my other shoulder.

"Gee!" Tony said. "Bad?"

"No, it's only a fever."

"Is he in bed?"

"Yeah."

The rest of the way home Tony didn't say anything, but as I started up the porch, he suddenly asked, "Joey, you know like in baseball when somebody gets sick—why can't I pinch-hit for Nat?"

I stopped with my hand on the doorknob and scoffed down at this kid, a four-and-a-half-year-old shrimp who was so little that I could eat a plate of spaghetti off his head. "Pinch-hit? What are you talking about?"

"Well, if Nat can't go to school," he said, walking his fingers over my books, "why can't I go in his place—just till he gets better?"

"Are you crazy?"

"Why can't I?" he wanted to know, glaring up at me with that wet-cat look of his.

"Because that ain't the way they do it," I said. "You ain't old enough to go to school—and that's all there is to it!"

Tony hung his head, strumming his fingers across the books. "All the kids is in school now, 'cept me. Nobody's around no more since Nat started to go."

Talk about a queer kid! Here's one that was practically playing hooky every day and didn't have to worry about truant officers, homework, or nothing—and he *wanted* to go to school! "You don't know when you're well off," I said. I opened the door and went in, leaving Tony standing there poking his shoe on the porch.

The smell of spaghetti hit me as I climbed the stairs, and when I opened the kitchen door, Mama was scooping a tablespoonful of tomato paste into the gravy to thicken it. She put the lid back on the pot halfway and came over to me, drying her hands on her apron.

"Joey," she said, "Natale is still gotta the fev'. Go get La Zingara."

"La Zingara!" I said.

"You hear me," Mama said.

"But how about Papa?"

"You go before Papa's come home. He'sa no like if he'sa see La Zingara."

Neither will Natale like it, I thought to myself. Just to see this ancient hag in the street was enough to chill your blood; and a visit from her was enough to scare the wits out of anybody—even a wise guy like my kid brother, Natale.

"Does Natale know yet about La Zingara?" I asked Mama.

"No," Mama said. "Now hurry up."

LA ZINGARA lived in a shack on the other side of the carbarns and, coming up to it, I began to feel my stomach hollow out. I stopped in front of the house and looked at it. Even in the sunlight, there was a dark look and a damp feeling about it. A shiver ran through me.

But I was determined to get even with my wise-guy kid brother. I started to walk up the narrow cinder path which led right to her door, and as I crunched along it, my blood began singing in the roots of my hair, and then suddenly a wild panic exploded in my head, a panic compounded of toadstools, snakeskins, tarantulas, and the Devil knows what else. I stopped, shaking all over. I tried to go on, but my feet wouldn't move. It was no use. I couldn't do it—not even to get back at Natale.

Then, as I was turning to go, the door squealed slowly open. La Zingara, a shawl around her shoulders, was standing there smiling at me, her eyeballs swimming in their overflowing sockets.

"Si?" she asked, smiling broader.

"My brother—my brother—" I said, trying to find my voice. But she shook her head and shrugged her shawl, letting me know that she didn't understand any English. I tried again, this time in Italian with the few words I knew.

"Malato," I said, and as soon as I said it, her eyes widened and lit up.

COLLIER'S

"Okay, now draw a house on fire with a fireman carrying a lady down a ladder and a little girl carrying a kitten out the door"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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"Voi?" she asked, pointing at me.

"No, not me," I said quickly. "My brother —*fratello.*"

"Ah, vostro fratello!"

"That's right, my brother—*fratello.*"

"Fratello a casa," I explained, pointing over the rooftops in the general direction of our house.

"Aspetta." She lifted a finger that was bent like her back and gestured me to wait outside. She hobbled into the house and came out a minute later, carrying a paper bag filled with herbs and roots, and stuffing some knotted strings and a bracelet of metal charms into the folds of her skirt.

"Andiamo," she said, and all the way to my house we walked Indian file, me behind her a couple of steps all the time. It gave me the creeps just to walk behind her; but then after a couple of blocks I began to laugh to myself, picturing the look on Natale's face when La Zingara walked into the bedroom.

AS SOON as Mama opened the door to let us in, she began jabbering away to La Zingara, telling her the whole story about Natale and his fever, so called. And while La Zingara was nodding her head and murmuring, *"Si, si,"* to everything Mama said, I sneaked in to see Natale.

Opening the door quietly, barely enough for my head to fit in, I looked toward the bed. It was empty. My eyes searched the room fast—and where do you think my kid brother was? He was sitting by the window, smiling down into the street and looking as healthy as Mr. Piccininni, the undertaker.

"So you're sick?" I said, coming into the room. Without answering me, Natale ran for the bed and buried his head under the pillow. *His head under the pillow.* So that's why his head was always so hot. He was manufacturing his fever under that hot pillow, the little stinker! I pulled it away from his head and held it.

"We got somebody to visit you," I said, building it up just to scare him more. Natale turned his back to me and began working on his zoo, scooping out the loose plaster. "You know who?"

"Sure I know," Natale said, talking to the wall. "La Zingara. I saw you from the window."

Just like that. Here I go and tell him that La Zingara, a *witchwoman,* was coming to see him and he takes it as though it were any ordinary coffee-and-cake visitor. And after all the trouble I went to to get her. I threw the pillow back at his head and yelled, "You just wait till Papa comes home! Just you wait!"

"I'm sick, leave me alone," Natale whined and, hearing Mama and La Zingara outside in the hall, he buried his head back under the pillow.

Mama was still telling La Zingara about Natale's symptoms. With Mama right behind her, La Zingara padded over to the bed and bent over Natale, feeling his bones through the sheet. Every time she touched him, there was a muffled moan from under the pillow. After jabbing here and there, she took the pillow away and put her hand on Natale's forehead—a hand that reminded you of an old leather glove. Natale lay back with that make-believe look of agony on his face.

With her hand on his head, which was hot from the pillow being on it all day, La Zingara moved her head up and down slowly as though she were confirming something she suspected all along. Mama was squeezing one of the iron knobs of the bedstead and there was a frantic and worried look on her face.

"What is it?" she asked in Italian.

La Zingara took her hand away, glanced over at Mama, and then said in a rattling voice, *"Possibile mal' occhio."*

The Evil Eye!

Mama drew her breath in sharply. Anxiety crushed her face. She laced her fingers and pumped her hands up and down in front of La Zingara, pleading. "Are you sure?"

"We shall see," said La Zingara in Italian, and rolling up her black sleeves, she announced: *"L'olio e l'acqua!"*

The oil-and-water test!

La Zingara was going to do the oil-and-water test to make sure. I could have told her that she was just wasting her time and Mama's olive oil, because my kid brother no more had the Evil Eye than she did. But I didn't say anything.

Now I was just waiting for Papa to come home.

"I'll get the oil and water," Mama said. And while she was out in the kitchen, La Zingara pinned a tin hand to Natale's underwear.

The hand was from her charm bracelet; it had two fingers making the horn to take the curse off. She placed a sprig of herbs under his pillow, and sprinkled a pulverized root around the bed.

Now about this oil-and-water test. This is the way it's done: La Zingara lets the olive oil drip from her fingers into a pan of water, and if the drops of oil come together instead of scattering all over the pan, then the patient has the Evil Eye. If the patient has the Evil Eye, then he must be cured, and that means cutting the oil with a knife and reciting a little prayer. On the other hand, if the drops of oil *don't* come together, that means the patient has an ordinary fever which will pass away by itself.

When Mama came back, she had a cup of olive oil in one hand and a pan of water in the other. She set the pan of water on a chair next to the bed and handed the cup of oil to La Zingara. Now La Zingara was ready.

"What are you going to do?" Natale asked, acting, pretending to be scared.

"No be afraid," Mama said, soothing him and petting him. "It'sa no hurt."

La Zingara, reciting one of her little Sicilian prayers, dipped her fingers into the oil and then slowly, drop by drop, the oil fell from her fingers like golden tears into the pan of water. Biting her lips and running her hand nervously through Natale's hair, Mama watched the oil pattern shaping in the water, until finally there was a big glob of it, all together, right smack in the center. La Zingara put the cup of oil down next to the pan and looked up at Mama, nodding her head solemnly.

"Mal' occhio," she whispered.

The Evil Eye! But it was impossible. I wanted to scream, "It can't be! Something must have gone wrong with the test! My wise-guy kid brother is laughing at us! Even with his back turned to us he's laughing at us!" But I didn't open my mouth. What was the use?

"Oh, povero figliolo!" Mama was crying and slobbering all over Natale. "But who? Who?" Mama cried, looking up to La Zingara for an explanation. "Who could be jealous of such a little boy? Who would overlook such a beautiful child?" When Mama said "overlook," she meant to look at someone with the Evil Eye.

La Zingara shrugged. "Who knows? It could have been anybody."

SUDDENLY Natale turned in bed, and his eyes shot to me for a second before he spoke. "I know who it was."

"Who?" Mama demanded. "Who it was?"

"It was Tony Lupo!"

"Tony Lupo!" Mama said, covering her mouth.

"You're crazy," I shouted.

"It was!" he shouted back. "Mama, you remember what you said—about when somebody wants something you got that they ain't got? And remember you said that that's how you got the Evil Eye? Well, Tony Lupo wished he was going to school instead of me." And then staring hard at me, he said, "You heard him yourself."

Of course. He had heard me and Tony talking under the window.

"Mama," I said, "Tony was just lonesome. He didn't mean it that way."

"He meant it, Mama!"

"Why don't you stop your faking!" I yelled, pushing my fist into his face.

Mama got to her feet and came for me. "Joey, shutupa!"

"Okay," I said, backing off. "But he's faking. And I'm gonna tell Papa when he comes home."

Mama said, "You tell nothing nobody."

Natale said, "He thinks he knows it all."

I said, "I'll get even with you yet."

And I did.

This is how.

"La cura!" La Zingara announced, meaning that she was ready to cure Natale, as if anybody could be cureder than he was.

"Si," Mama said, standing by.

"Il coltello!" La Zingara was asking Mama for the knife to cut the oil. But when Natale heard her ask for the knife, he got as green as if he were really sick and he sat up in bed as straight as a board. His eyes were popping out of his head as he watched Mama go into the kitchen.

"What's the knife for?" he asked La Zingara. Now his voice was really scared; he wasn't acting this time. La Zingara smiled at him, not understanding a word he spoke. My wise-guy kid brother was sweating good now, and he turned to me.

"What's the knife for?"

"It's nothing," I lied. "She's only going to make a little cut in your head to draw the fever out. That's what she always does."

"She's gonna cut my head!"

"Only a little cut."

"Nobody's cutting my head!"

"There's nothing to it—" I began, but just then Mama came back, holding a knife in her hand—the big saw-toothed bread knife! She had hardly stepped into the room when Natale leaped out of bed and threw his arms around her legs, shrieking hysterically, "Put the knife back! Put it back!"

Mama tried to push him off her. "Natale, go back the bed. You sick."

Then Natale began to run around the room in his bare feet and underwear, raving like a madman, "I ain't sick! I ain't sick! I made it up! I was only fooling! I'll go to school! Send her away, send her away! I was only fooling!"

That did it.

And let me tell you, after La Zingara left, Mama really gave it to him—and with both hands, too.

IT WAS getting dark, and me and Natale were sitting around the table waiting for supper when Papa came home. He was smiling, the way he does when he makes overtime, and he had a longshoreman's hook dangling from each of his workshirt pockets.

"Ah," he said, sniffing the tomato sauce; and still sniffing, he went to the stove and peeked over Mama's shoulders, watching her stir the sauce with a wooden spoon.

"Go wash," Mama said.

"Presto," Papa said, giving Mama a quick hug, and he went singing into the bathroom.

"Joey," Mama said, over Papa's loud singing, "no say nothing to Papa about school and La Zingara, you hear?"

"There's nothing to say no more," I said, smiling at Natale, who was sitting next to me and scowling into his empty plate.

A minute later Papa came out of the bathroom, rubbing his washed hands. Then he sat down across from me and Natale, poured himself a glass of wine and drank it down.

"Ah," he sighed, sitting back in his chair and sending the wine fumes across the table. "Now let's eat," he said, picking up his napkin.

While he tucked the napkin into the top button of his underwear, he looked over at me and Natale. His eyes finally settled on my kid brother, but Natale didn't look up from the plate.

"And how was my smart little boy in school today?" Papa asked Natale.

"I'm not smart," Natale told the plate.

"Sure you smart," Papa said. "You the smartest boy in the world."

"I'm not," Natale said. Papa couldn't see it, but I could. Natale's hand was behind his back and his fingers were shaping a pair of horns.

Like Mama said: You can't take chances with the Evil Eye. THE END

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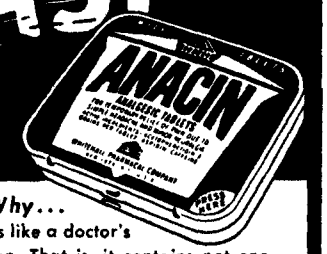

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No Frauds Are Crueler Than These

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

stature. There is no record of anybody gaining any measurable height but a few buyers have been hanged.

Running close behind the cancer, diabetes and bosom-deficiency cures is the sinus panacea. Last year the postal inspectors indicted a gentleman in Syracuse who was making $50,000 per annum peddling sinus cures. His lawyers requested a 30-day delay in his trial because their boy was in dire need of hospitalization for an operation. The affidavit shamefacedly set down the fraud's ailment—sinusitis.

The specialist in fraudulent medicine is comparatively new. The general practitioner has long been with us, peddling cure-alls in one neat little package. Often he has rediscovered a miraculous herb which will heal anything from falling hair to epilepsy. One Professor Isbell, a West Coast resident who has been in jail a couple of times and twice slapped with fraud orders, is among the best of these operators. His forte is a miraculous clay from Nevada which he peddles by the pasteboard carton at $25 per. The prof's salesmen comb California for suckers and he has circularized by mail a goodly portion of the nation.

Isbell was haled into court for that last tactical error but got a hung jury when one of his witnesses testified she had been cured of diabetes by his clay. Seventeen days later she died of diabetes. The government retried the prof and offered as its entire case a transcript of the woman's testimony and the certificate stating the cause of her death. The judge imposed a sentence of one year.

Dr. Yosmite Nabona, a predecessor of Isbell, was possibly the only herb doctor who went to the trouble of hanging a certificate on his office wall. Dr. Yosmite set himself up as a Navajo Indian peddling the ancient herbs and powders of his tribe. He was undoubtedly the only Navajo born on the shores of the Elbe River near Hamburg, Germany, and the only Navajo who talked like Weber and Fields. On inspection, his certificate turned out to be in German—issued by the University of Berlin as a license to practice midwifery.

A Frock-Coated Phony

"Espanto," who worked Florida in the winter and Iowa in the summer over a decade ago, was another colorful cure-all phony. He wore his hair long, dressed in a frock coat, wing collar and flowing tie, and passed himself off as an Aztec. For $1, he would diagnose your ailment if you sent him a picture taken within the last four months or a piece of clothing worn next to the skin for 48 hours. The inspectors sent "Espanto" a piece of cheesecloth that had been worn next to nothing. They got a reply that was personally somewhat embarrassing. The cheesecloth diagnosis proved similar in all particulars to a diagnosis more generally achieved by the use of a technique developed by Dr. Wassermann. With this frightening information came assurance that Espanto was prepared to cure the ill for a little cash.

Then there was Mr. P. who described himself as a healer who had a commission from God to cure 14 diseases. He sold bottles of medicine for $1.50 apiece. Bottle number two would cure cancer, number thirteen would grow back eyes. Perry's 14 panaceas were identical except for a difference in flavoring. The formula was equal parts alcohol, olive oil and water. When the post office cracked down, a lady wrote to inform the government she had instructed her heirs to sue Uncle Sam because she would die now that Perry's panaceas were no longer available. She pointed out that after a slug of number eleven she always felt a real lift. Number eleven, like numbers one to fourteen inclusive, was 33⅓ per cent alcohol, so no one was surprised.

The herb doctors and the peddlers of equal parts alcohol, water and olive oil are current and prosperous, but they are getting stiff competition from the "voodoo" fakers. If pushed, the "voodooers" will cure you of any and all ills but they prefer to jinx your enemies, advise on investments or peddle you all the good luck you will need this year. The "voodoo" boys generally are Negroes and their customers are in the main also Negroes.

Dr. A. Rockford Lewis, a New Orleans voodoo peddler, sold Inspector C. E. Dunbar a vial of powder guaranteed to get Dunbar a job as president of a railroad at $15,000 per annum. During the trial, Dr. Lewis started each day's proceedings by majestically circling the courtroom shaking a vial at judge, jurors and government counsel. This vial contained the doc's "Lay-off Powder," guaranteed to hold enemies at bay. Only the doc knows how well it worked, because he got two years.

Dr. L. C. Crawford, an Alabama voodoo king, peddled advice and prognostications cap to restore hair and the rubber-tipped sticks that strengthen weak eyes when batted against the eyelids 200 times a night.

In addition to searching out medical frauds in obscure pamphlets the Post Office Inspection Service keeps an eye out for two of its great hates—obscenity and lotteries. The inspectors are reluctant to talk about obscenity because they recognize a couple of sad facts about the problem: what is obscene to Jones is dreadfully dull to Smith. And there is the fine, steel-like line of censorship. Americans just plain don't like censorship. A serious effort was made to get inspectors to tell this reporter what was obscene and what was not. The result wasn't happy except to prove that somebody had a dirty little mind and nobody was quite sure who it was.

The post office takes a dim view of nudist colony periodicals but some courts have pointed out the possibility that some people are nudists because they honestly think

COLLIER'S "My trouble is, I'm from Texas and I'm ashamed of it" LEONARD DOVE

to anywhere from 25 to 150 persons a day despite his inability to read or write. He passed out advertisements at bus and railroad stations, and soon clients from as far away as Washington and New York were using the mails to buy advice. He had five secretaries, four houses and a farm. Crawford came a cropper when he assured a post-office inspector that the inspector's child, Pat, would grow up to matriculate at West Point.

Pat turned out to be Patricia, so Crawford got 15 months.

To the great good fortune of all of us, the inspectors do not wait for complaints before going after medical frauds. All media of communication are carefully checked for charlatanry. Most newspapers, magazines and radio stations have standards stricter even than postal laws demand. But some periodicals are devoted to fraudulent advertising. The checking of publications has eliminated certain ancient swindles such as the science of rhinoplasticology, the alleged straightening of noses by aluminum and leather torture instruments, and of such gadgets as the nickel-plated skull-it a healthier way of life. The post office sadly offers in rebuttal a picture of a young and comely wench who filled a full page of a nudist magazine except for two or three lines of type tastefully recording that she had recently departed this vale of tears.

Generally a magazine or newspaper is considered decent if it runs one picture of a naked lady and a lot of pictures of other things. If it runs one picture of other things and a lot of pictures of flimsily clad females, it's dirty. The post office insists that it is not militant about obscenity, but merely watchful.

The French post-card industry was among the first to recover in war-torn Europe but the inspectors have succeeded in plastering "fraud orders" on the European manufacturers (not all French, by any means) and the American peddlers. Via fraud orders, mail addressed to these people is intercepted and returned to the sender. Thus the Europeans can't get any money for their merchandise and this ancient cultural form is withering.

Not withering, despite even greater effort on the part of the inspectors, is the importation of foreign lottery tickets. It took the post office nine years in court (1883–1891) to break up the Louisiana Lotteries and for all time establish its right to ban lottery slips or payments. Today it even has a club it can use against newspapers. This club is used gingerly, if at all, because the papers today print only news in connection with lotteries. It is news which horse won abroad and who had a ticket on him here. How and where to buy tickets is not considered news by either the post office or the press, which wants to use the mails. The post office refuses to guess how much money goes abroad annually for lottery tickets, although it admits the figure is in the millions. However, it thinks it is checking the flow of tickets into, and money from, the U.S.

The Irish and the Italians, with traditionally close ties to their respective old countries, peddle most of the lottery or sweepstakes tickets here. If the post office suspects a man is receiving tickets from abroad, he is asked to come to the post office for his package, and also asked to open the package at once. If tickets are disclosed they are confiscated and a fraud order issued against the sender. If the recipient continues receiving tickets from other sources he, too, gets fraud-ordered, to use post-office vernacular.

Lottery Men from Down Under

Arthur McKell and George J. Tennent flew from Australia to San Francisco to gather the names of G.I.s who had fought in the Pacific and might be interested in a picture booklet covering those happy days. Four days after they stepped off the plane the State Department notified the post office that the Messrs. McKell and Tennent were representatives of International Investments, Ltd., the married name for the New South Wales State lottery.

The inspectors tailed the pair across country and back and nabbed them a month after arrival for having caused the delivery by mail of lottery tickets. Tennent was fined $1,000 and McKell put on probation and told to leave the United States. Both left together.

The boys had put together a first-class sucker mailing list, but post offices throughout this country were instructed to scrutinize packages from Australia. As a result 130 fraud orders were issued against people Down Under.

Churches and charitable groups attempt lotteries in the honest belief that their nonprofit status in good causes exempts them from the laws of the land. This is not so, and the promoters are gently, but firmly, made to sign affidavits of discontinuance.

The peddlers of "systems" to beat the races are a sore spot with inspectors. A few have been forced by the post office to quit, but unfortunately "horse handicapping" is considered by custom a form of science, like dream books.

Readers whose interest in horse-race "systems" is more than academic will be glad to learn that the sending of dunning post cards through the mails is illegal. Another post-office ruling prevents your bookmaker from stuffing bills in your mailbox.

And—note to the average citizen who may not yet be convinced of the beneficent aspects of a keen-eyed postal force—the same injunction applies to the plain old everyday milkman.

Honest citizens often find it tough to cash checks in a hurry. Not so with forgers. How postal inspectors combat forgery of checks and money orders by the use of scientific methods of detection is detailed in the concluding installment—in next week's Collier's

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My Noble Friend

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

the field. Not any ol' soft-drink hospital PX. Out there they'll sell you the genuine three point two."

"What about it?" Peter said. "We're patients; we can't go there."

It was no idle decree that made pajamas and bathrobe the only proper uniform for even the most active hospital patient. In them he was shackled to the hospital grounds more surely than if he had worn a ball and chain.

"Didn't you tell me you had a set of fatigues in your barracks bag in the ward storeroom?"

"Well?" Peter said.

"I swear, man," Con said, "where's your brains?"

"Say!" Peter said. *"Say!"*

THE door of the ward storeroom was kept locked except when Marvin distributed fresh sheets and pillowcases. This he did grudgingly, carrying each patient's allotment from the storeroom to each bed in turn. It took him one full minute to walk to the bed farthest from the storeroom. One minute, therefore, in which his back was turned. One minute to get into the storeroom and get the forbidden fatigues out.

"I think I can do it," Peter said. "If I can't, well, it'll be a pleasure to punch Marvin's face in, if he gets nasty."

It worked like a charm. Peter was into the storeroom and out, the fatigues shoved under his bathrobe, in less than a minute. He gave Marvin the Mule an amiable wink as he passed him in the ward.

They tossed a coin to see which one would make the first night's trip. Peter won. At eight o'clock, when the last ward boy and nurse had gone off duty, he joined Con in the back porch of the ward and, while Con kept watch, pulled the fatigues over his pajamas. They had agreed that it was not safe to keep the fatigues in the ward; rather, they would be cached within one of the tin termite shields that ran around the building's foundation posts.

At quarter to nine Peter was back. In the anonymity of the olive-drab fatigues he had passed as merely another of the field's thousands of enlisted men. He had two bottles of beer in the capacious pockets. "For you," he said, "my gifted, my noble friend. Con, did I ever tell you you're a genius?"

"Sho enough," Con said. "How many you have?"

"Two," Peter said. "So these two are for you. Con, I trust I committed no indiscretion when I drank, as drink I did in that heavenly PX, to Jeff Davis?"

Con raised a bottle to his mouth. "Handsome of you, Peter," he said. "Here's to Salmon P. Chase." He drank with slow, deep pleasure. "Always was partial to that man," he said, smacking his lips. "Even if he was a Yankee. Salmon! What a name!"

For a week, things went fine, each of them making on alternate nights the delightful journey into what was for them the outer world. It was not so much the beer, really, it was what it represented to Peter, a memory of hot summer afternoons on the lawn behind the small house in Larchmont (as a family man, he had become a suburban New Yorker) with Judith beside him and the two children engaged in solemn diggings in the sandbox.

A week passed. Then one night Con came back from the PX with a gloomy air. "Know who just happened to squirm in alongside me at the PX tonight?" he said.

Peter's head sank.

"Marvin," Con said. He made a sound of disgust. "I got to feeling so free and easy I never troubled watching out. Peter, I reckon I fixed our wagon for sure."

"But you brought the beer," Peter said.

"I brought the beer," Con said. "But if I bring any more it's going to cost fifteen bucks a week."

Peter absorbed this slowly. Anywhere outside the hospital grounds was off limits for a patient; he did not know what the penalty might be, perhaps a spell in the prison ward. That in itself was nothing. Giving up this blessed release from monotony was the real blow.

Then he brightened. "But Con, he only saw *you*. There's no reason why *I* can't—"

"Except that after this he's going to be there every night. I didn't tell him you were in on it, Peter. If he knew that he'd double the price. Even if it's paid, means you can't go any more." Con paused. "Only me."

But of course it was out of the question, if there were to be no more of the delightful trips. Peter was about to say so. Then he thought: But those trips mean as much to Con; can I take them away from him when, if he were in my place, he never would from me?

"We'll pay the little chiseler," he said. "But listen, Con—no Southern chivalry. I know we're better off at home than you. I'll pay Marvin ten and you pay five. Otherwise, nothing doing."

There was not the argument he had expected. Perhaps, he thought, I've offended Con's pride.

"You can't pay him, Peter," Con said. "If you did he'd know you were in on it. You'll have to give it to me to give to him."

"All right," Peter said. I'll never really understand the South, he thought.

I've run into some unexpected expense, he wrote home. *We have a big-time operator in the hospital who's discovered Con and I have been going off limits every night to a PX where we can buy beer and who threatens to tell all unless we give him fifteen bucks a week. If we pay—and I leave that up to you—I'm going to pay ten, because Con isn't well off. Not that we are. But the real reason, darling, is that Con's blaming himself for having given the show away, and the ten dollars is nothing compared to what his friendship has been worth to me. So you see . . .*

My goodness, we're not that hard up! Judith wrote. *Poor Con, I can imagine how woebegone he is. Of course we'll do it.*

Not that Con seemed to be blaming himself or was looking woebegone. It was Peter who was downcast. The trips to the PX had meant more to him even than he had thought. There was little pleasure in the beer Con brought every night; he could not stop himself from thinking of the sacrifice it meant to Judith. It was hardly fair. After all, he was the one who had taken the risk of getting the fatigues; he was the one who was paying most of the money; he was not the one who had been caught; and yet it was he who was confined again, day after day, night after night, to the narrow hospital world. A dull fire of anger grew in him, a feeling of unwarranted persecution.

He dropped in on Johnny Sawyer that night, as he did every night, and made himself ask the questions Johnny loved to answer about his girl back home in Wisconsin. He had heard it all so often, that he could have answered as easily as Johnny, but he listened with a look of absorbed attention.

"Gee, Barbara's swell," Johnny said blissfully. "I guess I told you, didn't I, she's saving up too, so we can get married? I guess you can't ask a girl to do more than that, can you? I guess that proves she—"

"Certainly proves she loves you," Peter said.

"That's what I mean," Johnny said. There was actually a tinge of pink under the white cheeks. "So I guess you won't see me handing out any money where I don't have to, when I'm saving it for her, isn't that right, Peter?"

"Right," Peter said. "Someone been asking you for money?"

"Ah, that dopey Marvin," Johnny said. "He asked me if I could let him have five bucks until payday."

"Marvin did?" Peter said. "When?"

"Today," Johnny said. "I explained how Barbara and me are saving up for—"

TODAY, Marvin had received his weekly blackmail from Con. It was strange that he should be so anxious for five dollars the same day he had been paid fifteen.

"—so I guess maybe he understood," Johnny said. "Didn't say so, though."

Wait a minute, Peter thought. How do you know, after all, that Marvin did get the fifteen today? Perhaps Con didn't have a chance to—

He looked back through the ward at Con. Con was lying on his bed, smoking one of the cigars he had taken to recently, reading the home-town paper his wife sent him. Con's wife never visited the hospital. Too many other uses for the money, Con had explained.

For the money. For the money. Too many other uses for the money.

How do you know Marvin ever got that fifteen a week? How do you know Marvin ever did catch Con in the PX?

You're out of your mind, he told himself angrily; boy, your morale's shot to hell. Yet—who'd thought of this PX idea, in the first place?

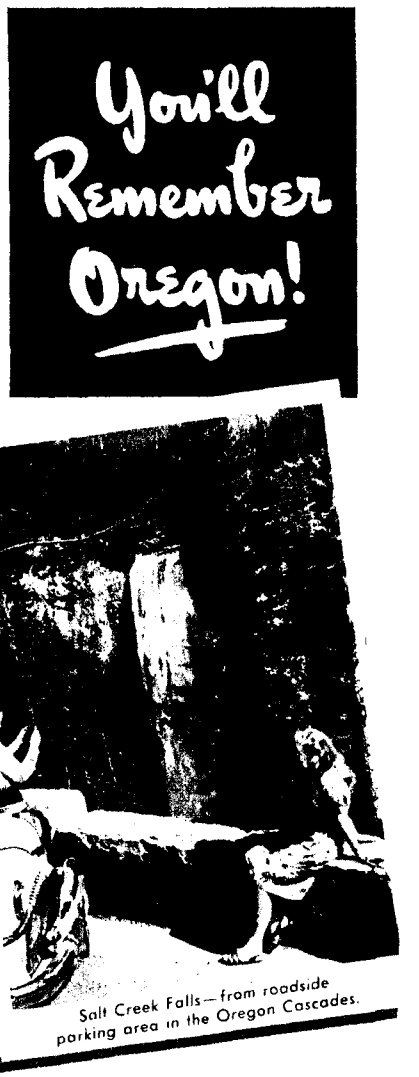
But what proof was there?

There was one sure proof. Marvin was supposed to be on watch in the PX every night. Peter could slip on the fatigues, go to the PX now—not inside, just to look in through a window, to see if Marvin were really there.

There was a sick excitement in him. He passed Con's bed without a glance and went outside. He reached under the

"A teacher's job is to teach, ain't it? Why blame me if she failed?"

COLLIER'S — SIDNEY HOFF



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post where the fatigues were kept and felt for the suit. It wasn't there.

His face was burning. The months of boredom, the worries, the doubts, the drab days, the long weary nights, the hideous endless monotony—in a rush, these overcame him. He stared into the ward and saw the lazy figure reading on the bed, and then he was walking back into the ward and up to that bed and saying (but hardly his voice; he heard it as another, a foreign voice, hard and thick):

"That was a pretty smart promotion, that PX deal, wasn't it?"

Con glanced up. "Listen to this, Peter," he said. "Item here ought to give you a—" He stopped. "What did you say?"

"That was a pretty smart promotion, that PX deal, wasn't it?"

Con hesitated. "Sure," he said, "until it went wrong." He frowned. "What ails you?"

"It's gone wrong for good, now," Peter said.

"Hey," Con said, "what's it all about?" For a moment his eyes shifted, and then his voice was easy and humorous again. "Heat getting you, son?"

THE drawling voice was suddenly revolting to Peter. "Not the heat," he said. "Just that I don't like being played for a dumb Yankee."

"Who's playing you for a dumb Yankee?"

"You ought to know," Peter said. "You've been getting the money, haven't you? You hid the fatigues where I couldn't find them, didn't you? So I couldn't go to the PX and see that Marvin wasn't there? And never has been?"

Con's broad shoulders came up lazily.

"Don't know that I understand you, when you speak like that."

"It's the way we're taught to speak up North," Peter said. "It seems to me you never had any trouble understanding me before. When I said I'd pay the ten bucks a week, for instance."

Con got up from the bed.

"I guess I understand you," he said. His fair skin looked tight and hot and his blue eyes stared at Peter through a slick film. "And I guess you can take it back."

"You guess I can, do you? Guess again."

"I guess I'll have to make you, then," Con said.

"You?" Peter said. "Big talker, aren't you? A real big-time operator, with your ten bucks a week!"

The large plain face became lumpy and strange. "Listen, you-all," Con said to the rest of the ward, which could not have been listening more attentively already, "this fellow here's got himself too big for his britches. Going to take him down some. Going to settle it in the washroom. I'm going to lock the washroom door, and I don't want any of you coming around there till we come out. If the night nurse or O.D. happens to pass by and look in the ward, I want everything to look normal, you hear me?" He glanced at Peter. "All right with you?"

"Yes," Peter said. Hearing his pulse like a hammer, his knees stiff as boards, he walked to the washroom at the head of the ward, took off bathrobe and pajama top and, turning, caught a reflection in the mirror of a face he did not recognize: his own, puffed with fury.

The door closed, the key turned. Naked to the waist, Con faced him.

"Want to take it back?"

"If there's anything I hate," Peter said, "it's a hypocrite. Next to a liar."

Con's arms lifted with his wheeling shoulders. *Peter struck his left fist forward and* felt it land and could have shouted with a crazy pleasure. Then his head jolted back and the white ceiling spun and he thought: Why, he hit me!—and forgot the vaguely remembered schoolboy science, jabs and hooks and feints, wishing only to hit with both hands, to hit as fast as he could, to hurt as much as he could.

There was little difference in height but Con was the stockier; in the close bruising fight, this advantage told. The hot-water tank in the washroom made the air the sopping steamy air of a hothouse; the sweat leaped from their bodies and ran in greasy rivers down their panting chests. Over Con's shoulder there was a bright red necklace—where had it come from? Peter wondered; and then thought: Must be from me, he must have cut me; it's blood. My blood! He heard someone screaming with rage. Why, he thought, that's me too! And a picture, a ludicrous comparison, crossed his mind: Peter Munro in the neat white shirt and decent blue suit of the proper Larchmont commuter, inspecting the Times with a sober glance; and Peter Munro, half naked, bloodstained and weary, slipping to his knees on the washroom floor, and struggling up, not out of strength but fury, thinking, damn him, I'll kill him!

The heavy body slammed into his and

COLLIER'S "Every time he steps on your feet on the dance floor, remember he's stepping on them with shoes made in his very own factory!" JOHN RUGE

he toppled with a thud into the door. Then *the door thudded again.*

"Hold it," Con gasped. "Someone's pounding on door. Must be the O.D."

He shoved Peter aside and unlocked and opened the door.

It was not a nurse or the officer of the day. Beyond Con's glistening, spattered body, Peter saw a white thin figure.

"We couldn't keep him in bed, Con," someone was saying. "He said he was going to make you quit fighting Peter."

"Johnny!" Peter said.

Then he heard another voice. "What's happening here?" it said sharply, and the group around Johnny Sawyer scuttled back to their beds.

"You two gone crazy?" Captain Bowen said. Then he saw who it was who was leaning against the wall. "Sawyer!" he cried. "My God, boy, don't you know—"

"Isn't his fault," Peter said. "He got out of bed to stop us."

Bowen was a big man; he picked Johnny up and carried him in his arms to the private room. He was back in a minute, mopping his head.

"I thought you two at least were old enough to have some sense. Munro, you're bleeding like a stuck pig. What's the idea, acting like a couple of kids? Let me see you shake hands."

"Not me," Peter said.

"Did you have it all fixed with your buddy," Con said, "to stop it when the going got tough? Even if it meant he had to get out of bed?"

Peter lunged at him.

"Attention!" Captain Bowen shouted (sadly unmilitary, compared to a drill sergeant's belly roar). "Munro, you wash up and move into the next ward; you're shipping out tomorrow."

"Shipping out?" Peter said. "Where?"

"That's what I came over to tell you; I thought you'd appreciate having the news tonight. New directive; advanced convalescents due for discharge are to be *shipped to the station hospital nearest their* home. You'll be taking a train up to Mitchel Field, Long Island." He finished the bandage. "Deep cut," he said. "Might leave a scar. Now, how about it? Since you're going home, think you might change your mind and shake hands with Forrest?"

"I can't do that," Peter said.

HE RUBBED his chin. Here was the old ward, old B-16, and, next to it, B-15, where five years ago Bowen had bandaged the cut and given him the wonderful news and asked, "Now, how about it?" Had he regretted that refusal? No; not then, and not in the following years; for he might not have refused (I wouldn't have, he thought, even if he was a cheat; maybe he needed the money badly to send home) if it had not been for what Con Forrest had said at the end, the last words he had heard Con Forrest say: "Have it all fixed with your buddy to stop it—even if it meant he had to get out of bed?"

Then, if he did not regret it, why was he here?

Peter sat on the stoop of ward B-16 and thought of the things he did regret, the promises made and so swiftly forgotten in the comforts of a civilian world in which that short military past seemed not only absurd but unreal. Therefore it could have no true connection with the Peter Munro of Larchmont, New York, who, in neat white shirt and decent blue suit, rode his morning and evening commuter's train and scanned the Times with a civilian concern for events abroad and closed his eyes each night with the consciousness of a day's work well done, feeling on his lips his wife's soft good-night kiss.

He, with anything to regret? Perhaps at odd moments, when he heard on a New York street a drawling voice, he thought of a lost friendship and thought: Someday I must finish that, someday I must make him say he is sorry for what he said. But this was not regret.

"Do you know it's almost five years since you came home?" Judith said one night.

"Five years," Peter said. "Good Lord, so it is!" And for a moment he was that returning, rejoicing amateur soldier. "When I think of all the things I was going to do when I got out of that hospital—"

How many things we were all going to do, when we got out!

"What were you going to do?" Judith said.

And here was the regret. "I was going to help a boy I knew there to stay in the South—if he got well."

On that last morning, Johnny had not been able to see him. No visitors, Bowen said; a relapse. I'll tell Johnny you came to say good-by.

Yes, here was the regret, and deep and painful—deep enough to make him take the long trip—as a form of penance, perhaps.

HE GOT up and walked around the side of the ward. Here was the post under which they had hidden the fatigues. Or was it? Wasn't it the next one? In an unconscious reflex he felt under the tin termite shield. A rotting green-drab cloth came out in his hand.

He stared at the fatigues.

That night, then, in his anger, he had looked under the wrong post. And Con—*Con*—

The past sprang to life, the world of five years ago lived and moved again. The weedy street was clean, the ward buildings gleamed in fresh paint, the noncoms shouted on the hot drill grounds, and the planes were wheeling down again to land on Carley Field. He could hear the thunder of their engines and the whistling air over the straining wings.

But that was only the breeze sighing in the pines, and the engine roar was the cab, coming for him. This was today, the past was gone, never to be brought back—and he was a man faithless to his promise.

It was not the cab. An old car came rattling along the weedy street. "Must be *February seventeen, sure enough,*" a drawling voice said.

"Con," Peter said. "Con!"

He did not know who the others were in the car; he could not see them very well. He still had the fatigues in his hand. He held them up wordlessly.

"Forget it, Peter," Con said. "We were both crazy that night, me most of all, for saying what I said. I told the kid later—I was mad clear through, I told him; I never meant what I said to Peter about his fixing to have you stop us—didn't I, Johnny?"

"Johnny?" Peter said.

"Sure that's Johnny," Con said. "You gone and forgotten what you said about him coming over to the farm with me? Bowen said it'd be a good idea too, and we worked it out after you'd gone. He's got his own place now, next to ours. Johnny, boy, show off that Southern accent!"

"Hello, Peter," the tall young man said. "I've been telling Barbara here—I told her, 'You watch, Barbara, old Peter'll be there, if he promised.'" THE END

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The 'Boss' Who Didn't Get Licked

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

and which, as a good politician with a future to look out for, even at seventy-one years, he feels he must attend. Bridgeport has more than 30 "foreign quarters"—of which the Italian, Irish, Polish and Hungarian are the largest—which no politician can neglect. His favorite functions are church suppers, because there the home-cooked food is always good, he says.

A busy schedule like this does not leave Jasper much time for a quiet home life. But this does not seem to bother the mayor. He is married, but has no children. His first wife, whom he married in 1915, died three years later, about the time that his brother Jim McLevy was killed in France, during the first World War. For 14 years thereafter, he lived a bachelor's existence in the simple family home with two of his sisters. Then, in 1929, he married Vida Stearns, the daughter of "Pop" Stearns, a Socialist of the old school, who had grown up with her father out in the Oklahoma Territory. She and Jasper kept the marriage a secret from their friends for nearly five years, while she stayed home keeping house for "Pop," and Jasper remained with his sisters.

Now they live in the plain but substantial McLevy home on Salem Street. There most of the activity centers in the large and comfortable kitchen. Reporters who went there the night he was first elected mayor have never forgotten that the kitchen door was flung open by a neighbor's kid who had come to borrow a loaf of bread.

When McLevy does get home for a quiet evening, he likes to sit around, drinking tea and reading. But this happens very seldom. Sometimes he and Vida spend an evening together at Pleasure Beach, munching hot dogs. If Vida is in an expansive mood, she will drive the shooting-gallery proprietors nutty proving that when "Pop" taught her how to shoot, he taught her for keeps.

Roughing It on the Farm

The McLevys are happiest living on their farm. There Jasper gets into old clothes—disreputable clothes, his friends say—and really goes to work. He is a real dirt farmer and does most of the work himself, from spreading manure to tending his nutmeg bushes. Vida, who has never mixed in politics beyond listening to rehearsals of Jasper's more important speeches, is an artist of sorts. She likes best to paint on china and has done some very lively decorations on trays. When Connecticut politics is ready to discard Jasper, if that time ever comes, the McLevys hope to retire to the farm for the rest of their lives.

A bad radio speaker, he is extraordinarily good at extemporaneous talking. But when he has an important speech to make, it is usually first prepared for him by Harry Schwartz, nominally the city attorney, but in reality—along with Schwarzkopf and John Shenton, who is the city treasurer—one of the mayor's chief "brain trusters." Schwartz is a bright-eyed little man, who reads Henry Adams in his spare time, a "liberal Republican" by political persuasion, who has been in Bridgeport politics all his life; and Schwarzkopf, a roly-poly, mild-mannered cabinetmaker, has been a Socialist all his life. He says it is nonsense to think Jasper is not a real Socialist. And Schwartz says, "Jasper doesn't shift. When he thinks the time has come, he'll be radical again—if he lives that long."

The Great Jasper was born in Bridgeport on March 27, 1878, and has never lived anywhere else. Hugh McLevy, his father, and Mary Stewart McLevy, his mother, were rugged Scots, as their names signify. Both were born in the old country and never lost the burr from their tongues nor the qualities of stubborn independence which they brought with them and which their son inherited. Hugh, a roofer, died from a fall in 1905, leaving nine children, of whom Jasper was the oldest.

Jasper left school after the eighth grade to work in a Bridgeport tool factory for $3.60 a week. At the age of thirteen he became an apprentice roofer. He followed that trade, working for others and eventually for himself, until he became mayor in 1933. In fact, the morning after election, his few hours of sleep having been broken at 6:00 A.M. by New York reporters calling to find out why he, a Socialist, had triumphed, he went off to finish a roofing job before going to the city hall.

Jasper's youthful hangout was a tobacco store at Congress and Main streets, then hardly the busy, bright-fronted shopping district it is today. Old Charley Porzenheim's store was different. The "gang" who made it their headquarters did so because they liked to listen to that old German Socialist's fiery denunciations of the wrongs done by man to mankind. Jasper drank in this talk, went briefly to night school, took a few correspondence-school courses, and joined the Socialist party shortly after his twenty-first birthday. He joined the union at the same time.

Intellectually, the greatest single influence of his young manhood was a book he read. It was Edward Bellamy's Utopian fantasy of a co-operative and regimented society, Looking Backward, which, although first published in 1888, had suddenly become a best seller around the turn of the century. Today McLevy confines his reading to municipal reports, magazines about municipal affairs, and similar material. But he still keeps a copy of Looking Backward around the house, reads it in rare moments of relaxation. His second favorite book is the Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens, whose exposés of municipal corruption first appeared when Jasper was growing up.

A willing worker in the Socialist party, Jasper nevertheless gave a great deal of his time to the active labor movement. He was one of the prime organizers of the Central Labor Union and the Building Trades Council and at one time was the international president of the Slate and Tile Roofers, an A.F. of L. affiliate. He held many union offices in Bridgeport. But all the time he was interested in politics, particularly Bridgeport politics.

Jasper was twenty-seven years old before he first sought public office. That was in 1905. Running for the common council, he got exactly 30 votes. Thus began his long and, what would have been to almost anyone else, disheartening career as an unsuccessful candidate for public office—a record almost as amazing as his nine-term stint as mayor. Not even Norman Thomas, the best-known unelected Socialist, can equal it. It is impressive:

Candidate for mayor of Bridgeport, 18 times, nine successfully.

Candidate for Governor of Connecticut, 11 times.

Candidate for the State Senate, four times.

Candidate for State Representative, four times.

Candidate for Common Council, three times.

Always carelessly dressed, he became a familiar figure at Bridgeport street corners, spouting orthodox Socialist dogma from a soapbox. Few took him seriously. But within the Socialist party, always a small but stubborn organization, his doggedness of spirit was liked and respected.

Always a Foe of Communism

For those days he was a radical. But in radical circles he was considered orthodox. In later years, when the Communists began infiltrating the Socialist party, he was one of the first to break with the national organization over this issue which all but broke the party in two. He has always opposed Communism, does so today, and has battled the left wing in labor's ranks for years. He later made his peace with the National Socialist party, of which he is one of the titular leaders; but whether he actually has much influence in its policy-making circles is doubtful.

In 1911 he made his first bid for the mayor's chair. He ran on a straight Socialist platform. The Democrats and the Republicans did not pay him much attention and on this first attempt he got only 3,625 of the 14,567 votes cast—not many, but enough to encourage him. One of his planks was a workman's compensation law. After the election, he stumped the state for it and was greatly responsible for getting the law through the legislature in 1913.

"That was the real start of social legislation in Connecticut," he says today.

It was the Great Depression that gave Jasper his first big political boost. After the debacle of 1929, people were more apt to take the nostrums of radicals more seriously than they had previously, especially in a city as hard hit as Bridgeport. In 1931, the year before Franklin D. Roosevelt, then governor of New York, ran against Hoover, Jasper made his eighth bid for mayor.

The results of that election were significant. They surprised everyone. Candidate McLevy, naturally running as a Socialist and espousing all the tenets of his party as applicable to Bridgeport, got 15,084 votes. He barely lost out to the Democratic candidate and swamped his Republican rival. Bridgeport began to take McLevy seriously.

Although Jasper lost, his friend and ally, Fred Schwarzkopf, was elected to the city council. For once the Socialists had an "in." What they did not learn about the goings on behind the closed doors of the departments and committees and in the back rooms of City Hall was not worth knowing. They had more than hearsay for ammunition when the next election year arrived.

In the interim, Schwarzkopf kept Bridgeport on its toes with charges of waste, incompetence and graft. He and McLevy, working together, exposed the evils of the spoils

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With seats so very wide.
It's all a waste, though, when a boy
And girl sit side by side.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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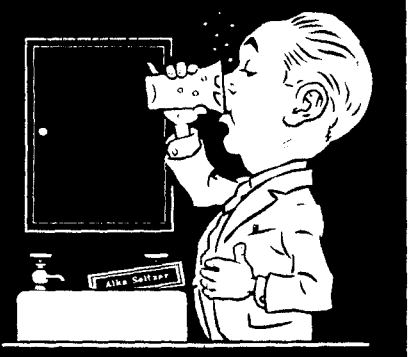

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system wherever it existed. Remembering his 1931 vote—and listening to his insistence upon the city's adoption of a civil service commission—had the machine politicians justifiably scared.

The 1933 election was a victory for the Socialists, for Jasper, and above all for good government. It came about after as dirty a political campaign as southern New England had known. The Republicans, realizing that they had no chance in that first year of the New Deal, when Republicanism everywhere was at a low ebb, put up a poor fight. The Democrats, fighting for their lives, used every trick in the political bag to discredit McLevy.

Jasper carried the city by a plurality of 6,000 votes. And into City Hall with him went a Socialist city clerk, city treasurer, town clerk, one school board member, several minor officials and a dozen councilmen. Furthermore, the people had adopted the charter. By its terms, the hang-over councilmen, then outnumbering the Socialists, had to retire within a year, leaving the Socialists with 12 of the 16 seats.

The victory startled the world as well as Bridgeport; perhaps more, for Jasper was pretty well known in Bridgeport by then. Within a few days of the election, Jasper's rugged face had been splashed on front pages across the nation. This sudden publicity caused one Socialist editor to write:

"He has become overnight a national figure, hounded by reporters, and will soon be built up, after the style of the press, as a salty personality of uncouth speech and homely dress, parading unshaven through a maze of complicated problems—a capitalist editor's dream of a successful Socialist."

The editor was partly right. Ten years later G.I.s from Bridgeport found their Jasper (whom they invariably called "Mac") well known even in the most remote corners of the world.

As soon as Jasper moved into City Hall to begin his two-year term—that has stretched into 16—he started to change things. But the changes, as it turned out, had little to do with Socialism. He quickly abandoned any program he may have had in mind to "municipalize" the public utilities, or seize the street railways, or take over the water company. He concentrated upon economy, instead.

Couldn't Socialize the City

Even had Jasper really wanted to do all the things in the Socialist book, he would not have been able to do so. A city is not an entity. It functions under a charter from the state and works within the framework of state and national laws. Thus any plan to make Bridgeport a Socialist city had to have the approval of the state legislature to start with, and Jasper has not yet gained control of that. His enemies within the party say he never really wanted to.

What had endeared him to the voters was not his party line, but his promise of clean government and lower taxes. With the aid of his small Socialist "machine" and with the support of local businessmen and absentee owners of Bridgeport's many industries, who soon realized he was, after all, without horns and did not spit fire, he inaugurated his economy program, which he has followed ever since.

The first thing he did was to open up the city government to the public and the press. This was not just a gesture. Previously there had been an iron curtain of hush-hush around City Hall. Soon after the election, Jasper marched to a meeting of the Board of Education. The reporters, as was customary, were cooling their heels in the hall. Jasper stayed with them, but word leaked in through the locked doors that he was there, and the chairman, out of a sense of duty, invited him in. He tucked his arms through those of the reporters, took them with him and, according to all reports, there has never been a meeting closed to the press since that night.

Openness was to become a McLevy symbol. It may have started as a smart political maneuver to get the hostile press off his neck, but it continues to pay political dividends. Of course, he could afford it then, for he had inherited as bad a municipal headache as any mayor could have. The city of Bridgeport was bankrupt. It was $16,000,000 in the red.

Jasper is nothing if not thrifty. On his first day in office a large and luxurious limousine drove up to his Salem Street house. "What's that for?" he asked the liveried chauffeur, who turned out to be on the city pay roll.

"For you, Your Honor. It's the mayor's car."

Jasper was indignant; he sent it back to the garage, and drove to work in his own rather battered old jalopy. When he got there, still mad, he called in all the department heads. "From now on," the newspapers quoted him as saying, "you're on your own. Go out and perform. There will be no patronage system here."

Again he meant it. He still drives his own car and all but the hungriest of his political opponents concede he has done extremely well at the job of ridding City Hall of patronage.

When you ask him what the greatest achievement of his administration is, he slides over the elimination of the city's debt and says in his rather rasping voice:

"Civil service and the merit system."

He points with pride to the fact that his secretary, whom he inherited, was (and, Jasper thinks, still is) a registered Democrat. Bridgeport now has a civil service system for practically all employees. Whoever gets first place in an examination *must* be given the job.

Elected as a reform mayor, Jasper did not have to look far for reasons for the city's high cost. The first thing he tackled was the collection of refuse. This was done by private interests. Anyone with the right friend at City Hall could get in the racket. All he had to do was buy a truck on deferred payments, wangle a contract with the city, pay for his truck in a few weeks, and make money.

Socialist McLevy decided to "socialize" this department. He got into his jalopy, drove around the state studying refuse collection by talking with the drivers and their helpers rather than with their bosses. From what they told him about the kind of trucks they thought most efficient, he drew up specifications and then went out and bought 14 trucks, on deferred payments. From then on, Bridgeport collected its own garbage and ashes at a great saving.

Since then, Jasper has "socialized" other departments. He found Bridgeport one of the city's biggest customers of printing. So he built the city's own plant to do all the municipal printing—with union label. He "socialized" the parks by taking all the concessions away from political favorites, running them as the city's business. The city has its own fire insurance fund, and he hopes eventually to make Bridgeport municipal property entirely self-insured. The city maintains its own workmen's compensation system. It has its own garbage disposal plant. So, of course, do most well-managed cities, but Bridgeport had none of these before McLevy became mayor.

Speaking of insurance, Jasper likes to tell a story. When he took office, he says, Bridgeport owned little if any of its own equipment. But it did own one ancient steam roller.

"And, do you know," says Jasper, "the city was paying a high premium every year to insure that old hunk of iron—against fire!"

One other instance of public ownership brought about under the McLevy regime is the Municipal Airport at Stratford, on the outskirts of the city. There was bitter opposition when the mayor announced his intention of buying it from its owners, mainly on the ground that he would just be bailing them out at the public's expense. But Jasper, being Jasper, was stubborn, and he told everybody, as he has often done, that they could vote him out if they didn't like what he was doing. The city bought the airport for cash. It was a godsend for Bridgeport during the war when the city became one of the busiest arsenals of democracy on the seaboard. The man in the street may not think the airport too important, but the Bridgeport businessman is very grateful to his Socialist mayor for this gift.

At the start of his administration, McLevy correctly assumed that the heart of municipal economy lay where the money was being spent.

In Bridgeport, this meant every city department, the parks, schools, streets, and so on. Each did its own individual purchasing. Few bought on open bidding. Favoritism counted most. It was a ripe source for graft. Jasper ended this, to an amazing degree, by the simple expedient of establishing a central purchasing department. Although each department has its own budget, it must buy all its supplies through this agency, which is in the nature of big business, spending something like $4,000,000 a year. It asks open bids on all purchases, however small.

Mayor McLevy, a shrewd man with a dollar—his own or the city's—believes that his routing of the spoils system, the establishment and protection of civil service and the merit system, the centralization of purchase (and of city maintenance work, all done by one department), and such city ownership as he has been able to achieve, are the fundamental reasons why Bridgeport has cut its indebtedness from $16,000,000 to less than $7,000,000, why it has a "triple A" rating with Wall Street; why it is able to borrow money at 1½ per cent.

At the same time that he has been bringing Bridgeport's financial credit back, Jasper has, he claims, done more material good for the city than any previous administration. For one thing, he has built nearly 80 miles of new sewers.

Sewers—His Pet Enthusiasm

No man can grow more lyrical than Jasper over sewers. Years ago a reporter wrote that he "talks sewers the way Toscanini talks symphonies." In addition to the miles and miles of sewers that he has all but dug with his own hands, he has put in two huge sewage-disposal and clarification plants. As a result, Bridgeport has a harbor practically free from pollution. For the first time since Jasper himself was a boy, the oyster fleet is able to operate, and striped bass come up the harbor from the Sound.

Next to his sewers, Jasper is proudest of his parks. Pleasure Park, the largest, is a huge amusement center on the water front, visited annually by hundreds of thousands of people. It is the only city-owned amusement park in the state. Each year it ends up with a profit, usually in the neighborhood of $50,000, because the city runs the concessions—from the hot-dog stands to the biggest dance floor in New England. Bridgeport also runs a golf course, and has other parks which are being extended.

One of the mayor's biggest headaches has been housing. In spite of the fact that the industrial population has declined several thousand—it has fluctuated greatly in the last two years—since the end of the war, Bridgeport still has a housing problem. At present, new housing units are being erected with the aid of federal funds.

Mayor McLevy has been severely criticized for his alleged "pinchpenny" attitude toward Bridgeport teachers. He has not been too lenient in raising their pay. In certain labor circles, too, he is disliked. He broke a strike of ash and garbage collectors a few years ago, and his critics have said he has too close an alliance with the Manufacturers Association and the Chamber of Commerce to please some labor leaders.

But in spite of all criticism, he goes on winning election after election, still sticking to the Socialist emblem. He has grown so impregnable politically that the two major parties find it difficult to get candidates to run against him. In 1949 both Lawrence O'Toole, his Democratic opponent, and Edward Sandula, his Republican rival, were "last-minute" opponents. O'Toole, the assistant secretary of the Connecticut Federation of Labor, had some union endorsement, but apparently McLevy still has his hold on the rank and file. At least he beat O'Toole 28,825 to 13,605, and Sandula, an alderman, by 28,825 to 11,366.

Political prognosticators say that the only way McLevy can be beaten is by a strong alliance of A.F. of L. and C.I.O. unionists and the Democratic party. They have been saying this, however, for years. So far it hasn't worked. His margin of victory at the last election was the largest in Jasper's nine victorious campaigns.

Shortly after the last election a visitor said to him:

"Jasper, Jim Curley once said he was going to live to be 125 years old and still be mayor of Boston. Of course, he got beaten. Have you any such ambitions as that?"

"I'm no Jim Curley!" he snapped. "And I never prophesy. I'll be here as long as they want me."

With that he picked up his battered brown hat, gave his cluttered desk a disdainful look, and went "out on the job" of being mayor. THE END

"They get along fine together. He admires her beautiful white back and she's crazy about his green ones!"

COLLIER'S — BO BROWN

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Voice Behind the Curtain

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

when the three Western Allies came into Berlin to share occupation of the fallen capital with the Russians, they found that the Soviets had already put Radio Berlin, the state-owned station which had been a keystone of the Nazi propaganda structure, back into operation. After expressing admiration at the speed and determination which the Russians had shown in restoring a radio station in the shattered city, the Western Allies politely notified the Russians they thought it only proper that Radio Berlin, like the city itself, should be placed under four-power control.

Russians Give Usual Answer

But with somewhat less politeness, the Soviets said, "*Niet.* No." It was out of the question, they said, because Radio Berlin was the only station to serve the Soviet zone. Therefore, although Radio Berlin's broadcasting studios were in a handsome, modern building in the British sector of the city and its transmitting antennas in the French sector, it would continue under exclusive Russian operation; and to make their point emphatic, the Soviets posted a guard at the studios.

More hurt than angry, the Western Allies held unhappy discussions among themselves to decide what to do next. Surely, they said, the Soviets must have misunderstood. Russia could not really be contemplating any such arbitrary action—it must be only a temporary mix-up.

So they repeated their polite request, this time at top level, in the Allied Control Council for Germany. They were soon undeceived. This was no "temporary mix-up," but a deliberate, calculated decision of Soviet policy.

More obviously insulting, the Russians proceeded apace with the reconstruction of other radio stations in their zone—at Potsdam, Leipzig, Dresden. No longer was there even the excuse that Radio Berlin was needed to serve the whole Russian zone and therefore had to be a Soviet operation.

More and more annoyed by Russian recalcitrance in the matter, the Americans in Berlin—convinced, by now, anyway, that four-power rule was not going to be sweetness and light—decided on action of their own. That action, brave as were the words of the men who took it, was both tentative and feeble. United States military government simply put into operation a primitive *Drahtfunk* or "wired radio" station which had been lying moldering in western Berlin. The *Drahtfunk* operated directly off the city telephone line and required special receivers. There were fewer than 75,000 of these special sets in Berlin and no material available to make more, so the American project didn't make much of a dent in the monopoly control of Berlin's radio listening by the Russians. But for six months, that was the only "voice" the West had in Berlin.

By the summer of 1946, with chances of genuine four-power co-operation deteriorating from bad to worse, it became obvious that the *Drahtfunk* was wholly inadequate. A city-wide election, the first since the war, was scheduled for October, and the only politicians getting time on Radio Berlin to explain their views to the voters were the Communists and their party liners. In frustrated annoyance at this blatant violation of election impartiality and in belated realization that Russia was out to get control over the entire city, the Americans again acted. On September 4, 1946, only 46 days before the election, RIAS was born.

At best, it was a puny baby. The first transmitter was a 1,000-watt antique and the station could not even be heard throughout all Berlin. Nevertheless, the Berliners were fed up with the heavy-handed propaganda they were getting over Radio Berlin and gave RIAS a cautiously friendly reception. Its role in the election, though not great, was perceptible and the city's Communist forces were buried under a landslide of votes.

By early 1947, RIAS had proved effective enough to warrant increasing its power to 2,500 watts; and on July 1, 1947, a 20,000-watt transmitter, salvaged from a mobile radio unit of the defunct *Wehrmacht,* was put into operation. It was this unit, with a range of 70 to 100 miles, which powered RIAS during the whole critical period of the Berlin blockade and up to August, 1949.

During the process of building up RIAS, the initial American control officers were forced, in the rueful words of one of them, "to make bricks without straw." Virtually all of Germany's top radio people had been Nazis or had worked for the Nazi state radio, and were therefore ineligible for use by military government. The only veterans of radio available were those who had quit their jobs in the Nazi regime; and they were both few and out of practice.

For the most part, MG had to rely on men who were strictly novices in radio work; and inevitably their inexperience showed through on RIAS programs. At first, the contrast to slickly professional Radio Berlin was painfully apparent. The Soviets had no scruples about putting former Nazis to work (though under a watchful eye) and Radio Berlin recruited many of the remaining big names of German radio.

During its early days, RIAS was handicapped, too, by its efforts to achieve complete "neutrality" and objectivity in its coverage of the political events which had already begun to stir and shake Berlin. Under other circumstances, such an attitude might have been commendable. Unfortunately, the circumstances were far from normal. The chill winds of the cold war were already blowing; from Radio Berlin gusty blasts against the West were gaining in velocity. What was needed, it gradually became apparent, was not simply passive "objectivity." The time had come to talk back!

It was in February, 1948, that General Clay gave official recognition to that fact by opening an "information campaign" with the avowed purpose of exposing the menace of Communism. It was this decision by Clay, implemented as Operation Backtalk, which gave RIAS its greatest impetus.

It was also in February, '48, that Clay brought Bill Heimlich to RIAS as its first full-fledged director—a move which proved fortunate indeed. The fast-talking, enterprising Ohioan could not have taken over at a better time or with better backing.

Full Authority for New Boss

In the first place, he was given complete powers of direction over the station, something none of his predecessors had had. They had been only "control officers"; the actual operation of RIAS had been in the hands of a German "intendant." Heimlich, however, insisted that he run the station as an overt American operation—and he got his way.

In the second place, by 1948, RIAS had survived the worst of its growing pains. The raw amateurs who had come to work for the station in 1946 had learned a lot and were ready for the skilled direction which was to teach them a great deal more.

In the third place, Heimlich, with Clay's help, was able to promote a more satisfactory budget for RIAS and, by dint of ceaseless effort, to persuade the Army's engineers to reconstruct a building adequate to house a much-expanded station.

The building chosen, perhaps with appropriate irony, was one that had housed a dynamite laboratory of the I. G. Farben combine. It had been smashed hard on two Allied bombing raids, and one end had been laid wide open, but it was repairable and was the best site available.

Even after the Army engineers had patched up the building, the work to be done was enormous. As Dr. Albert Poesnicker, RIAS' chief engineer, reminisces grimly, "Our technicians had to put a station together practically by hand. We had to make our control boards out of bits of odds and ends. There weren't any presses to punch out the holes in the plywood we scraped up for soundproofing. Our carpenters had to do the jobs with bits and saws. You should have seen their tools when they were finished!

"When we got the studios almost finished, we discovered there weren't any lighting fixtures, or any place to get them. We had to melt old shell casings we found, use the brass, and pour our own. Most of our electrical equipment, too, came from stuff we salvaged from *Wehrmacht* dumps."

All obstacles considered, the engineers did a remarkable job. However, when approached from the wrong side, the building still looks half destroyed.

The last two weeks of work on the building, Poesnicker recalls, were conducted under unusually trying conditions. The Russians had clamped down their blockade on western Berlin and the siege of the city had begun. On July 6th, when the new studios were officially opened, all of Berlin's non-Communist bigwigs were there; but the enthusiasm in the speeches they made was tempered by very obvious apprehension lest the Western Allies might not be in the city much longer.

They were soon to be reassured, both by the roaring crescendo of the air lift and by the steadily stronger voice of RIAS, assuring the population with steady resolution that the West would not abandon Berlin.

In Defiance of the Blockade

The story of RIAS under the blockade is an epic in itself. With the roads, railroads and rivers blocked off, coal could come into the beleaguered city only by plane. With coal supplies critically short, there were, inevitably, sharp cuts in electricity. Without power, the Berliners could not listen to their radios—or so it would have seemed. But RIAS found a fighting answer to its problem.

First, the station went on the air 24 hours a day, with news broadcasts and commentaries at least every two hours. That meant that no matter what time of day or night Berliners received their scant four-hour ration of electric power, they would be able to hear the latest news of their struggle for survival.

Second, military government hastily rustled up a flotilla of sound trucks and shuttled them around the Western sectors, equipped as "mobile newsrooms." Top RIAS announcers manned the trucks, reading news bulletins to the crowds which surrounded them at every halt.

Third, at municipal installations—like firehouses, police stations or hospitals which, because of the emergency nature of their work, had permanent electricity—RIAS set up special loud-speakers which were tuned in for every news broadcast.

Foul weather or fair—and it was mostly foul in the miserable summer of 1948—there were clumps of several hundred Germans invariably huddled on the sidewalk listening intently to those harsh-voiced loud-speakers.

Primitive? Perhaps, but powerfully dramatic—and effective. During the whole of the blockade, the people of west Berlin were never without radio news.

Not only did RIAS stay on the air, but its radio reporters covered the embattled city with tireless energy during the whole period of crisis. At the city hall, in the Soviet sector of Berlin, on September 6, 1948, twenty-one-year-old Jurgen Graf gave a play-by-play account as Communist rioters broke into the building, beat up unarmed guards, stampeded into the Assembly chamber and

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forced the elected government to take refuge in the Western sectors. Graf's broadcast, one of the most tensely exciting ever recorded, was interrupted only when Communist thugs tore loose the cables of the microphone and savagely beat him and his helper, before they could escape with the aid of American correspondents.

There were RIAS reporters on the spot too, three days later, for postwar Berlin's greatest rally, when 350,000 persons from the Western sectors jammed into the *Tiergarten* before the ruined *Reichstag* building to hear the city fathers call for resolution and courage in the face of the Soviet squeeze. And RIAS was there, after the meeting, to record a mob scene in which Russian soldiers fired into the crowd in front of the famed Brandenburg Gate.

Efforts to Scare Reporters

In those days, it was definitely unsafe to be a RIAS reporter. Several were badly beaten up. A young sports announcer, Sammy Drechsel, was held prisoner for two days in a case of "mistaken identity" and threatened with deportation to Russia by his Soviet captors unless he would reveal the "secrets" of RIAS' operation. The station's political commentators repeatedly received threatening letters and telephoned instructions to "lay off" their attacks on the Communists.

One RIAS star, a pert, twenty-five-year-old blonde called Christina (her last name is kept a close secret, since her parents still live in the Soviet zone) is almost as unpopular with the Russians as she was with the Nazis. The Soviets don't like the devastatingly effective way she pokes fun at them with singing renditions of the day's headlines in the Communist press; the Nazis before them strongly objected to her "hostile attitude toward our great *Führer*."

RIAS broadcasts two Voice of America programs over its transmitter: a regular half-hour show at 7:00 P.M., identical to that beamed to all stations in the U.S. zone of Germany, and a special midnight program which the "Voice" produces especially for RIAS and which is rebroadcast again early each following morning to catch dawn-rising farmers and factory workers.

Under American direction, RIAS has pioneered in a field previously unknown to German radio—the "dramatic documentary," which re-enacts current history for the listeners. These programs, generally half an hour to 45 minutes long, are not regularly scheduled but are staged whenever political events warrant. The most spectacularly successful such show, produced by Boris Shub, was broadcast 48 hours after the Russian schoolteacher, Mrs. Oksana Kasenkina, made her famous "jump to freedom" from the Soviet consulate in New York last year. RIAS dramatized "The Kasenkina Case" with a fire which caused uneasy stirrings for a long time in the Soviet-zone Communist command.

A similarly effective dramatization was made of the Hungarian trial of Cardinal Mindszenty.

RIAS has also popularized for Germans the "radio newsreel," a round-the-town report on the day's events in the city. This feature has become a staple item of listening diet in the past year.

Finally, the newest and hardest-hitting of all the RIAS political programs is the "Special Broadcast to Middle Germany," aired five times a week. With its spy lists —carefully assembled and triple-checked by secret intelligence sources before release —and its slashing exposé of Communist tactics, it has had a tremendous impact on Communist prestige and effectiveness in the East German police state.

A senior U.S. propaganda official here recently told a reporter that its effect "is like a hand grenade exploding in a closet."

The Soviet agents identified on the broadcasts have become an outcast group. According to information reaching U.S. Intelligence, they lose all usefulness to the Russians or the Communist party. No one will speak to them, nor even have any business dealings with them. So widespread is the effect of the program and so deep-seated is the suspicion and uneasiness in the Russian zone that, during the first three weeks the *Spitzelsendung* was broadcast, some 300 people from the zone made their way into Berlin and to the RIAS studios, to protest the use of their names on the programs, insist they weren't spies, and plead that a retraction be made. Investigation showed that of those 300, only 50 had actually been mentioned on the air!

Current-affairs reporters, members of RIAS' German staff, assemble each day to discuss program material. Station has adapted many techniques of American radio

Unpalatable as the emphasis on politics and commentary might seem to Americans for whom radio is a lighter and frothier dish, the RIAS recipe appears to satisfy the German taste well. Numerous surveys conducted to test audience reaction all indicate that the news and political programs rank surprisingly high in popularity.

On RIAS, as on all German stations and in fact most radio stations throughout Europe, the musical programs stressed are those which would also be considered "heavy" in the United States, although more dance music and "teatime" numbers are now being introduced. Preference runs to the classics, old-time, sweetly sentimental German love songs and slow, almost lethargic dance music.

"Oh, well," one U.S. official quipped, "at least the Germans don't seem to go for military marches any more."

Even under the political pressures of the cold war, RIAS has not entirely abandoned its original functions of reorientation. In its music, it emphasizes the works of those composers who because of race, religion or politics were banned under the Nazis. And it has developed a series of educational broadcasts which are the pride and joy of RIAS' program director, Dr. Ruth Gambke. The most important of these is the station's "School of the Air," broadcast twice daily.

Of all the RIAS broadcasts, the school programs initially ran into the greatest listener resistance. Teachers, especially, were outraged. What were these crazy Americans trying to do? Throw them out of jobs? And, anyway, these modern ways were bad for the *Kinder*. Teach them to obey and memorize. That was the way to educate them properly.

To overcome this teacher opposition, RIAS organized a continuous series of three-day seminars, in which schoolteachers from west Berlin were given a detailed and persuasive explanation both of American school methods and of radio education.

How good a selling job was done is indicated by the fact that 138 schools in Berlin now regularly use the RIAS "School of the Air" in conjunction with their own classes, and it serves as a medium of supplementary instruction for 400,000 children. The subject matter ranges from readin', writin' and 'rithmetic to atomic physics. In fact, after one lengthy explanation of the principles of atomic energy on the *"Schulfunk"* program, the Soviet authorities launched a loud protest. The Americans, they complained, were trying to teach the children of Berlin how to make A-bombs!

Another enterprising RIAS project is a "school parliament." Perturbed at the complete ignorance of democratic processes among the children of the "Hitler generation," the Americans on RIAS, working with the city authorities, arranged the election of representatives from each of the schools in western Berlin.

These representatives were formed into a "parliament" which now holds regular monthly meetings, the proceedings of which are broadcast over RIAS. The youthful parliamentarians probe surprisingly deep into the problems faced in the Berlin schools. On more than one occasion, they have managed to put embarrassingly caustic questions to the high city officials who attend their sessions.

Important though these educational programs are and beneficial their purposes, United States policy makers freely concede that they are not the main task of RIAS today. The reason America hangs on tightly to the station is admittedly because of its incalculable political value, its irreplaceable position as a propaganda weapon, firing from well within Russia's lines.

And it has not been easy for the United States to hang on to RIAS. First, there have been insistent efforts by officials in the west Berlin city government to take the station over themselves. In the United States zone, radio stations at Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfurt and Bremen have all been returned to the Germans. Only RIAS still remains under direct American operation. This discrimination has been felt keenly by the Germans and has placed the U.S. in a difficult position. Reluctant to antagonize Berlin's non-Communist leadership and to place them under greater "wraps" than the rest of the Germans, United States officials have been forced time and time again to stave off west Berlin's requests with soft answers.

Second, it has been extremely expensive to operate RIAS, and progressively more difficult to figure out where to raise the money. With a staff of some 600 persons, the station has a budget of nearly a million Deutsche marks per month. For three years, that budget was assessed against the Germans as a cost of occupation; but because of their desire to reduce those costs and because RIAS is a direct instrument of American policy, United States officials have been seeking to find another source of revenue. Clay applied to the Economic Cooperation Administration for the use of Marshall Plan counterpart funds; however, he was turned down after a heated dispute. For a considerable time, therefore, RIAS has been financed on a month-to-month basis, not knowing where its next million marks was coming from.

The economy-minded have said the RIAS pay roll is too big and costs should be cut, but Heimlich and his successor, Taylor, have justified the expenditures by arguing, "You can't compare us with a local station in the United States. We're a factory here; we have to manufacture all our own programs—write them all, produce them all. We can't simply work with a skeleton staff and hook on to a nation-wide network for our principal programs."

RIAS defenders point out, too, that the station's staff is less than half as large, and its budget only a third as great, as the Russians' Radio Berlin.

With all the headaches, the criticism and the enormous responsibility entailed in operating a station in as exposed a position as that in Berlin, America's policy makers here are still convinced that it is one of the best investments we have made in Europe.

Station's Prestige Mounts

They have plenty of evidence to support that conviction. There are the audience-reaction polls, the 1,200 letters a week that listeners send in, a third of them out of Russia's own zone, where writing a complimentary letter to RIAS is considered "antistate activity." There is the great prestige which the station has come to enjoy: its reputation as the Voice of Freedom. There are the fear and hate which it has earned from the German Communists and their Russian masters.

Above all, there are the messages like the one Herr Roland Muellerberg, the shy little man who produces the RIAS Russian-zone broadcasts, found on his desk one day this summer. It was a note in a grimy envelope, left with the doorman by a shabby old man who said he had come from Neustrelitz, in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, just to deliver it, at the request of a number of friends.

Painstakingly handwritten, in a precise script, it read: "We in Neustrelitz would like to express our thanks for the RIAS broadcasts. Although in the Russian zone we may be helpless, we are not yet hopeless—and we will not lose hope so long as we know the outside world has not forgotten us.

"Our own press and radio are instruments of the Communist ruling clique. They follow the pattern which we knew so well for twelve years of Hitler; they repeat the same lies over and over again; they omit or distort anything which might indicate their real intentions. But after those twelve years we are no longer so primitive that we will accept these lies. We look and listen constantly for other sources of information.

"It is not very often, these days, that we can smuggle in newspapers from western Germany or western Berlin. We have only the radio to depend on—and the radio means RIAS. It has become a voice of consolation and encouragement, and thousands of us wait, almost desperately, for the broadcasts directed at the eastern zone. For many, they are the only real source of news. For many, the warnings against spies mean help and rescue. For all of us, they bring the certainty that we have not yet been abandoned."

The note bore 30 signatures, and under the signatures, someone had scrawled in bold letters, "We need RIAS. We thank RIAS." THE END

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Everyone Waves at the Engineer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

all the passengers off in the Union Station. Milo and Jack ride it back out into the yards to pick up their train. They gather as many as a couple dozen copies and pitch 'em out to section men, station agents, and to Jack's wife's sister who's always waitin' in her back yard at Shabbona.

"I think Jack does it partly to make 'em wave. And everyone waves. You'd think he owned the railroad."

Engineers haven't always been as appreciative of Brown as he has been of them. Back at Wabash Junction, 39 years ago, he remembers, an engine was due in the nearby Quincy yards to relieve a broken-down train. A passenger express, its schedule listed on the timetable, was rumbling over the yard switches when Brown heard the engine "coming down the country."

"He was whistling for a road crossing," Brown recollects. "I knew anyone going fast enough to whistle for that crossing wasn't planning on takin' a siding and I grabbed my lantern. I got out on the track and stopped the passenger just in time. In half a minute the engine came around the last bend into the beam of the passenger's headlight. It managed to stop a few feet away.

"What did you get for it?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "The engine driver didn't speak to me, though I had to walk past him to open a siding switch and get him out of the way. The passenger just started right off when the track was cleared."

Still Slim and Active

Brown is as spry today as he was then, and just as lean. He's built like the matchsticks he consumes endlessly in his pipe. During his eight-hour trick, he handles seven passenger trains going each way and half a dozen freights, not counting the extras which mount up some days.

And there are numerous track motorcars whose minor bulk does not register on track signals. The section crews are supposed to take care of themselves. Train line-ups are phoned to them twice a day and they keep calling Brown from trackside.

Brown's special worry the day I was with him was Division Superintendent A. E. Stoll, who was out on the right of way in his flange-wheeled sedan, making an inspection trip, Stoll's car didn't show on the board.

Brown rang the station at Flag Center.

"Hello, Flag Center, this is Brown. Hold Stoll when he comes along. I'll open the switch there and when he's in the clear have him call me."

Then to me: "We'll put the Zephyr past the sedan at Flag Center."

The telephone speaker rasped: "Hello, dispatcher. We're in the clear at Flag Center."

"Okay, Mr. Stoll."

The speaker rasped again.

"This is Flag Center. Are you going to put the freight *(No. 82)* on a siding for the sedan?"

Brown thought a minute.

"No, we'll get Stoll out of the way at Chana and let 82 through."

I looked for the Zephyr. Its light was at Oregon now, glowing dully like the coal of a cigarette.

"Simmons makes his only intermediate stop there," Brown said, looking at his watch. "It's 9:39, so he should be out of there and passing the Oregon Turnaround at the silica pit near the station."

The Turnaround is a bustling little freight whose name describes its job. It runs from Aurora to Oregon in the morning, peddling its cargo in small lots, does some switching at the pit, runs down the Mount Morris branch for mail cars and hurries back to Aurora to make connections for the mail cars in the afternoon.

The light of No. 82, the fast freight, disappeared at Stratford and the Zephyr's light was passing the place. No. 82 was on the siding but Brown couldn't tell whether he had managed a running pass. The board doesn't show that. Simmons might tell him later. If Brown was off on his timing for 82, it would have to stop at the siding's east end. If he was off on the Zephyr—if the Zephyr ran into a yellow board because 82 didn't clear the main line in time—the streamliner might lose a minute or more.

"If trains like 82 are late, they can cost the railroad a lot of money in lost merchandise and lost business," Brown explained. "Missed connections might mean the loss of whole cars of perishable food."

Compared to Strain of Battle

Centralized Traffic Control is wreckproof if engine crews obey the signals. In any kind of emergency, the board will take things out of the dispatcher's hands. A child could let his fingers run amuck through the levers and buttons and do nothing worse than bring everything to a grinding stop up and down the line. Nevertheless, Brown's responsibilities are tremendous. An article in Industrial Medicine once quoted a Detroit physician as asserting that a dispatcher's job "carries a greater minute-by-minute load than that for any known occupation save a general in battle."

Brown wasn't thinking of that at all. His fingers were busy with his buttons and levers.

The light at Milledgeville went out.

"The engineer's in a hurry," Brown remarked. "He may be sore. But he'll wave admiringly to that high-ridin' Simmons when he barrels through.

"Simmons loves that fast old Zephyr. But, funny thing, he won't drive an auto. Still prefers a team of horses, he says. I don't know why, unless it's because those motorists on the highway out of Shabbona are always entering into competition with him, or skinning across in front on all those grade crossings between here and Savanna.

"He watches those motorists trying to do 90 and he snorts. 'How do those guys think they can beat me?' he asked me one day. But it's those crossing half-wits that really get old Jack to clawin' at his windshield and yellin' with rage. People don't realize that at 90 miles an hour—132 feet a second—there's nothing an engineer can do but yell. He can't stop in less than two thirds of a mile."

The CTC bell went "ping" again and the Zephyr's light disappeared at Savanna tower as Brown was talking. Savanna tower is the other end of Brown's jurisdiction. The Zephyr, with Simmons at the throttle, had made the trip in one hour and 28 minutes.

"He'll get off at Savanna and have lunch in the station restaurant there while a LaCrosse division crew takes the train on toward St. Paul," Brown said. "At 12:29 P.M. he'll be on the road crossing off the end of the station platform, at exactly the spot where the eastbound morning Zephyr's Diesel engine will stop. Simmons'll nod and joke while the LaCrosse man feels his way backward down the footholds, then he'll climb aboard and drive her back."

It happened just that way, and Simmons was back on the Aurora depot platform, driving Zephyr No. 22, before the afternoon was done.

I was still sitting there, watching the board, when the Flier stopped under Brown's window. Brown was looking over my shoulder.

We could see Simmons plainly, sitting in his cab. His long-peaked white cap, set at a jaunty angle, was his only concession to the conventional engine driver's uniform. He wore a bow tie, a white shirt and a dark gray suit, and gloves. He was grinning and bowing to people on the platform.

Brown snorted and turned to his train sheet to register the new arrival. The telephone speaker grated out a question. Brown kicked the transmitter pedal just a little harder than usual. "Dispatcher," he growled, by way of identification. THE END

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THE UNSEEN AUDIENCE BY H. T. WEBSTER, COPYRIGHT, 1949, NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, INC.

Who Wears the Gumshoes, Anyway?

WE'VE PUBLISHED this cartoon by H. T. Webster mainly because it struck us as being pretty apt and pretty amusing. But we decided that we had better do a little research before writing anything about it. So we conducted a one-man poll. Fact is, we only talked to one man—and a young one at that, aged ten. (This is in line with some recent trends in readership surveys. According to these new techniques, as we vaguely understand them, one man's opinion is really the opinion of 784.6 readers.)

Anyway, our public-opinion survey went something like this:

Q. How do you like this cartoon?

A. All right.

Q. Do you think it's funny?

A. No.

Q. Shouldn't the man have called a policeman if his house had been robbed?

A. No.

Q. Why not?

A. Aw, the cop would just stand around and scratch his head. He'd miss all the clues.

Q. But isn't it a policeman's job to catch burglars and solve crimes?

A. No. That's for private eyes.

Q. Well, what *do* policemen do, then?

A. They direct traffic, give out parking tickets, and ride around town in police cars.

Like the mature subject of the cartoon, the young man was simply reacting like a normal product of his cultural age. His reading, listening and movie-going have convinced him that the cop is a stumble-bum. In the drama of high crime the man in blue seldom gets more than a walk-on assignment. The most he can hope for is to provide comic relief.

Probably the gendarmes can thank Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mack Sennett for their present plight. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes set the style for the gentleman amateur sleuth whose contempt for the police mentality is surpassed only by his smug self-confidence. Sennett's Keystone Cops were the ancestors of the now standard theatrical flatfoot, a creature who is mentally too little and physically too late.

Later writers have played numerous variations on Conan Doyle's theme. We've had suave and erudite investigators like Philo Vance, Nero Wolfe and Nick Charles. We've had the beaming Celestial, Charlie Chan, and the whimsical, domesticated Mr. and Mrs. North. And, in a particularly popular subspecies, there are such tough boys as Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe, whose interest in crime detection runs second to their enthusiasm for amour and alcohol. In spite of differences of personality, they all share the gift of being able to take a mystery that has baffled the best minds at headquarters and solve it with their left elbow.

We've never happened to run into any real-life examples to account for the fiction writers' persistent glorification of the private eye, though we can recall some pretty impressive jobs by public-type detectives and just plain cops. But actual crime solving seems to require a lot of patient watching and waiting, a lot of experience, and a minimum of dazzling deduction. Maybe that's why the storytellers have had to sacrifice accuracy for excitement.

Someday, we suppose, a daring innovator will come up with a whodunit in which the culprit is nailed by a sleuth on the public pay roll who doesn't smoke Egyptian cigarettes, quote Herodotus, or raise orchids as a hobby. Maybe he'd make a prosaic hero. But we suspect that a number of mystery addicts would find him a pleasant change from a rich and steady diet of glamor boys who always manage to finish at least seven lengths ahead of the entire police department.

Be Seeing You Dec. 31st

WE HAVE READ a lot of articles recently which reviewed the great events of the "first half of the twentieth century." We have read them with interest and enjoyment. But our pleasure was slightly marred by the distracting notion that the first half of the twentieth century won't end until December 31, 1950.

Our mathematical instinct is considerably less than Einsteinian. Yet we can't help feeling that in counting years, or anything else, you start with one, not zero. It seems logical that the first century of the Christian Era ended at the end of the first 100 years. And if that is correct, then there isn't much sense in backing up one year. It makes more sense to us to say that the twentieth century is so called because it ends up with the good, round figure 2000, rather than because it embraces the years 1900 to 1999.

But maybe it doesn't matter too much where you put the century's mid-point, at least for purposes of retrospect. Either choice of 50 years offers a record of wonderful and horrible events beyond the wildest dreams of 49 or 50 years ago. And since the subject hasn't been exhausted, we rather hope that "the first half of the twentieth century" will play a return engagement next December, by popular demand.

What's "How" Next?

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR has written a booklet called How to Study. It contains advice on memorizing, concentration and review. Sight unseen, we'd guess that this is one of those books that raise as many questions as they answer.

What has the author done about the reader who can't remember the lessons on memorizing, who finds his attention wandering from the advice on concentration, and who hasn't the will or energy to go back over what he's already missed? Perhaps the professor's booklet has given somebody the chance to write the ultimate in "how to" literature—How to Study "How to Study."

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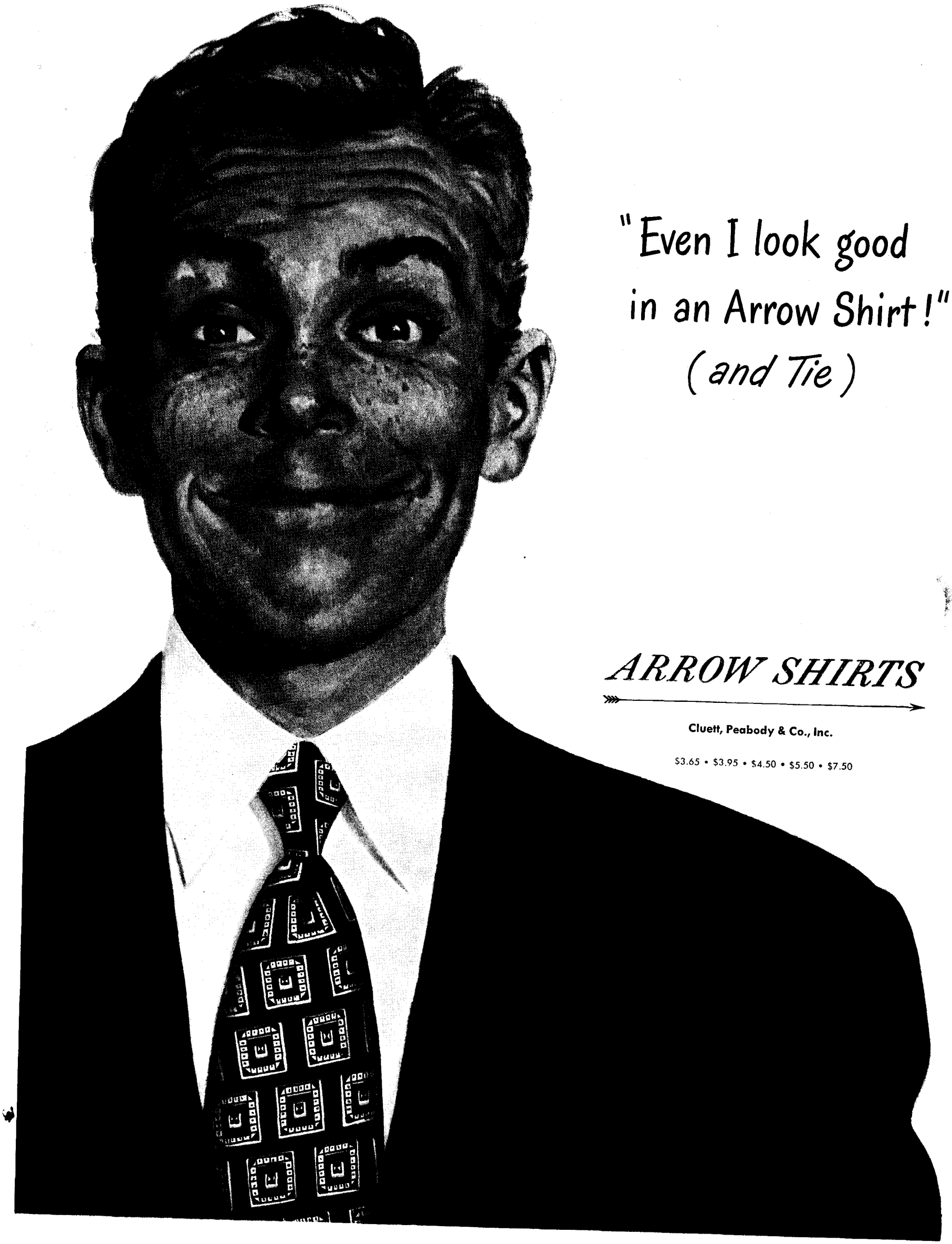

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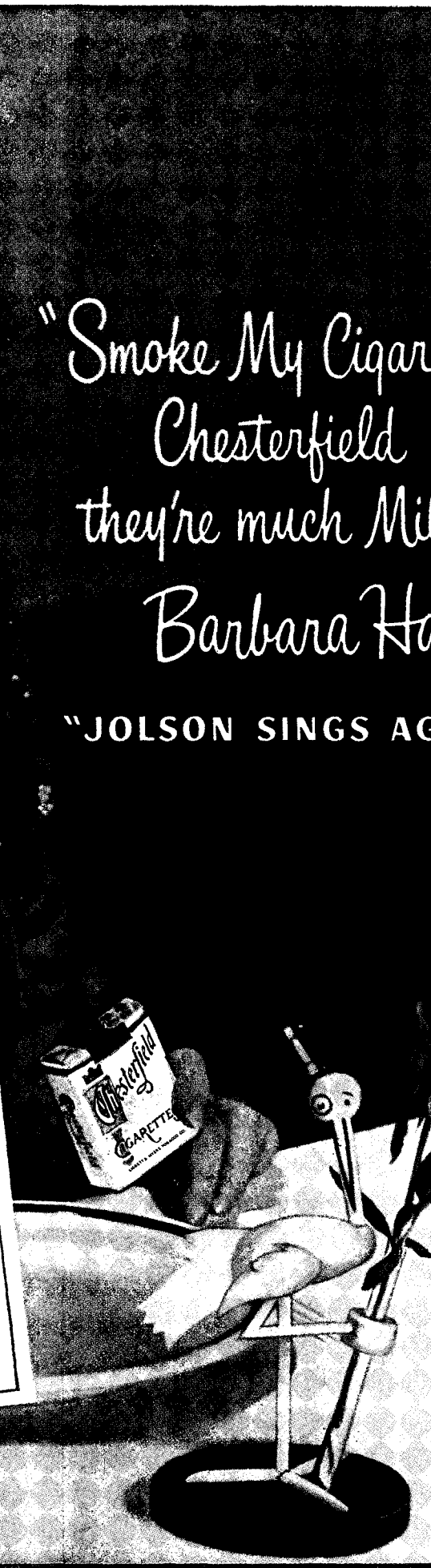

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